J. Watts Russell.

Given to Dear Martha
18th November 1863
J. Watts Russell

THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE FOURTEENTH.

CONTAINING

KING HENRY VI. PART III.
DISSERTATION.
KING RICHARD III.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Johnson, R. Baldwin, H. L. Gardner, W. J. and J. Richardson, J. Nichols and Son, F. and C. Rivington, T. Payne, R. Faulder, G. and J. Robinson, W. Lowndes, G. Wilkie, J. Scatcherd, T. Egerton, J. Walker, W. Clarke and Son, J. Barker and Son, D. Ogilvy and Son, Cuthell and Martin, R. Lea, P. Macqueen, J. Nunn, Lackington, Allen and Co. T. Kay, J. Deighton, J. White, W. Miller, Vernor and Hood, D. Walker, B. Crosby and Co. Longman and Rees, Cadell and Davies, T. Hurst, J. Harding, R. H. Evans, S. Bagster, J. Mawman, Blacks and Parry, R. Bent, J. Badcock, J. Asperne, and T. Ostell.

1803.

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[J. Plymsell, Printer, Leather Lane, Holborn, London.]

KING HENRY VI.

PART III.*

KING HENRY VI.

PART III.*

* Third Part of King Henry VI.] The action of this play (which was at firſt printed under this title, *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good King Henry the Sixth*; *or, The Second Part of the Contention of York and Lancaſter,*) opens juſt after the firſt battle at Saint Albans, [May 23, 1455,] wherein the York faction carried the day; and cloſes with the murder of King Henry VI. and the birth of Prince Edward, afterwards King Edward V. [November 4, 1471.] So that this hiſtory takes in the ſpace of full ſixteen years. Theobald.

I have never ſeen the quarto copy of the *Second* part of The Whole Contention, &c. printed by *Valentine Simmes* for Thomas Millington, 1600; but the copy printed by W. W. for Thomas Millington, 1600, is now before me; and it is not preciſely the ſame with that deſcribed by Mr. Pope and Mr. Theobald, nor does the undated edition (printed in fact, in 1619,) correſpond with their deſcription. The title of the piece printed in 1600, by W. W. is as follows: *The True Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henrie the Sixt: With the whole Contention between the Two Houſes Lancaſter and Yorke: as it was ſundry Times acted by the Right Honourable* the Earle of Pembrooke his Servants. *Printed at London by W. W. for Thomas Millington, and are to be ſold at his Shoppe under St. Peter's Church in Cornewall,* 1600. On this piece Shakſpeare, as I conceive, in 1591 formed the drama before us. See Vol. XIII. p. 2, and the Eſſay at the end of this play.

Malone.

The preſent hiſtorical drama was altered by Crowne, and brought on the ſtage in the year 1680, under the title of *The Miſeries of Civil War.* Surely the works of Shakſpeare could have been little read at that period; for Crowne, in his Prologue, declares the play to be entirely his own compoſition:

" For by his feeble ſkill 'tis built alone,
" The divine Shakſpeare *did not lay one ſtone.*"

whereas the very firſt ſcene is that of Jack Cade copied almoſt verbatim from *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* and ſeveral others from this third part, with as little variation. Steevens.

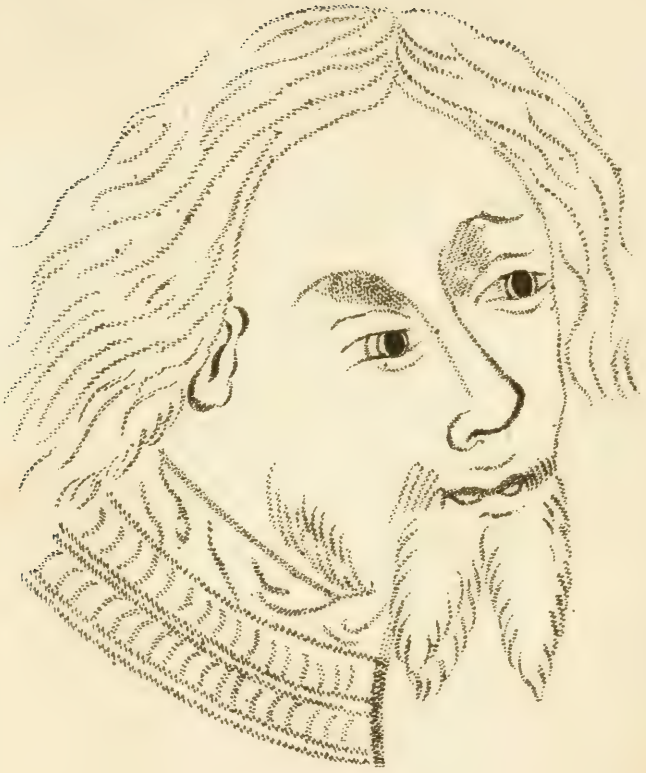
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Henry *the Sixth:*
Edward, *Prince of* Wales, *his Son.*
Lewis XI. *King of* France.
Duke of Somerſet. *Duke of* Exeter. *Earl of* Oxford, *Earl of* Northumberland. *Earl of* Weſtmoreland. *Lord* Clifford. — *Lords on K.* Henry's *ſide.*
Richard Plantagenet, *Duke of* York:
Edward, *Earl of* March, *afterwards King* Edward IV.
Edmund, *Earl of* Rutland,
George, *afterwards Duke of* Clarence,
Richard, *afterwards Duke of* Gloceſter, — *his Sons.*
Duke of Norfolk,
Marquis of Montague,
Earl of Warwick,
Earl of Pembroke,
Lord Haſtings,
Lord Stafford, — *of the Duke of* York's *party.*
Sir John Mortimer,
Sir Hugh Mortimer, — *Uncles to the Duke of* York.
Henry, *Earl of* Richmond, *a Youth.*
Lord Rivers, *Brother to Lady* Grey. *Sir* William Stanley. *Sir* John Montgomery. *Sir* John Somerville. *Tutor to* Rutland. *Mayor of* York. *Lieutenant of the* Tower. *A Nobleman. Two Keepers. A Huntſman. A Son that has killed his Father. A Father that has killed his Son.*

Queen Margaret.
Lady Grey, *afterwards Queen to* Edward IV.
Bona, *Siſter to the* French *Queen.*

Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry *and King* Edward, *Meſſengers, Watchmen, &c.*

SCENE, during part of the third Act, in France; *during all the reſt of the Play, in* England.



RICHARD PLANTAGENET DUKE OF YORK.

Father of Kings Edward IV. and Richard III.

Henry VI. Part III.

on a South Window of Penreth Church in Cumberland

Pub. March 1. 1792. by R. Harding Fleet Street.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *The Parliament-House.*

Drums. Some Soldiers of York's *party break in. Then, Enter the Duke of* York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, *and Others, with white Roses in their Hats.*

War. I wonder, how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He slily stole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in,

[1] *Third Part of King Henry VI.*] This play is only divided from the former for the convenience of exhibition; for the series of action is continued without interruption, nor are any two scenes of any play more closely connected than the first scene of this play with the last of the former. Johnson.

'Were by the ſwords of common ſoldiers ſlain.[2]

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,

'Is either ſlain, or wounded dangerous:
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
'That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[*Showing his bloody Sword.*

Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltſhire's blood, [*To* York, *ſhowing his.*
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.[3]

[*Throwing down the Duke of* Somerset's *Head.*

[2] *Were by the ſwords of common ſoldiers ſlain.*] See the Second Part of this Play, p. 386, n. 1. Reed.

This is an inadvertency in our author. The elder Clifford was ſlain by York, and his ſon lives to revenge his death.

M. Mason.

Dr. Percy in a note on the preceding play, has pointed out the inconſiſtency between this account, and the repreſentation there, Clifford being killed on the ſtage by the Duke of York, the preſent ſpeaker. Shakſpeare was led into this inconſiſtency by the author of the original plays: if indeed there was but one author, for this circumſtance might lead us to ſuſpect that the *firſt* and *ſecond* part of *The Contention* &c. were not written by the ſame hand.—However, this is not deciſive; for the author, whoever he was, might have been inadvertent, as we find Shakſpeare undoubtedly was. Malone.

[3] Rich. *Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.*] Here, as Mr. Elderton of Saliſbury has obſerved to me, is a groſs anachroniſm. At the time of the firſt battle of Saint Albans, at which Richard is repreſented in the laſt ſcene of the preceding play to have fought, he was, according to that gentleman's calculation, not one year old, having (as he conceives,) been born at Fotheringay Caſtle, October 21, 1454. At the time to which the third ſcene of the firſt Act of this play is referred, he was, according to the ſame gentleman's computation, but ſix years old; and in the fifth Act, in which Henry is repreſented as having

* *York.* Richard hath beſt deſerv'd of all my ſons.—
What, is your grace[4] dead, my lord of Somerſet?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to ſhake king Henry's head.

War. And ſo do I.—Victorious prince of York,
Before I ſee thee ſeated in that throne
Which now the houſe of Lancaſter uſurps,
I vow by heaven, theſe eyes ſhall never cloſe.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
' And this the regal ſeat: poſſeſs it York:
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs'.

York. Aſſiſt me then, ſweet Warwick, and I will;
' For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all aſſiſt you; he, that flies, ſhall die.

been killed by him in the Tower, not more than ſixteen and eight months.

For this anachroniſm the author or authors of the old plays on which our poet founded theſe two parts of King Henry the Sixth, are anſwerable. Malone.

[4] What, *is your grace*—] The folio reads—*But* is your grace, &c. It was evidently a miſtake of the tranſcriber, the word in the old play being *What*, which ſuits ſufficiently with York's exultation; whereas *But* affords no ſenſe whatſoever. Malone.

Though the ſenſe and verſe is complete without either *But* or *What*, I ſuppoſe we ought to read:

What, 's your grace dead, my lord of Somerſet?

I do not, however, perceive the inefficiency of—*but*. This conjunction is ſometimes indeterminately uſed; and is alſo inſultingly employed in *Twelfth-Night*: "*But*, are you not mad indeed, or do you but counterfeit?" Steevens.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk,—Stay by me, my lords;—
And, ſoldiers, ſtay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And, when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unleſs he ſeek to thruſt you out by force.

[*They retire.*

York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we ſhall be of her council:
By words, or blows, here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's ſtay within this houſe.

War. The bloody parliament ſhall this be call'd,
Unleſs Plantagenet, duke of York, be king;
And baſhful Henry depos'd, whoſe cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be reſolute;
I mean to take poſſeſſion of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him beſt,
The proudeſt he that holds up Lancaſter,
Dares ſtir a wing, if Warwick ſhake his bells.[5]
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—
Reſolve thee, Richard; claim the Engliſh crown.

[Warwick *leads* York *to the Throne, who ſeats himſelf.*

[5] —— *if Warwick ſhake his bells.*] The alluſion is to falconry. The hawks had ſometimes little bells hung upon them, perhaps to *dare* the birds; that is, to fright them from riſing.

Johnson.

Flouriſh. Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, *and Others, with red Roſes in their Hats.*

K. HEN. My lords, look where the ſturdy rebel ſits,
Even in the chair of ſtate! belike, he means,
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that falſe peer,)
To aſpire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he ſlew thy father;—
And thine, lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his ſons, his favourites, and his friends.

NORTH. If I be not, heavens, be reveng'd on me!

CLIF. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in ſteel.

WEST. What, ſhall we ſuffer this? let's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. HEN. Be patient, gentle earl of Weſtmoreland.

CLIF. Patience is for poltroons, and ſuch as he;[6]
He durſt not ſit there had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us aſſail the family of York.

NORTH. Well haſt thou ſpoken, couſin; be it ſo.

K. HEN. Ah, know you not, the city favours them,
And they have troops of ſoldiers at their beck?

[6] —— and *ſuch as he*.] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt folio and the quartos omit—*and*. STEEVENS.

Exe. But when the duke is ſlain, they'll quickly fly.[7]

K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a ſhambles of the parliament-houſe!
Couſin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to uſe.—
[*They advance to the Duke.*
Thou factious duke of York, deſcend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy ſovereign.

York. Thou art deceiv'd,[8] I am thine.

Exe. For ſhame, come down; he made thee duke of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.[9]

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this uſurping Henry.

[7] Exe. *But, when* &c.] This line is by the miſtake of the compoſitor given to Weſtmoreland. The king's anſwer ſhows that it belongs to Exeter, to whom it is aſſigned in the old play. Malone.

[8] *Thou art deceiv'd,*] Theſe words, which are not in the folio, were reſtored from the old play. The defect of the metre in the folio makes it probable that they were accidentally omitted. The meaſure is, however, ſtill faulty. Malone.

[9] —— *as the* earldom was.] Thus the folio. The quarto 1600, and that without date, read—as the *kingdom is.* Steevens.

York means, I ſuppoſe, that the dukedom of York was his inheritance from his father, as the earldom of March was his inheritance from his mother, Anne Mortimer, the wife of the Earl of Cambridge; and by naming the earldom, he covertly aſſerts his right to the crown: for his title to the crown was not as Duke of York, but Earl of March.

In the original play the line ſtands [as quoted by Mr. Steevens;] and why Shakſpeare altered it, it is not eaſy to ſay; for the new line only exhibits the ſame meaning more obſcurely. Malone.

Clif. Whom ſhould he follow, but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard,[1] duke of York.

'*K. Hen.* And ſhall I ſtand, and thou ſit in my throne?

'*York.* It muſt and ſhall be ſo. Content thyſelf.

War. Be duke of Lancaſter, let him be king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lancaſter;
And that the lord of Weſtmoreland ſhall maintain.

War. And Warwick ſhall diſprove it. You forget,
That we are thoſe, which chas'd you from the field,
And ſlew your fathers, and with colours ſpread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

'*North.* Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;
And, by his ſoul, thou and thy houſe ſhall rue it.

'*West.* Plantagenet, of thee, and theſe thy ſons,
Thy kinſmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

'*Clif.* Urge it no more; leſt that, inſtead of words,
I ſend thee, Warwick, ſuch a meſſenger,
As ſhall revenge his death, before I ſtir.

'*War.* Poor Clifford! how I ſcorn his worthleſs threats!

York. Will you, we ſhow our title to the crown?
'If not, our ſwords ſhall plead it in the field.

[1] —— and *that's Richard,*] The word *and,* which was accidentally omitted in the firſt folio, is found in the old play. MALONE.

K. Hen. What title haſt thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;[2]
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:
I am the ſon of Henry the fifth,[3]
Who made the Dauphin and the French to ſtoop,
And ſeiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, ſith[4] thou haſt loſt it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector loſt it, and not I;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks you loſe:—
Father tear the crown from the uſurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do ſo; ſet it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, [*To* York.] as thou lov'ſt and honour'ſt arms,
Let's fight it out, and not ſtand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

[2] *Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;*] This is a miſtake, into which Shakſpeare was led by the author of the old play. The father of Richard Duke of York was Earl of Cambridge, and was never Duke of York, being beheaded in the life-time of his elder brother Edward Duke of York, who fell in the battle of Agincourt. The folio, by an evident error of the preſs, reads —*My* father. The true reading was furniſhed by the old play. Malone.

[3] *I am the ſon of Henry the fifth,*] The military reputation of Henry the Fifth is the ſole ſupport of his ſon. The name of Henry the Fifth diſperſed the followers of Cade. Johnson.

[4] ——*ſith*—] i. e. ſince. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
"*Sith* 'twas my fault to give the people ſcope."
Steevens.

From a Painting in Glass belonging to Trinity College Cambridge

Supposed to be a Portrait of Richard Duke of Gloster

afterwards King Richard the Third

K. Hen. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.

'*K. Hen.* Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,[5]
Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
'Ay, and their colours—often borne in France;
And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—
Shall be my winding sheet.[6]—Why faint you, lords?
'My title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.[7]

[5] *Think'st thou,* &c.] The old play here exhibits four lines that are not in the folio. They could not have proceeded from the *imagination* of the transcriber, and therefore they must be added to the many other circumstances that have been already urged, to show that these plays were not *originally* the production of Shakspeare:

"Ah Plantagenet, why seek'st thou to depose me?
Are we not both Plantagenets by birth,
"And from two brothers lineally discent?
"Suppose by right and equity thou be king,
"Think'st thou," &c. Malone.

[6] *Shall be my* winding-sheet.] Perhaps Mr. Gray had this passage in his mind, when he wrote:

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
"The *winding-sheet* of Edward's race—." Steevens.

[7] But *prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.*] Thus the second folio. The first omits the necessary word—*But.* Steevens.

Henry is frequently used by Shakspeare and his contemporaries as a word of three syllables. Malone.

But not as in the present instance, where such a trisyllable must prove offensive to the ear. Steevens.

K. Hen. Henry the fourth by conqueſt got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion againſt his king.

K. Hen. I know not what to ſay; my title's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

' *K. Hen.* An if he may, then am I lawful king:
' For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Reſign'd the crown to Henry the fourth;
Whoſe heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He roſe againſt him, being his ſovereign,
And made him to reſign his crown perforce.

War. Suppoſe, my lords, he did it unconſtrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his crown?[8]

Exe. No; for he could not ſo reſign his crown,
But that the next heir ſhould ſucceed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou againſt us, duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

* *York.* Why whiſper you, my lords, and anſwer not?

Exe. My conſcience tells me he is lawful king.

[8] *Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his* crown?] The phraſe *prejudicial to his crown,* if it be right, muſt mean, detrimental to the general rights of hereditary royalty; but I rather think that the tranſcriber's eye caught *crown* from the line below, and that we ſhould read—*prejudicial to his* ſon, *to his* next heir. JOHNSON.

Dr. Percy obſerves on Dr. Johnſon's note, that *ſon* could not have been the right word, as Richard the Second had no iſſue; and our author would hardly have uſed it ſimply for *heir general. Prejudicial to the crown,* is right, i. e. to the prerogative of the crown. STEEVENS.

K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'ſt,
Think not, that Henry ſhall be ſo depos'd.

War. Depos'd he ſhall be, in deſpite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy ſouthern power,
Of Eſſex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,—
Which makes thee thus preſumptuous and proud,—
Can ſet the duke up, in deſpite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and ſwallow me alive,[9]
Where I ſhall kneel to him that ſlew my father!

K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaſter, reſign thy crown:—
What mutter you, or what conſpire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely duke of York;
Or I will fill the houſe with armed men,
And, o'er the chair of ſtate, where now he ſits,
Write up his title with uſurping blood.
[*He ſtamps, and the Soldiers ſhow themſelves.*

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word;[1]—

[9] *May that* ground gape, *and ſwallow me alive,*] So, in Phaer's tranſlation of the fourth *Æneid*:

"But rather would I wiſh the *ground* to *gape* for me below." Steevens.

[1] —— hear *but one word*;] *Hear* is in this line, as in ſome other places uſed as a diſſyllable. See Vol. XI. p. 411, n. 4. The editor of the third folio, and all the ſubſequent editors, read —hear *me* but one word. Malone.

The word—*hear,* in this place, may certainly paſs as a diſ-

Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou ſhalt reign in quiet while thou liv'ſt.

K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my deceaſe.[2]

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your ſon?

War. What good is this to England, and himſelf?

West. Baſe, fearful, and deſpairing Henry!

Clif. How haſt thou injur'd both thyſelf and us?

West. I cannot ſtay to hear theſe articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, couſin, let us tell the queen theſe news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whoſe cold blood no ſpark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the houſe of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war may'ſt thou be overcome!

ſyllable. Reſpecting that referred to by Mr. Malone, I am of a contrary opinion. Steevens.

Since the third folio reads—hear *me* but one word, which improves both the language and the metre, why ſhould it not be followed? M. Mason.

[2] *I am content: &c.*] Inſtead of this ſpeech the old play has the following lines:

"*King.* Convey the ſoldiers hence, and then I will.
"*War.* Captaine, conduct them into Tuthilfields."

See Vol. XIII. p. 210, n. 9; p. 220, n. 6; p. 234, n. 1; p. 317, n. 3; p. 332, n. 3. Malone.

Or live in peace, abandon'd, and deſpis'd!

[*Exeunt* NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

* *War.* Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They ſeek revenge,[3] and therefore will not yield.

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why ſhould you ſigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myſelf, lord Warwick, but my ſon,
Whom I unnaturally ſhall diſinherit.
But, be it as it may:—I here entail
'The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;
Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To ceaſe this civil war, and, whilſt I live,
To honour me as thy king and ſovereign;
* And neither[4] by treaſon, nor hoſtility,
* To ſeek to put me down, and reign thyſelf.

[3] *They ſeek revenge,*] They go away, not becauſe they doubt the juſtice of this determination, but becauſe they have been conquered, and ſeek to be revenged. They are not influenced by principle, but paſſion. JOHNSON.

[4] *And* neither—] *Neither, either, whether, brother, rather,* and many ſimilar words, were uſed by Shakſpeare as monoſyllables. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

"*Either* death or you I'll find immediately."

The editor of the ſecond folio, who appears to have been entirely ignorant of our author's metre and phraſeology, not knowing this, omitted the word *And.* MALONE.

My ignorance muſt be content to accompany that of the editor of the ſecond folio; for how—*either, brother, neither,* or *rather,* can be pronounced as monoſyllables, I am yet to learn.

The verſification, however, in this and the preceding play is often ſo irregular, that I leave the paſſage before us as it ſtands in the firſt folio. STEEVENS.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform. [*Coming from the Throne.*

War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.

' *K. Hen.* And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes! [*Senet. The Lords come forward.*

' *York.* Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle.[5]

War. And I'll keep London, with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt* York, *and his Sons,* Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, *Soldiers, and Attendants.*

* *K. Hen.* And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.

Enter Queen Margaret *and the Prince of* Wales.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray[6] her anger:
I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I. [*Going.*

[5] —— *I'll to my castle.*] Sandal Castle near Wakefield, in Yorkshire. Malone.

[6] —— *bewray* —] i. e. betray, discover. So, in *K. Lear:*
" Mark the high noises, and thyself *bewray.*"
Again, *ibid:*
" He did *bewray* his practice." Steevens.

' *Q. Mar.* Nay, go not from me, I will follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will ſtay.

' *Q. Mar.* Who can be patient in ſuch extremes?
* Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a maid,
* And never ſeen thee, never borne thee ſon,
* Seeing thou haſt prov'd ſo unnatural a father!
* Hath he deſerv'd to loſe his birthright thus?
* Hadſt thou but lov'd him half ſo well as I;
* Or felt that pain which I did for him once;
* Or nouriſh'd him, as I did with my blood;
* Thou wouldſt have left thy deareſt heart-blood there,
* Rather than made[7] that ſavage duke thine heir,
* And diſinherited thine only ſon.

* *Prince.* Father, you cannot diſinherit me:
* If you be king, why ſhould not I ſucceed?

* *K. Hen.* Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, ſweet ſon;—
* The earl of Warwick, and the duke, enforc'd me.

* *Q. Mar.* Enforc'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd?
I ſhame to hear thee ſpeak. Ah, timorous wretch!
Thou haſt undone thyſelf, thy ſon, and me;
' And given unto the houſe of York ſuch head,
* As thou ſhalt reign but by their ſufferance.
* To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
* What is it, but to make thy ſepulchre,[8]

[7] *Rather than made*—] Old copy—Rather than *have* made. The compoſitor inadvertently repeated the word—*have*, from the preceding line. Steevens.

Rather is here uſed as a monoſyllable. See p. 17, n. 4. Malone.

[8] *What is it, but to make thy ſepulchre,*] The Queen's re-

* And creep into it far before thy time?
* Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow ſeas;[9]
The duke is made protector of the realm;
' And yet ſhalt thou be ſafe? * ſuch ſafety finds
* The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
' Had I been there, which am a ſilly woman,
' The ſoldiers ſhould have toſs'd me on their pikes,
' Before I would have granted to that act.
* But thou preferr'ſt thy life before thine honour:
' And ſeeing thou doſt, I here divorce myſelf,

proach is founded on a poſition long received among politicians, that the loſs of a king's power is ſoon followed by loſs of life. JOHNSON.

[9] *Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow ſeas*;] So, in Marlowe's *Edward II*:

" The haughty Dane *commands the narrow ſeas.*"

This may be too ſlight a circumſtance to prove Marlowe the author of *The Whole Contention*; it is, however, in other reſpects, ſufficiently probable that he had ſome hand in it.

The perſon here meant was Thomas Nevil, baſtard ſon to the lord Faulconbridge, " a man," ſays Hall, " of no leſſe corage then audacitie, who for his euel condicions was ſuch an apte perſon, that a more meter could not be choſen to ſet all the worlde in a broyle, and to put the eſtate of the realme on an yl hazard." He had been appointed by Warwick vice-admiral of the ſea, and had in charge ſo to keep the paſſage between Dover and Calais, that none which either favoured King Henry or his friends ſhould eſcape untaken or undrowned: ſuch at leaſt were his inſtructions, with reſpect to the friends and favourers of King Edward, after the rupture between him and Warwick. On Warwick's death, he fell into poverty, and robbed, both by ſea and land, as well friends as enemies. He once brought his ſhips up the Thames, and with a conſiderable body of the men of Kent and Eſſex, made a ſpirited aſſault on the city, with a view to plunder and pillage, which was not repelled but after a ſharp conflict and the loſs of many lives; and, had it happened at a more critical period, might have been attended with fatal conſequences to Edward. After roving on the ſea ſome little time longer, he ventured to land at Southampton, where he was taken and beheaded. See Hall and Holinſhed. RITSON.

‘ Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
‘ Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
‘ Whereby my ſon is diſinherited.[1]
The northern lords, that have forſworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if once they ſee them ſpread:
‘ And ſpread they ſhall be; to thy foul diſgrace,
‘ And utter ruin of the houſe of York.
‘ Thus do I leave thee:—Come, ſon, let's away;
‘ Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me ſpeak.

Q. Mar. Thou haſt ſpoke too much already; get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle ſon Edward, thou wilt ſtay with me?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,[2]
I'll ſee your grace: till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, ſon, away; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen* Margaret, *and the* Prince.

‘ *K. Hen.* Poor queen! how love to me, and to her ſon,
‘ Hath made her break out into terms of rage!
‘ Reveng'd may ſhe be on that hateful duke;
* Whoſe haughty ſpirit, winged with deſire,

[1] *Whereby my ſon is diſinherited.*] The correſponding line in the old play is this. The variation is remarkable:

“ Wherein thou yieldeſt to the houſe of York.”

Malone.

[2] ——from *the field,*] Folio—*to* the field. The true reading is found in the old play. Malone.

* Will coſt my crown, and, like an empty eagle,[3]

[3] *Whoſe haughty ſpirit, winged with deſire,*
Will coſt *my crown, and, like an empty eagle,* &c.] Read *coaſt,* i. e. hover over it. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's alteration aims at a diſtinction without a difference, both *coſt* and *coaſt* being ultimately derivations of the ſame original. HENLEY.

The word which Dr. Warburton would introduce, has been ſuppoſed to violate the metaphor; nor indeed is *to coaſt* uſed as a term of falconry in any of the books profeſſedly written on that ſubject. To *coaſt* is a ſea-faring expreſſion, and means to keep along ſhore. We may, however, maintain the integrity of the figure, by inſerting the word *cote,* which is uſed in *Hamlet,* and in a ſenſe convenient enough on this occaſion:

"We *coted* them on the way."

To *cote* is to come up with, to overtake, to reach. So, in *The Return from Parnaſſus,* a comedy, 1606:

"—— marry, we preſently *coted* and outſtript them."

Yet, on further inquiry, I am become leſs certain, that to *coaſt* is merely a ſea-faring expreſſion. It is uſed in the following inſtance to denote ſpeed:

"And all in haſte ſhe *coaſteth* to the cry."

Shakſpeare's *Venus and Adonis.*

Again, in *The Loyal Subject,* by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Take you thoſe horſe, and *coaſt* them."

Again, in *The Maid of the Mill,* by the ſame authors, two gentlemen are entering, and a lady aſks:

"——who are thoſe that *coaſt* us?"

Mr. Tollet therefore obſerves, that Dr. Warburton's interpretation may be right, as Holinſhed often uſes the verb to *coaſt,* i. e. to hover, or range about any thing. So, in Chapman's verſion of the fifth *Iliad:*

"Atrides yet *coaſts* through the troops, confirming men
ſo ſtay'd."

See Holinſhed, Vol. III. p. 352: "William Douglas ſtill *coaſted* the Engliſhmen, doing them what damage he might." So again, p. 387, and 404, and in other writers. STEEVENS.

I have no doubt but *coaſt* is the true reading. To *coaſt* is to keep along ſide of it, and watch it. In *King Henry VIII.* the Chamberlain ſays of Wolſey:

"—— the king perceives him how he *coaſts*
"And hedges his own way."

* Tire on the fleſh of me, and of my ſon![4]
* The loſs of thoſe three lords[5] torments my heart:
* I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair;—
* Come, couſin, you ſhall be the meſſenger.[6]
* *Exe.* And I, I hope, ſhall reconcile them all.
[*Exeunt.*

And in the laſt Act of *The Loyal Subject*, Archas ſays:
" ——— Lord Barris,
" Take you thoſe horſe, and *coaſt* them." M. Mason.

Will coſt my crown,] i. e. will coſt *me* my crown; will induce on me the expence or loſs of my crown. Malone.

Had this been our author's meaning, he would have otherwiſe formed his verſe, and written " coſt *me* my crown." So, in *King Lear:*
" The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
" *Coſt him* his eyes." Steevens.

[4] Tire *on the fleſh of me,*] To *tire* is to faſten, to fix the talons, from the French *tirer.* Johnson.

To *tire* is to *peck.* So, in Decker's *Match me in London,* 1631:
" ——— the vulture *tires*
" Upon the eagle's heart." Steevens.

[5] ——*thoſe three lords*—] That is, of Northumberland, Weſtmoreland, and Clifford, who had left him in diſguſt. Johnson.

[6] ——*you ſhall be the meſſenger.*] Inſtead of the ſix laſt lines of this ſpeech, the firſt copy preſents theſe:
" Come, couſin of Exeter, ſtay thou here,
" For Clifford and thoſe northern lords be gone,
" I fear towards Wakefield, to diſturb the duke."
See p. 16, n. 2, and the notes there referred to. Malone.

SCENE II.

A Room in Sandal *Caſtle, near* Wakefield, *in* York-ſhire.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, *and* MONTAGUE.

' *Rich.* Brother, though I be youngeſt, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reaſons ſtrong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

' *York.* Why, how now, ſons and brother,[7] at a ſtrife?
' What is your quarrel? how began it firſt?

[7] ——*ſons, and* brother,] I believe we ſhould read—*couſin* inſtead of *brother*, unleſs *brother* be uſed by Shakſpeare as a term expreſſive of endearment, or becauſe they embarked, like brothers, in one cauſe. Montague was only couſin to York, and in the quarto he is ſo called. Shakſpeare uſes the expreſſion, *brother of the war*, in *King Lear*. STEEVENS.

It ſhould be *ſons and brothers*; my *ſons*, and *brothers* to each other. JOHNSON.

Brother is right. In the two ſucceeding pages York calls Montague *brother*. This may be in reſpect to their being *brothers of the war*, as Mr. Steevens obſerves, or of the ſame council as in *King Henry VIII.* who ſays to Cranmer: "You are *brother* of us." Montague was brother to Warwick; Warwick's daughter was married to a ſon of York: therefore York and Montague were brothers. But as this alliance did not take place during the life of York, I embrace Mr. Steevens's interpretation rather than ſuppoſe that Shakſpeare made a miſtake about the time of the marriage. TOLLET.

The third folio reads as Dr. Johnſon adviſes. But as York

From an Ancient Print

SANDAL CASTLE. NEAR WAKEFIELD YORK-SHIRE.

Henry VI. Part III. Act I. Scene II.

' *Edw.* No quarrel, but a ſlight contention.[8]

York. About what?

' *Rich.* About that which concerns your grace, and us;

' The crown of England, father, which is yours.

' *York.* Mine, boy? not till king Henry be dead.

* *Rich.* Your right depends not on his life, or death.

* *Edw.* Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:

* By giving the houſe of Lancaſter leave to breathe,

* It will outrun you, father, in the end.

' *York.* I took an oath, that he ſhould quietly reign.

' *Edw.* But, for a kingdom, any oath may be broken:

' I'd break a thouſand oaths, to reign one year.

' *Rich.* No; God forbid, your grace ſhould be forſworn.[9]

again in this ſcene addreſſes Montague by the title of *brother*, and Montague uſes the ſame to York, Dr. Johnſon's conjecture cannot be right. Shakſpeare certainly ſuppoſed them to be brothers-in-law. Malone.

[8] *No quarrel, but a* ſlight *contention.*] Thus the players, firſt, in their edition; who did not underſtand, I preſume, the force of the epithet in the old quarto, which I have reſtored—*ſweet contention*, i. e. the argument of their diſpute was upon a grateful topick; the queſtion of their father's immediate right to the crown. Theobald.

Sweet is, I think, the better reading of the two; and I ſhould certainly have received it had it been found in the folio, which Mr. Malone ſuppoſes to be the copy of this play, as reformed by Shakſpeare. Steevens.

[9] Rich. *No*; *God forbid*, &c.] Inſtead of this and the three following ſpeeches, the old play has theſe lines:

‘ *York.* I ſhall be, if I claim by open war.

‘ *Rich.* I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me ſpeak.

‘ *York.* Thou canſt not, ſon; it is impoſſible.

‘ *Rich.* An oath is of no moment,[1] being not took
‘ Before a true and lawful magiſtrate,
‘ That hath authority over him that ſwears:
‘ Henry had none, but did uſurp the place;
‘ Then, ſeeing 'twas he that made you to depoſe,
‘ Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
‘ Therefore, to arms. * And, father, do but think,
* How ſweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
* Within whoſe circuit is Elyſium,
* And all that poets feign of bliſs and joy.
* Why do we linger thus? I cannot reſt,

" *Rich.* An if it pleaſe your grace to give me leave,
" I'll ſhew your grace the way to ſave your oath,
" And diſpoſſeſs King Henry from the crown.
" *York.* I pr'ythee, Dick, let me hear thy deviſe."
MALONE.

[1] *An oath is of no moment,*] The obligation of an oath is here eluded by very deſpicable ſophiſtry. A lawful magiſtrate alone has the power to exact an oath, but the oath derives no part of its force from the magiſtrate. The plea againſt the obligation of an oath obliging to maintain a uſurper, taken from the unlawfulneſs of the oath itſelf in the foregoing play, was rational and juſt.
JOHNSON.

This ſpeech is formed on the following one in the old play:
" *Rich.* Then thus, my lord. An oath is of no moment,
" Being not ſworn before a lawful magiſtrate;
" Henry is none, but doth uſurp your right;
" And yet your grace ſtands bound to him by oath:
" Then, noble father,
" Reſolve yourſelf, and once more claim the crown."
MALONE.

* Until the white roſe, that I wear, be died
* Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

' *York.* Richard, enough; I will be king, or die.—
' Brother, thou ſhalt to London preſently,[2]
' And whet on Warwick to this enterpriſe.—
' Thou, Richard, ſhalt unto the duke of Norfolk,
' And tell him privily of our intent.—
' You, Edward, ſhall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentiſhmen will willingly riſe:
' In them I truſt; for they are ſoldiers,
' Witty and courteous, liberal, full of ſpirit.[3]—

[2] *Brother, thou ſhalt to London preſently,*] Thus the original play:

" Edward, thou ſhalt to Edmond Brooke, lord Cobham,
" With whom the Kentiſhmen will willingly riſe.
" Thou, couſin Montague, ſhalt to Norfolk ſtraight,
" And bid the duke to muſter up his ſoldiers,
" And come to me to Wakefield preſently.
" And Richard, thou to London ſtraight ſhall poſt,
" And bid Richard Nevil Earl of Warwick
" To leave the city, and with his men of war
" To meet me at St. Albans ten days hence.
" My ſelf here in Sandall caſtle will provide
" Both men and money, to further our attempts."

MALONE.

[3] Witty *and courteous, liberal, full of ſpirit.*] What a bleſſed harmonious line have the editors given us! and what a promiſing epithet, in York's behalf, from the Kentiſhmen being ſo *witty!* I cannot be ſo partial, however, to my own county, as to let this compliment paſs. I make no doubt to read:

——*for they are ſoldiers,*
Wealthy *and courteous, liberal, full of ſpirit.*

Now theſe five characteriſticks anſwer to Lord Say's deſcription of them in the preceding play:

" Kent, in the commentaries Cæſar writ,
" Is term'd the civil'ſt place in all this iſle;
" The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy."

THEOBALD.

This is a conjecture of very little import. JOHNSON.

‘ While you are thus employ'd, what reſteth more,
‘ But that I ſeek occaſion how to riſe;
‘ And yet the king not privy to my drift,
‘ Nor any of the houſe of Lancaſter?

Enter a Meſſenger.[4]

‘ But, ſtay; What news? Why com'ſt thou in ſuch poſt?

‘ *Mess.* The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,[5]

I ſee no reaſon for adopting Theobald's emendation. *Witty* anciently ſignified, of ſound judgment. The poet calls Buckingham, "the deep revolving, *witty* Buckingham."
STEEVENS.

[4] *Enter a Meſſenger.*] Thus the quartos; the folio reads, *Enter Gabriel.* STEEVENS.

Gabriel was the actor who played this inconſiderable part. He is mentioned by Heywood, in his *Apology for Actors*, 1612. The correction has been made [by Mr. Theobald] from the old play. MALONE.

[5] *The queen, with all* &c.] I know not whether the author intended any moral inſtruction, but he that reads this has a ſtriking admonition againſt that precipitancy by which men often uſe unlawful means to do that which a little delay would put honeſtly in their power. Had York ſtaid but a few moments, he had ſaved his cauſe from the ſtain of perjury. JOHNSON.

It will be no more than juſtice to York, if we recollect that this ſcene, ſo far as reſpects the oath, and his reſolution to break it, proceeds entirely from our author's imagination. Neither the Earl of March nor Richard was then at Sandal; the latter being likewiſe a mere child, barely turned of eight years old. His appearance, therefore, and actions in this, and, at leaſt, the two firſt Acts of the following play, are totally unſupported by hiſtory and truth.

It may be likewiſe obſerved that the Queen was not actually preſent at this battle, not returning out of Scotland till ſome little time after. This inſurrection, which the Duke, not in breach of, but in ſtrict conformity with his oath to the King, and in diſ-

[5] Intend here to beſiege you in your caſtle:
[5] She is hard by with twenty thouſand men;[6]
[5] And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

charge of his duty as protector of the realm, had marched from London to ſuppreſs, was headed by the Duke of Somerſet, the Earl of Northumberland, and the Lord Nevil, who in direct violation of a mutual agreement, and before the day prefixed for the battle, fell ſuddenly upon the Duke's army, made him and Saliſbury priſoners, and treated him in the manner here deſcribed. See *Whethamſtede.* Saliſbury was next day killed at Pontefract by a baſtard ſon of the Duke of Exeter, and beheaded, with York, Rutland, and others, after death. *W. Wyrceſter.*

RITSON.

In October 1460, when it was eſtabliſhed in parliament that the Duke of York ſhould ſucceed to the throne after Henry's death, the Duke and his two ſons, the Earl of March, and the Earl of Rutland, took an oath to do no act whatſoever that might "ſound to the abridgement of the natural life of King Henry the Sixth, or diminiſhing of his reign or dignity royal." Having perſuaded the King to ſend for the Queen and the Prince of Wales, (who were then in York,) and finding that ſhe would not obey his requiſition, he on the ſecond of December ſet out for his caſtle in Yorkſhire, with ſuch military power as he had; a meſſenger having been previouſly diſpatched to the Earl of March, to deſire him to follow his father with all the forces he could procure. The Duke arrived at Sandal Caſtle on the 24th of December, and in a ſhort time his army amounted to five thouſand men. An anonymous Remarker, [the author of the preceding note,] however, very confidently aſſerts, that "this ſcene, ſo far as reſpects York's *oath* and *his reſolution to break it,* proceeds entirely from the author's imagination." His oath is on record; and what his *reſolution* was when he marched from London at the head of a large body of men, and ſent the meſſage above ſtated to his ſon, it is not very difficult to conjecture.

MALONE.

[6] ——*with twenty thouſand men*;] In the quarto this ſpeech ſtands as follows:

"My lord, the queene with thirty thouſand men
"Accompanied with the earles of Cumberland,
"Northumberland, and Weſtmerland,
"With others of the houſe of Lancaſter,
"Are marching towards Wakefield,
"To beſiedge you in your caſtle heere." STEEVENS.

* *York.* Ay, with my ſword. What! think'ſt thou, that we fear them?—
' Edward and Richard, you ſhall ſtay with me;—
' My brother Montague ſhall poſt to London:
* Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the reſt,
* Whom we have left protectors of the king,
* With powerful policy ſtrengthen themſelves,
* And truſt not ſimple Henry, nor his oaths.

* *Mont.* Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:
* And thus moſt humbly I do take my leave. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir John *and Sir* Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles!
' You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to beſiege us.

Sir John. She ſhall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

' *York.* What, with five thouſand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; What ſhould we fear?
[*A March afar off.*

' *Edw.* I hear their drums; let's ſet our men in order;
' And iſſue forth, and bid them battle ſtraight.

' *York.* Five men to twenty![7]—though the odds be great,

[7] *Five men to twenty!* &c.] Thus, in the old play:
" *York.* Indeed many brave battles have I won
" In Normandy, whereas the enemy
" Hath been ten to one, and why ſhould I now
" Doubt of the like ſucceſs. I am reſolv'd.
" Come, let us go.
" *Edw.* Let us march away. I hear their drums."
Malone.

S. Harding Del.

EDWARD PRINCE of WALES
SON to HENRY VI.

From a Drawing in the British Museum.

Pub.d by E.& S. Harding Jan.y 2.d 1793

'I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.
'Many a battle have I won in France,
'When as the enemy hath been ten to one;
'Why ſhould I not now have the like ſucceſs?
[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Plains near Sandal *Caſtle.*

Alarums: Excurſions. Enter RUTLAND, *and his* Tutor.[8]

'*Rut.* Ah, whither ſhall I fly to 'ſcape their hands![9]
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD, *and Soldiers.*

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy prieſthood ſaves thy life.
As for the brat of this accurſed duke,
Whoſe father[1] ſlew my father,—he ſhall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

[8] —— *his Tutor.*] A prieſt called Sir Robert Aſpall, *Hall,* Henry VI. fol. 99. RITSON.

[9] *Ah, whither* &c.] This ſcene in the old play opens with theſe lines:

"*Tutor.* Oh, fly my lord, let's leave the caſtle,
"And fly to Wakefield ſtraight." MALONE.

[1] *Whoſe father*—] i. e. the father of which brat, namely the Duke of York. MALONE.

'*Tut.* Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
'Leſt thou be hated both of God and man.
[*Exit, forced off by Soldiers.*

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
That makes him cloſe his eyes?[2]—I'll open them.

'*Rut.* So looks the pent-up lion[3] o'er the wretch
'That trembles under his devouring paws:[4]
And ſo he walks, inſulting o'er his prey;
'And ſo he comes to rend his limbs aſunder.—
'Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy ſword,
And not with ſuch a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me ſpeak before I die;—
I am too mean a ſubject for thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

[2] —— *is he dead already? Or, is it fear,*
That makes him cloſe his eyes?] This circumſtance is taken from Hall: "Whilſt this battail was in fighting, a prieſte called Sir Robbert Aſpall, chappelaine and ſchole-maſter to the yong erle of Rutlande, ii ſonne to the above named duke of Yorke, ſcarce of the age of xii yeres, a faire gentleman, and a maydenlike perſon, perceyving that flight was more ſafe-gard than tarrying, bothe for hym and his maſter, ſecretly conveyd therle out of the felde, by the lord Cliffordes bande, toward the towne; but or he could entre into a houſe, he was by the ſayd Lord Clifford eſpied, folowed, and taken, and by reſon of his apparell, demaunded what he was. The yong gentleman diſmayed, had not a word to ſpeake, but kneled on his knees, imploring mercy, and deſiring grace, both with holding up his handes, and making dolorous countenance, *for his ſpeache was gone for feare.*"
MALONE.

[3] *So looks the pent-up lion* —] That is, The lion that hath been long confined without food, and is let out to devour a man condemned. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *devouring paws*:] Surely the epithet *devouring*, which might well have characteriſed the whole animal, is oddly beſtowed on his *paws*. STEEVENS.

Clif. In vain thou ſpeak'ſt, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath ſtopp'd the paſſage where thy words ſhould enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge ſufficient for me;
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart.
The ſight of any of the houſe of York
Is as a fury to torment my ſoul;[5]
'And till I root out their accurſed line,
'And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore—— [*Lifting his Hand.*

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death:—
To thee I pray; Sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

'*Rut.* I never did thee harm; Why wilt thou ſlay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born[6]

[5] *The ſight of any of the houſe of York*
Is as a fury &c.] In *Romeo and Juliet* the ſame idea is expreſſed in humbler language: "A dog of the houſe of Montague moves me." Steevens.

[6] *But 'twas ere I was born.*] Rutland is under a miſtake. The battle of St. Albans, in which old Clifford was ſlain, happened in 1455; that of Wakefield in 1460. He appears to have been at this time about ſeventeen years old. Ritson.

The author of the original play appears to have been as incorrect in his chronology as Shakſpeare. Rutland was born, I believe, in 1443; according to Hall, in 1448; and Clifford's

Thou haſt one ſon, for his ſake pity me;
Leſt, in revenge thereof,—ſith [7] God is juſt,—
He be as miſerably ſlain as I.
Ah, let me live in priſon all my days;
And when I give occaſion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou haſt no cauſe.

Clif. No cauſe?
Thy father ſlew my father; therefore, die.
[Clifford *ſtabs him.*

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis ſumma ſit iſta tuæ!* [8]
[*Dies.*

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy ſon's blood cleaving to my blade,
Shall ruſt upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.
[*Exit.*

father was killed at the battle of St. Albans, in 1455. Conſequently Rutland was then at leaſt ſeven years old; more probably twelve. The ſame obſervation has been made by an anonymous writer. Malone.

[7] ——*ſith*—] i. e. ſince. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:*
"—*ſith* you yourſelf know how eaſy it is to be ſuch an offender."
Steevens.

[8] *Dii faciant,* &c.] This line is in Ovid's *Epiſtle from Phillis to Demophoon.* I find the ſame quotation in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up,* &c. 1596:
Steevens.

SCENE IV.

The ſame.

Alarum. Enter YORK.

' *YORK.* The army of the queen hath got the field:
' My uncles both are ſlain in reſcuing me;[9]
' And all my followers to the eager foe
' Turn back, and fly, like ſhips before the wind,
' Or lambs purſu'd by hunger-ſtarved wolves.
' My ſons—God knows, what hath bechanced them:
But this I know,—they have demean'd themſelves
Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
' Three times did Richard make a lane to me;
And thrice cried,—*Courage, father! fight it out!*
' And full as oft came Edward to my ſide,
With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
' In blood of thoſe[1] that had encounter'd him:
' And when the hardieſt warriors did retire,
' Richard cried,—*Charge! and give no foot of ground!*
' And cried,—*A crown, or elſe a glorious tomb!*
' *A ſceptre, or an earthly ſepulchre!*
With this, we charg'd again: but, out, alas!

[9] *My uncles both are ſlain in reſcuing me;*] Theſe were two baſtard uncles by the mother's ſide, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer. See Grafton's *Chronicle*, p. 649. PERCY.

[1] *With purple faulchion,* painted *to the hilt*
In blood of thoſe —] So, in *King Henry V:*
" With pennons *painted in the blood* of Harfleur."
STEEVENS.

‘ We bodg'd again ;[2] as I have ſeen a ſwan
‘ With bootleſs labour ſwim againſt the tide,
‘ And ſpend her ſtrength with over-matching waves.
[*A ſhort Alarum within.*
‘ Ah, hark! the fatal followers do purſue ;
‘ And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury :
‘ And, were I ſtrong, I would not ſhun their fury :
‘ The ſands are number'd, that make up my life ;
‘ Here muſt I ſtay, and here my life muſt end.

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, *and Soldiers.*

‘ Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—
‘ I dare your quenchleſs fury to more rage ;
‘ I am your butt, and I abide your ſhot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to ſuch mercy, as his ruthleſs arm,
With downright payment, ſhow'd unto my father.

[2] *We* bodg'd *again* ;] I find *bodgery* uſed by Naſhe in his *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſs*, 1593, for *botchery* : “ Do you know your own miſbegotten *bodgery* ?” To *bodge* might therefore mean, (as to *botch* does now) to do a thing imperfectly and aukwardly ; and thence to *fail* or *miſcarry* in an attempt. Cole, in his *Latin Dictionary*, 1679, renders—“ To botch or bungle, *opus corrumpere, diſperdere.*”

I ſuſpect, however, with Dr. Johnſon, that we ſhould read—We *budg'd* again. “ To *budge*” Cole renders, *pedem referre*, to retreat : the preciſe ſenſe required here. So, Coriolanus, ſpeaking of his army who had *fled* from their adverſaries :

“ The mouſe ne'er ſhunn'd the cat, as they did *budge*
“ From raſcals worſe than they.” MALONE.

I believe that—*we bodg'd* only means, *we boggled, made bad or bungling work of our attempt to rally.* A low unſkilful tailor is often called a *botcher.* STEEVENS.

Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noontide prick.[3]

York. My aſhes, as the phœnix, may bring forth
' A bird that will revenge upon you all:
' And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.
' Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;
' So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So deſperate thieves, all hopeleſs of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainſt the officers.

York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
' And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:
* And, if thou canſt for bluſhing, view this face;
And bite thy tongue, that ſlanders him with cowardice,
' Whoſe frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.
[*Draws.*

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thouſand cauſes,
I would prolong awhile the traitor's life:—
Wrath makes him deaf: ſpeak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him ſo much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:

[3] —— *noontide prick.*] Or, noontide point on the dial. JOHNSON.

The ſame phraſe occurs in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act II. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thruſt his hand between his teeth,
When he might ſpurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize[4] to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on* YORK, *who ſtruggles.*

Clif. Ay, ay, ſo ſtrives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney ſtruggle in the net.

[YORK *is taken priſoner.*

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield,[5] with robbers ſo o'er-match'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northumberland,
Come make him ſtand upon this molehill here;
That raught[6] at mountains with outſtretched arms,

[4] *It is war's* prize —] Read—*praiſe.* WARBURTON.

I think the old reading right, which means, that all 'vantages are in war lawful prize; that is, may be lawfully taken and uſed. JOHNSON.

To take all advantages, is rather to the diſcredit than to the praiſe of war, and therefore Warburton's amendment cannot be right; nor can I approve of Johnſon's explanation;—it appears to me that it is *war's* prize, means merely that it is the eſtimation of people at war; the ſettled opinion. M. MASON.

"——dolus, an virtus, quis in hoſte requirat?" *Virg.* MALONE.

[5] *So* true *men yield,*] A true man has been already explained to be an honeſt man, as oppoſed to a thief. See Vol. VI. p. 349, n. 8. MALONE.

[6] *That raught*—] i. e. That *reach'd.* The ancient preterite and participle paſſive of *reach.* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra;*
"The hand of death has *raught* him." STEEVENS.

Yet parted but the ſhadow with his hand.—
* What! was it you, that would be England's king?
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high deſcent?
Where are your meſs of ſons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the luſty George?
* And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the reſt, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York; I ſtain'd this napkin[7] with the blood
That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
Made iſſue from the boſom of the boy:
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
* Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I ſhould lament thy miſerable ſtate.
I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, York;
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may ſing and dance.[8]
What, hath thy fiery heart ſo parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
* Why art thou patient, man? thou ſhouldſt be mad;
* And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Thou would'ſt be fee'd, I ſee, to make me ſport;
York cannot ſpeak, unleſs he wear a crown.—
A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.—

[7] —— *this* napkin —] A *napkin* is a handkerchief. JOHNSON.

So, in *As you like it*: "To that youth he calls his Roſalind, he ſends this bloody *napkin*." STEEVENS.

[8] *Stamp, rave, and fret,* &c.] I have placed this line as it ſtands in the old play. In the folio it is introduced, I believe, by the careleſſneſs of the tranſcriber, ſome lines lower, after the words—"do mock thee thus;" where it appears to me out of its place. MALONE.

Hold you his hands, whilſt I do ſet it on.—
[*Putting a paper Crown on his Head.*[9]

[9] *Putting a paper crown on his Head.*] Shakſpeare has on this occaſion deviated from hiſtory, if ſuch of our *Engliſh* Chronicles as I have occaſionally looked into, may be believed. According to theſe, the paper crown was not placed on the Duke of York's head till after it had been cut off. Rutland likewiſe was not killed by Clifford, till after his father's death. STEEVENS.

The ingenious commentator is moſt certainly miſtaken. Shakſpeare, ſo far from having deviated from hiſtory, has followed it with the utmoſt preciſion. *Whethamſtede* expreſsly tells us, that the Lancaſtrians, in direct breach of a mutual agreement, and before the day appointed for the battle, fell ſuddenly upon the Duke's army, and took him and the Earl of Saliſbury priſoners; treating both, but eſpecially the Duke, in the moſt ſhameful manner: *Nam*, ſays he, *ſtatuentes eum ſuper unum parvum formicarium colliculum, et quoddam ſertum vile, ex paluſtri gramine confectum, imponentes, per modum coronæ, ſuper caput ſuum, non aliter quam Judæi coram domino incurvaverunt genua ſua coram ipſo, dicentes illuſorie:* Ave rex, ſine regimine; ave rex, abſque hereditate; ave dux et princeps, abſque omni populo penitus et poſſeſſione. *Ex hiis una cum aliis variis, in eum probroſe opprobrioſeque dictis, coegerunt ipſum demum per capitis alſciſſionem clameum relinquere ſuæ juſticiæ vendicacionis*, p. 489. Not a ſingle circumſtance is omitted, or varied in the ſcene. It is not, however, imagined that Shakſpeare had ever conſulted Whethamſtede: he found the ſame ſtory no doubt in ſome old black letter Chronicle, or he might poſſibly have it from a popular tradition. RITSON.

According to Hall the paper crown was not placed on York's head till after he was dead; but Holinſhed after giving Hall's narration of this buſineſs almoſt *verbatim*, adds:—"Some write, that the Duke was taken alive, and in deriſion cauſed to ſtand upon a *mole-hill*, on whoſe heade they put a garland inſtead of a crowne, which they had faſhioned and made of ſegges or bulruſhes, and having ſo crowned him with that garlande, they kneeled downe afore him, as the Jewes did to Chriſte in ſcorne, ſaying to him, hayle king without rule, hayle king without heritage, hayle duke and prince without people or poſſeſſions. And at length having thus ſcorned hym with theſe and dyverſe other the like deſpiteſull woordes, they ſtroke off his heade, which (as yee have heard) they preſented to the queen."

Both the chroniclers ſay, that the Earl of Rutland was killed

Ay, marry, ſir, now looks he like a king!
Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd ſo ſoon, and broke his ſolemn oath?
As I bethink me, you ſhould not be king,
Till our king Henry had ſhook hands with death.[1]
And will you pale[2] your head in Henry's glory
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, againſt your holy oath?
O, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable!—
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
And, whilſt we breathe, take time to do him dead.[3]

Clif. That is my office, for my father's ſake.

Q. Mar. Nay, ſtay; let's hear the oriſons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worſe than wolves of France,
Whoſe tongue more poiſons than the adder's tooth!
How ill-beſeeming is it in thy ſex,
To triumph like an Amazonian trull,

by Clifford *during* the battle of Wakefield; but it may be preſumed that his father had firſt fallen. The Earl's tutor probably attempted to ſave him as ſoon as the rout began. Malone.

[1] *Till our king Henry had ſhook hands with death.*] On York's return from Ireland, at a meeting of parliament it was ſettled, that Henry ſhould enjoy the throne during his life, and that York ſhould ſucceed him. See Hall, Henry VI. fol. 98. Malone.

[2] *And will you* pale—] i. e. impale, encircle with a crown. Malone.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"Whate'er the ocean *pales*, or ſky inclips." Steevens.

[3] —— *to do him dead,*] To kill him. See Vol. VI. p. 170, n. 3. Malone.

See this play, p. 53, n. 9. Steevens.

'Upon their woes,[4] whom fortune captivates?
But that thy face is, viſor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with uſe of evil deeds,
I would aſſay, proud queen, to make thee bluſh:
To tell thee whence thou cam'ſt, of whom deriv'd,
Were ſhame enough to ſhame thee, wert thou not ſhameleſs.
Thy father bears the type[5] of king of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jeruſalem;
Yet not ſo wealthy as an Engliſh yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to inſult?
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen;
Unleſs the adage muſt be verified,—
That beggars, mounted, run their horſe to death.
'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
But, God he knows, thy ſhare thereof is ſmall:
'Tis virtue, that doth make them moſt admir'd;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at:
'Tis government, that makes them ſeem divine;[6]
The want thereof makes thee abominable:
Thou art as oppoſite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the ſouth to the ſeptentrion.[7]

[4] *Upon* their *woes,*] So, the folio. The quarto reads—Upon *his* woes. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *the* type —] i. e. the diſtinguiſhing mark; an obſolete uſe of the word. So again, in *King Richard III:*

" The high imperial *type* of this earth's glory."

STEEVENS.

[6] *'Tis* government, *that makes them ſeem divine;*] *Government,* in the language of that time, ſignified evenneſs of temper, and decency of manners. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. Falſtaff ſays:

" Let men ſay, we be men of good *government.*"

STEEVENS.

[7] —— *ſeptentrion.*] i. e. the North. *Septentrio,* Lat. Milton uſes the ſame word as an adjective:

" —— cold *ſeptentrion* blaſts." STEEVENS.

O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide![8]
How could'ſt thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be ſeen to bear a woman's face?
Women are ſoft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
'Thou ſtern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorſeleſs.
'Bid'ſt thou me rage? why, now thou haſt thy wiſh:[9]
'Would'ſt have me weep? why, now thou haſt thy will:
'For raging wind blows up inceſſant ſhowers,[1]
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.[2]
Theſe tears are my ſweet Rutland's obſequies;

[8] *O, tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!*] We find almoſt the ſame line in *Acolaſtus his Afterwitte*, 1600:
" *O* woolviſh *heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!*"
MALONE.

[9] —— *thy* wiſh: &c.] So the folio: The quarto reads—thy *will* in the firſt line, and thy *wiſh* in the ſecond.
STEEVENS.

[1] *For raging wind blows up inceſſant ſhowers,*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—
For raging winds blow up a ſtorm of tears. STEEVENS.

[2] *Would'ſt have me* weep? *why, now thou haſt thy will:*
For raging wind blows up inceſſant ſhowers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.] We meet with the ſame thought in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*
" This *windy tempeſt, till it blows up rain,*
" Held back his ſorrow's tide, to make it more;
" *At laſt it rains, and buſy winds give o'er.*
" Then ſon and father *weep* with equal ſtrife,
" Who ſhould weep moſt for daughter or for wife."
Again, in *Macbeth:*
" —— that *tears* ſhall *drown* the *wind.*"
Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*
" Where are my *tears? rain, rain,* to *lay* this *wind?*"
Again, in *King John:*
" This ſhower, blown up by tempeſt of the ſoul—."
MALONE.

'And every drop cries vengeance for his death,[3]—
'Gainſt thee, fell Clifford,—and thee falſe French-woman.

North. Beſhrew me, but his paſſions move me ſo,
That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have ſtain'd with blood:[4]
But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,—

[3] *And every drop* cries *vengeance for his death,*] So the folio. The quarto thus:

And every drop begs *vengeance* as it falls,
On *thee,* &c. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *would not have ſtain'd with blood:*] Thus the firſt folio. STEEVENS.

—— *would not have ſtain'd* the roſes juſt *with blood:*] So the ſecond folio nonſenſically reads the paſſage; but the old quarto, &c. of better authority, have it thus:

That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have ſtain'd with blood.

And this is ſenſe. Could any one now have believed that an editor of common underſtanding ſhould reject this, and faſten upon the nonſenſe of the later edition, only becauſe it afforded matter of conjecture? and yet Mr. Theobald will needs correct, *roſes juſt with blood,* to *roſes* juic'd *with blood,* that is, change one blundering editor's nonſenſe for another's. But if there ever was any meaning in the line, it was thus expreſſed:

Would not have ſtain'd the roſes juſt in bud.

And this the Oxford editor hath eſpouſed. WARBURTON.

As, without correction, the words—*the roſes juſt,* do not make good ſenſe, there is very little reaſon to ſuſpect their being interpolated, and therefore it is moſt probable they were preſerved among the players by memory. The correction is this:

That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd:
Would not have ſtain'd the roſes juſt i' th' bloom.

The words [*the roſes juſt*] were, I ſuppoſe, left out by the firſt editors, in order to get rid of the ſuperfluous hemiſtich.

MUSGRAVE.

O, ten times more,—than tigers of Hyrcania.[5]
See, ruthleſs queen, a hapleſs father's tears:
This cloth thou dipp'dſt in blood of my ſweet boy,
And I with tears do waſh the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boaſt of this:
[*He gives back the Handkerchief.*
And, if thou tell'ſt the heavy ſtory right,
Upon my ſoul, the hearers will ſhed tears;[6]
Yea, even my foes will ſhed faſt-falling tears,
And ſay,—Alas, it was a piteous deed!—
There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curſe;[7]
And, in thy need, ſuch comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
My ſoul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been ſlaughter-man to all my kin,
I ſhould not for my life but weep with him,
To ſee how inly ſorrow gripes his ſoul.[8]

[5] —— *of* Hyrcania.] So the folio. The quartos read—of *Arcadia*. Steevens.

[6] *And, if thou tell'ſt the heavy ſtory right,*
Upon my ſoul, the hearers will ſhed tears.] So, in *King Richard II:*

" Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
" And ſend the hearers weeping to their beds."

Steevens.

[7] *There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curſe;*] Rowe has transferred this execration to his dying Hengiſt in *The Royal Convert:*

" —— wear my crown;
" Take it, and be as curs'd with it as I was."

Steevens.

[8] *I ſhould not for my life but weep with him,*
To ſee how inly ſorrow gripes his ſoul.] So the folio. The quartos as follows:

" I could not chooſe but weep with him, to ſee
" How inward anger gripes his heart." Steevens.

Q. Mar. What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death. [*Stabbing him.*

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.[9] [*Stabbing him.*

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee. [*Dies.*

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on York gates;
So York may overlook the town of York.[1]
[*Exeunt.*

[9] *And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.*] So the folio. The quarto thus:

"And there's to right our gentle harted kind."

Of these variations there are many, but it is useless labour to enumerate them all. Steevens.

[1] *So York may overlook* &c.] This gallant nobleman fell by his own imprudence, in consequence of leading an army of only five thousand men to engage with twenty thousand, and not waiting for the arrival of his son the Earl of March, with a large body of Welshmen. He and Cicely his wife, with his son Edmond Earl of Rutland, were originally buried in the chancel of Foderingay church; and (as Peacham informs us in his *Complete Gentleman*, 4to. 1627,) "when the chancel in that furie of knocking churches and sacred monuments in the head, was also felled to the ground," they were removed into the churchyard; and afterwards "lapped in lead they were buried in the church by the commandment of Queen Elizabeth; and a mean monument of plaister wrought with the trowel erected over them, very homely, and far unfitting so noble princes."

"I remember, (adds the same writer,) Master Creuse, a gentleman and my worthy friend, who dwelt in the college at the same time, told me, that their coffins being opened, their bodies appeared very plainly to be discerned, and withal that the dutches

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Plain near Mortimer's *Croſs in* Herefordſhire.

Drums. Enter EDWARD, *and* RICHARD, *with their Forces, marching.*

* *Edw.* I wonder, how our princely father 'ſcap'd;
* Or whether he be 'ſcap'd away, or no,
* From Clifford's and Northumberland's purſuit;
* Had he been ta'en, we ſhould have heard the news;
Had he been ſlain, we ſhould have heard the news;
* Or, had he ſcap'd, methinks, we ſhould have heard
* The happy tidings of his good eſcape.—
' How fares my brother?[2] why is he ſo ſad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be reſolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become.

Cicely had about her necke, hanging in a ſilke ribband, a pardon from Rome, which, penned in a very fine Roman hand, was as faire and freſh to be read, as it had been written yeſterday." This *pardon* was probably a diſpenſation which the Duke procured, from the oath of allegiance that he had ſworn to Henry in St. Paul's church on the 10th of March, 1452. MALONE.

[2] *How fares my brother?*] This ſcene, in the old quartos begins thus:

" After this dangerous fight and hapleſs war,
" How doth my noble brother Richard fare?"

Had the author taken the trouble to reviſe his play, he hardly would have begun the firſt Act and the ſecond with almoſt the ſame exclamation, expreſſed in almoſt the ſame words. Warwick opens the ſcene with—

" I wonder, how the king eſcap'd our hands."

STEEVENS.

'I ſaw him in the battle range about;
'And watch'd him, how he ſingled Clifford forth.
'Methought, he bore him[3] in the thickeſt troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:
* Or as a bear, encompaſs'd round with dogs;
* Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
* The reſt ſtand all aloof, and bark at him.
* So far'd our father with his enemies;
'So fled his enemies my warlike father;
'Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his ſon.[4]
See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious ſun![5]
* How well reſembles it the prime of youth,
* Trimm'd like a younker, prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I ſee three ſuns?[6]

Rich. Three glorious ſuns, each one a perfect ſun;

[3] *Methought, he* bore him —] i. e. he demeaned himſelf. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" How I may formally in perſon *bear me*—." Malone.

[4] *Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his ſon.*] The old quarto reads—*pride*, which is right, for *ambition*, i. e. We need not aim at any higher glory than this. Warburton.

I believe *prize* is the right word. Richard's ſenſe is, though we have miſſed the *prize* for which we fought, we have yet an honour left that may content us. Johnson.

Prize, if it be the true reading, I believe, here means *privilege*. So, in the former Act:

" It is war's *prize* to take all 'vantages?" Malone.

[5] *And takes her farewell of the glorious ſun!*] Aurora takes for a time her farewell of the ſun, when ſhe diſmiſſes him to his diurnal courſe. Johnson.

[6] —— *do I ſee* three ſuns?] This circumſtance is mentioned both by Hall and Holinſhed: " —— at which tyme the *ſon* (as ſome write) appeared to the earle of March like *three funnes*, and ſodainely joyned altogither in one, uppon whiche fight hee tooke ſuch courage, that he fiercely ſetting on his enemyes put them to flight; and for this cauſe menne ymagined that he gave the ſun in his full bryghtneſſe for his badge or cogniſance." Theſe are the words of Holinſhed. Malone.

Not ſeparated with the racking clouds,[7]
But ſever'd in a pale clear-ſhining ſky.
See, ſee! they join, embrace, and ſeem to kiſs,
As if they vow'd ſome league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one ſun.
In this the heaven figures ſome event.

* *Edw.* 'Tis wondrous ſtrange, the like yet never heard of.
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field;
That we, the ſons of brave Plantagenet,
' Each one already blazing by our meeds,[8]
Should, notwithſtanding, join our lights together,
' And over-ſhine the earth, as this the world.
' Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
Upon my target three fair ſhining ſuns.

* *Rich.* Nay, bear three daughters;—by your leave I ſpeak it,
* You love the breeder better than the male.

[7] —— *the* racking *clouds,*] i. e. the clouds in rapid, tumultuary motion. So, in *The Raigne of King Edward III.* 1596:

" ——— like inconſtant clouds
" That, *rack'd* upon the carriage of the winds,
" Encreaſe" &c. STEEVENS.

Again, in our author's 32d Sonnet:

" Anon permit the baſeſt *clouds* to ride
" With ugly *rack* on his celeſtial face." MALONE.

[8] —— *blazing by our* meeds,] Illuſtrious and ſhining by the armorial enſigns granted us as *meeds* of our great exploits. *Meed* likewiſe is *Merit*. It might be plauſibly read:

—— *blazing by our* deeds. JOHNSON.

Johnſon's firſt explanation of this paſſage is not right. *Meed* here means *merit*.

So, in the fourth Act, the King ſays:

" My *meed* hath got me fame."

And in *Timon of Athens* the word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe:

" —— No *meed* but he repays
" Sevenfold above itſelf." M. MASON.

Enter a Meſſenger.

'But what art thou, whoſe heavy looks foretel
'Some dreadful ſtory hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah, one that was a woful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was ſlain,
* Your princely father, and my loving lord.

'*Edw.* O, ſpeak no more![9] for I have heard too much.[1]

'*Rich.* Say how he died, for I will hear it all.

'*Mess.* Environed he was with many foes;[2]

[9] *O, ſpeak no more!*] The generous tenderneſs of Edward, and ſavage fortitude of Richard, are well diſtinguiſhed by their different reception of their father's death. Johnson.

[1] ——*for I have heard too much.*] So the folio. The quartos thus:

"——for I can hear no more.
"*Rich.* Tell on thy tale," &c. Steevens.

[2] *Environed he was with many foes*;] Thus, in the old play:

"O, one that was a woeful looker on,
"When as the noble duke of York was ſlain.—
"When as the noble duke was put to flight,
"And then perſude by Clifford and the queene,
"And many ſoldiers moe, who all at once
"Let drive at him, and forſt the duke to yield;
"And then they ſet him on a moul-hill there,
"And crown'd the gracious duke in high deſpight;
"Who then with tears began to wail his fall.
"The ruthleſſe queene perceiving he did weepe,
"Gave him a handkerchief to wipe his eyes,
"Dipt in the bloud of ſweete young Rutland, by
"Rough Clifford ſlaine; who weeping tooke it up:
"Then through his breſt they thruſt their bloudie ſwords,
"Who like a lambe fell at the butcher's feate.
"Then on the gates of Yorke they ſet his head,
"And there it doth remaine the piteous ſpectacle
"That ere mine eyes beheld." Malone.

* And ſtood againſt them as the hope of Troy [3]
* Againſt the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
* But Hercules himſelf muſt yield to odds;
* And many ſtrokes, though with a little axe,
* Hew down and fell the hardeſt-timber'd oak.
' By many hands your father was ſubdu'd;
' But only ſlaughter'd by the ireful arm
' Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen:
' Who crown'd the gracious duke in high deſpite;
' Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
' The ruthleſs queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
' A napkin ſteeped in the harmleſs blood
' Of ſweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford ſlain:
' And, after many ſcorns, many foul taunts,
' They took his head, and on the gates of York
' They ſet the ſame; and there it doth remain,
' The ſaddeſt ſpectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon;
' Now thou art gone, we have no ſtaff, no ſtay!—
* O Clifford, boiſt'rous Clifford, thou haſt ſlain
* The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
* And treacherouſly haſt thou vanquiſh'd him,
* For, hand to hand, he would have vanquiſh'd thee!—
Now my ſoul's palace is become a priſon:
Ah, would ſhe break from hence! that this my body
' Might in the ground be cloſed up in reſt:
' For never henceforth ſhall I joy again,
' Never, O never, ſhall I ſee more joy.

' *Rich.* I cannot weep; for all my body's moiſture

[3] ——*the hope of Troy*—] Hector. Malone.

Scarce ſerves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
* Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden;
* For ſelf-ſame wind, that I ſhould ſpeak withal,
* Is kindling coals, that fire all my breaſt,
* And burn me up with flames,[4] that tears would quench.
* To weep, is to make leſs the depth of grief:[5]
* Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge, for me!—
'Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
'Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
'His dukedom and his chair with me is left.[6]

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy deſcent by gazing 'gainſt the ſun:[7]

[4] *And burn me up with flames,* &c.] So, in *King John:*
"France, I am burn'd up with conſuming wrath," &c.
STEEVENS.

[5] *To weep,* &c.] Here, in the original play, inſtead of theſe two lines, we have—
"I cannot joy, till this white roſe be dy'd
"Even in the heart-bloud of the houſe of Lancaſter."
MALONE.

[6] *His dukedom and his chair with me is left.*] So the folio. The quarto thus:
"His chair, and dukedom, that remains for me."
STEEVENS.

[7] *Show thy deſcent by gazing 'gainſt the ſun:*] So, in Spenſer's *Hymn of Heavenly Beauty:*
"——like the native brood of eagle's kind,
"On that bright ſun of glory fix thine eyes."
Again, in *Solyman and Perſeda:*
"As air-bred eagles, if they once perceive
"That any of their brood but cloſe their ſight,
"When they ſhould gaze againſt the glorious ſun;
"They ſtraitway ſeize upon him with their talons,

For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom ſay;
Either that is thine, or elſe thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK *and* MONTAGUE, *with Forces.*[8]

War. How now, fair lords? What fare? what news abroad?

Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we ſhould recount
Our baleful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our fleſh till all were told,
The words would add more anguiſh than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the duke of York is ſlain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly, as his ſoul's redemption,
Is by the ſtern lord Clifford done to death.[9]

" That on the earth it may untimely die,
" For looking but aſkew at heaven's bright eye."
STEEVENS.

[8] *Enter Warwick* &c.] This meeting was at Chipping-Norton. *W. Wyrceſter,* p. 488. RITSON.

[9] *Is by the ſtern lord Clifford* done to death.] *Done to death* for *killed,* was a common expreſſion long before Shakſpeare's time. Thus Chaucer:

" And ſeide, that if ye *done* us both to *dien*." GRAY.

Spenſer mentions a plague " which many *did to dye*."
JOHNSON.

Faire mourir, a French phraſe. So, in *The Battle of Alcazar,* 1594:

" We underſtand that he was *done to death*."

Again, *ibid:*

" —— *done to death* with many a mortal wound."

Again, in *Orlando Furioſo,* 1599:

" I am the man that *did* the ſlave *to death*."
STEEVENS.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd theſe news in tears:
And now, to add more meaſure to your woes,
I come to tell you things ſince then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his lateſt gaſp,
Tidings, as ſwiftly as the poſts could run,
Were brought me of your loſs, and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muſter'd my ſoldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,[1]
March'd towards Saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my ſcouts I was advértiſed,
That ſhe was coming with a full intent
To daſh our late decree in parliament,
'Touching king Henry's oath, and your ſucceſſion.
Short tale to make,—we at Saint Alban's met,
Our battles join'd, and both ſides fiercely fought:
But, whether 'twas the coldneſs of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my ſoldiers of their hated ſpleen;
Or whether 'twas report of her ſucceſs;
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
'Who thunders to his captives[2]—blood and death,
I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
Our ſoldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,[3]

[1] *And very well* &c.] This neceſſary line I have reſtored from the old quartos. Steevens.

[2] —— *to his* captives —] So the folio. The old play reads—*captaines*. Malone.

[3] —— *like the night-owl's lazy flight,*] This image is not very congruous to the ſubject, nor was it neceſſary to the compariſon, which is happily enough completed by the thraſher. Johnson.

'Or like a lazy thraſher with a flail,[4]—
Fell gently down, as if they ſtruck their friends.
I cheer'd them up with juſtice of our cauſe,
With promiſe of high pay, and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
So that we fled; the king, unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myſelf,
In haſte, poſt-haſte, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again.

'*Edw.*[5] Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?

Dr. Johnſon objects to this compariſon as incongruous to the ſubject; but I think, unjuſtly. Warwick compares the languid blows of his ſoldiers, to the lazy ſtrokes which the wings of the owl give to the air in its flight, which is remarkably ſlow.
M. Mason.

[4] *Or like a* lazy *thraſher*—] The old play more elegantly reads—Or like an *idle* thraſher, &c. Malone.

[5] *Edw.* &c.] The exact ages of the Duke of York's children, introduced in the preſent play, will beſt prove how far our author has, either intentionally or otherwiſe, deviated, in this particular, from hiſtorical truth.

Edward, Earl of March, afterwards Duke of York, and King of England, his *ſecond* ſon, was born at Roüen, on Monday the 27th or 28th of April, 1442; Edmund, Earl of Rutland, his *third* ſon, at the ſame place, on Monday the 17th of May, 1443; George of York, afterwards Duke of Clarence, his *ſixth* ſon, in Dublin, on Tueſday the 21ſt of October, 1449; and Richard of York, afterwards Duke of Gloſter, and King of England, his *eighth* ſon, at Fotheringay, on Monday the 2d of October, 1452; Henry, the *firſt* ſon born in 1441, William, the *fourth*, in 1447. John, the *fifth*, in 1448, and Thomas, the *ſeventh*, in 1451, died young. He had likewiſe four daughters. The battle of Wakefield was fought the 29th of December, 1460, when Edward, of courſe, was in his *nineteenth* year. Rutland in his *eighteenth*, George in his *twelfth*, and Richard in his *ninth*.
Ritson.

And when came George from Burgundy to England?

'*War.* Some ſix miles off the duke is with the ſoldiers:
And for your brother,—he was lately ſent
From your kind aunt, ducheſs of Burgundy,
'With aid of ſoldiers to this needful war.[6]

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praiſes in purſuit,
But ne'er, till now, his ſcandal of retire.'

War. Nor now my ſcandal, Richard, doſt thou hear:
For thou ſhalt know, this ſtrong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful ſcepter from his fiſt;
Were he as famous and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildneſs, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame me not;
'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me ſpeak.
But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of ſteel,

[6] *Edw.* —— when came *George* from *Burgundy* to *England?*
War. ——— he was lately *ſent*
From your kind aunt, ducheſs of Burgundy,
With aid of ſoldiers to this needful war.] This circumſtance is not warranted by hiſtory. Clarence and Gloſter (as they were afterwards created) were ſent into Flanders immediately after the battle of Wakefield, and did not return until their brother Edward got poſſeſſion of the crown. Beſides, Clarence was not now more than twelve years old.

Iſabel, Ducheſs of Burgundy, whom Shakſpeare calls the Duke's aunt, was daughter of John I. King of Portugal, by Philippa of Lancaſter, eldeſt daughter of John of Gaunt. They were, therefore, no more than third couſins. RITSON.

And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or ſhall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the laſt, ſay—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to ſeek you out;
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud inſulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,[7]
And of their feather, many more proud birds,
Have wrought the eaſy-melting king like wax.[8]
He ſwore conſent to your ſucceſſion,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To fruſtrate both his oath, and what beſide
May make againſt the houſe of Lancaſter.
'Their power, I think, is thirty thouſand ſtrong:[9]

[7] —— haught *Northumberland,*] So, Grafton, in his *Chronicle* ſays, p. 417: "—— the lord Henry Percy, whom the Scottes for his *haut* and valiant courage called ſir Henry Hotſpurre."
PERCY.

The word is common to many writers. So, in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* 1598:
"This *haught* reſolve becomes your majeſty."
Again, in Kyd's *Cornelia,* 1594:
"Pompey, that ſecond Mars, whoſe *haught* renown," &c.
Again, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon,* 1597:
"Thy mind as *haught* as Jupiter's high thoughts."
STEEVENS.

[8] —— *the eaſy-melting king like* wax.] So again, in this play, of the *Lady Grey:*
"As red as fire; nay, then her *wax* muſt melt."
JOHNSON.

[9] —— *is* thirty *thouſand ſtrong:*] Thus the folio. The old play reads—
"Their power, I gueſs them *fiftie* thouſand ſtrong."
A little lower the ſame piece has—*eight and forty thouſand.*
MALONE.

Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myſelf,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongſt the loving Welſhmen canſt procure,
' Will but amount to five and twenty thouſand,
Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain;
And once again beſtride our foaming ſteeds,
' And once again cry—Charge upon our foes!
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick ſpeak:
Ne'er may he live to ſee a ſunſhine day,
' That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him ſtay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy ſhoulder will I lean;
' And when thou fall'ſt, (as God forbid the hour!)
Muſt Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
' The next degree is, England's royal throne:
For king of England ſhalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we paſs along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
' Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
' But ſound the trumpets, and about our taſk.

* *Rich.* Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as ſteel,
* (As thou haſt ſhown it flinty by thy deeds,)
* I come to pierce it,—or to give thee mine.

* *Edw.* Then ſtrike up, drums;—God, and Saint George, for us!

YORK.

Henry VI. 1st and III. Act II Scene II.

Enter a Meſſenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mess. The duke of Norfolk ſends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puiſſant hoſt;
And craves your company for ſpeedy counſel.

'*War.* Why then it ſorts,[1] brave warriors: Let's away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Before York.

Enter King Henry, *Queen* Margaret, *the Prince of* Wales, Clifford, *and* Northumberland, *with Forces.*

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That ſought to be encompaſs'd with your crown:
'Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

'*K. Hen.* Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their wreck;—
To ſee this ſight, it irks my very ſoul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault,
Not wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

[1] *Why then it ſorts,*] Why then things are as they ſhould be. Johnson.

So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "—thy love ſhall *ſort* to ſuch happy ſucceſs as thou thyſelf doſt ſeek for." Steevens.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, muſt be laid aſide.
To whom do lions caſt their gentle looks?
Not to the beaſt that would uſurp their den.
Whoſe hand is that the foreſt bear doth lick?
Not his, that ſpoils her young before her face.
Who 'ſcapes the lurking ſerpent's mortal ſting?
Not he, that ſets his foot upon her back.
The ſmalleſt worm will turn, being trodden on;
'And doves will peck, in ſafeguard[2] of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou ſmiling, while he knit his angry brows:
He, but a duke, would have his ſon a king,
And raiſe his iſſue, like a loving ſire;
Thou, being a king, bleſs'd with a goodly ſon,
Didſt yield conſent to diſinherit him,
'Which argued thee a moſt unloving father.[3]
Unreaſonable creatures feed their young:
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not ſeen them (even with thoſe wings
'Which ſometime they have us'd with fearful flight,)
Make war with him that climb'd unto their neſt,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For ſhame, my liege, make them your precedent!
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should loſe his birthright by his father's fault;
And long hereafter ſay unto his child,—
What my great-grandfather and grandſire got,
My careleſs father fondly[4] *gave away?*

[2] ——*in ſafeguard*—] Thus the folio. The quartos read *in reſcue*. Steevens.

[3] ——*unloving father.*] The quartos read *unnatural father*. Steevens.

[4] ——*fondly*—] i. e. fooliſhly. So, in *King Richard II:*

Ah, what a ſhame were this! Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promiſeth
Succeſsful fortune, ſteel thy melting heart,
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
'But, Clifford, tell me, didſt thou never hear,—
That things ill got had ever bad ſucceſs?[5]
And happy always was it for that ſon,
Whoſe father[6] for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my ſon my virtuous deeds behind;
And 'would, my father had left me no more!
For all the reſt is held at ſuch a rate,
'As brings a thouſand-fold more care to keep,
'Than in poſſeſſion any jot of pleaſure.[7]
Ah, couſin York! 'would thy beſt friends did know,
'How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

'*Q. Mar.* My lord, cheer up your ſpirits; our foes are nigh,
'And this ſoft courage makes your followers faint.
'You promis'd knighthood to our forward ſon;

" —— ſorrow and grief of heart
" Makes him ſpeak *fondly*—." Steevens.

[5] —— *didſt thou never hear,—*
That things ill got had ever bad ſucceſs? &c.] The proverb quoted by his majeſty on this occaſion, ſeems to militate directly againſt his own argument, and ſhows that things ill got might have good ſucceſs. M. Mason.

[6] *Whoſe father* &c.] Alluding to a common proverb:
" Happy the child whoſe father went to the devil."
Johnson.

[7] *Than in poſſeſſion any jot of pleaſure.*] Thus the folio. The quarto thus:
" Than may the preſent profit countervaile."
Steevens.

'Unſheath your ſword, and dub him preſently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, ariſe a knight;
And learn this leſſon,—Draw thy ſword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel uſe it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is ſpoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Royal commanders, be in readineſs:
'For, with a band of thirty thouſand[8] men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him:
'Darraign[9] your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highneſs would depart the field;
The queen[1] hath beſt ſucceſs when you are abſent.

[8] ——*thirty thouſand*—] The quarto reads *fifty thouſand.* Steevens.

[9] *Darraign*—] That is, *Range* your hoſt, put your hoſt in order. Johnson.

Chaucer, Skelton, and Spenſer, uſe this word.
Thus alſo, in *Guy Earl of Warwick, a Tragical Hiſtory*, 1661:

"*Darraign* our battles, and begin the fight."

The quartos read—*Prepare your battles,* &c. Steevens.

[1] *I would, your highneſs would depart the field;*
The queen &c.] This ſuperſtitious belief, relative to the fortunes of our unhappy prince, is yet more circumſtantially introduced by Drayton in *The Miſeries of Queen Margaret:*

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll ſtay.

North. Be it with reſolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer theſe noble lords,
And hearten thoſe that fight in your defence:
Unſheath your ſword, good father; cry, *Saint George!*

March. Enter Edward, George, Richard, Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, *and Soldiers.*

' *Edw.* Now, perjur'd Henry! wilt thou kneel for grace,
' And ſet thy diadem upon my head;
* Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud inſulting boy!
' Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
' Before thy ſovereign, and thy lawful king?

" Some think that *Warwick* had not loſt the day,
" But that the king into the field he brought;
" For with the worſe that ſide went ſtill away
" Which had king *Henry* with them when they fought:
" Upon his birth ſo ſad a curſe there lay,
" As that he never proſpered in aught.
" The queen wan two, among the loſs of many,
" Her huſband abſent; preſent, never any."

Steevens.

So, Hall: " Happy was the queene in her two battayls, but unfortunate was the king in al his enterpriſes; for where his perſon was preſent, the victorie fledde ever from him to the other parte." Henry VI. fol. C. Malone.

Edw. I am his king, and he ſhould bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his conſent:
Since when, his oath is broke;[2] for, as I hear,
You—that are king, though he do wear the crown,—
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
'To blot out me, and put his own ſon in.

'*Clif.* And reaſon too;
Who ſhould ſucceed the father, but the ſon?

'*Rich.* Are you there, butcher?—O, I cannot ſpeak!

'*Clif.* Ay, crook-back; here I ſtand, to anſwer thee,
'Or any he the proudeſt of thy ſort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

[2] *I am his king, and he ſhould bow his knee;*
I was adopted heir by his conſent:
Since when, his oath is broke;] Edward's argument is founded on the following article in the compact entered into by Henry and the Duke of York, which the author found in Hall's Chronicle, but which I believe made no part of that agreement: "Provided alwaye, that if the king did cloſely or apertly ſtudye or go about to breake or alter this agreement, or to compaſs or imagine the death or deſtruction of the ſayde duke or his bloud, then he *to forfet the crowne,* and the duke of Yorke to take it." If this had been one of the articles of the compact, the Duke having been killed at Wakefield, his eldeſt ſon would have now a title to the crown. Malone.

Since when, &c.] The quartos give the remainder of this ſpeech to Clarence, and read:
To blot our brother *out,* &c. Steevens.

Here is another variation of the ſame kind with thoſe which have been noticed in the preceding play, which could not have ariſen from a tranſcriber or printer.—Though Shakſpeare gave the whole of this ſpeech to Edward by ſubſtituting *me* for *brother,* the ſame diviſion which is found in the quarto, is inadvertently retained in the folio. Malone.

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not ſatisfied.

Rich. For God's ſake, lords, give ſignal to the fight.

War. What ſay'ſt thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

' *Q. Mar.* Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick? dare you ſpeak?
When you and I met at Saint Alban's laſt,
Your legs did better ſervice than your hands.[3]

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You ſaid ſo much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

' *North.* No, nor your manhood, that durſt make you ſtay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;—
Break off the parle; for ſcarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-ſwoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I ſlew thy father: Call'ſt thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a daſtard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didſt kill our tender brother Rutland;
But, ere ſun-ſet, I'll make thee curſe the deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me ſpeak.

[3] *Your legs did better ſervice than your hands.*] An alluſion to the proverb: "One pair of heels is worth two pair of hands." Steevens.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or elſe hold cloſe thy lips.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue; I am a king, and privileg'd to ſpeak.

Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be ſtill.

Rich. Then, executioner, unſheath thy ſword:
By him that made us all, I am reſolv'd,[4]
' That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

' *Edw.* Say, Henry, ſhall I have my right, or no?
A thouſand men have broke their faſts to-day,
That ne'er ſhall dine, unleſs thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in juſtice puts his armour on.

' *Prince.* If that be right, which Warwick ſays is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee,[5] there thy mother ſtands;
For, well I wot, thou haſt thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy ſire, nor dam;
But like a foul miſſhapen ſtigmatick,[6]

[4] —— *I am reſolv'd,*] It is my firm perſuaſion; I am no longer in doubt. Johnson.

[5] Rich. *Whoever got thee,* &c.] In the folio this ſpeech is erroneouſly aſſigned to Warwick. The anſwer ſhows that it belongs to Richard, to whom it is attributed in the old play. Malone.

[6] —— *miſſhapen* ſtigmatick,] "A *ſtigmatic,*" ſays J. Bullokar in his *Engliſh Expoſitor,* 1616, "is a notorious lewd fellow, which hath been burnt with a hot iron, or beareth other marks about him as a token of his puniſhment."

Mark'd by the deſtinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful ſtings.[7]

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with Engliſh gilt,[8]
Whoſe father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel ſhould be call'd the ſea,[9])

The word is likewiſe uſed in Drayton's Epiſtle from *Q. Margaret to W. de la Poole:*

" That foul, ill favour'd, crook-back'd *ſtigmatick.*"

Again, in Drayton's Epiſtle from *King John to Matilda:*

" Theſe for the crook'd, the halt, the *ſtigmatick.*"

STEEVENS.

[7] ——*lizards' dreadful ſtings.*] Thus the folio. The quartos have this variation:

" —— or lizards' *fainting looks.*"

This is the ſecond time that Shakſpeare has armed the lizard (which in reality has no ſuch defence) with a ſting; but great powers ſeem to have been imputed to its looks. So, in *Noah's Flood,* by Drayton:

" The *lizard* ſhuts up his *ſharp-ſighted eyes,*
" Amongſt the ſerpents, and there ſadly lies."

STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare is here anſwerable for the introduction of the lizard's ſting; but in a preceding paſſage, Vol. XIII. p. 298, the author of the old play has fallen into the ſame miſtake.

MALONE.

[8] ——*gilt,*] *Gilt* is a ſuperficial covering of gold.

So, in *King Henry V:*

" Our gayneſs and our *gilt* are all beſmirch'd."

STEEVENS.

[9] (*As if a* channel *ſhould be call'd the ſea,*)] A *channel,* in our author's time, ſignified what we now call a *kennel.* So, in Stowe's *Chronicle,* quarto, 1605, p. 1148: " —ſuch a ſtorme of raine happened at London, as the like of long time could not be remembered; where-through, the *channels* of the citie ſuddenly riſing," &c. Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: " —quoit him into the *channel.*" MALONE.

Kennel is ſtill pronounced *channel* in the North. So, in Marlowe's *Edward II:*

" Throw off his golden mitre, rend his ſtole,
" And in the *channel* chriſten him anew."

'Sham'ſt thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
'To let thy tongue detect[1] thy baſe-born heart?

Edw. A wiſp of ſtraw[2] were worth a thouſand crowns,

Again:

"Here's *channel* water, as our charge is given."

Again:

"To which the *channels* of the caſtle run." Ritson.

[1] *To let thy tongue detect*—] To ſhow thy meanneſs of birth by the indecency of language with which thou raileſt at my deformity. Johnson.

To let thy tongue detect thy baſe-born heart?] So the folio. The quartos:

"To parly thus with England's lawful heirs."

Steevens.

[2] *A wiſp of ſtraw*—] I ſuppoſe, for an inſtrument of correction that might diſgrace, but not hurt her. Johnson.

I believe that a *wiſp* ſignified ſome inſtrument of correction uſed in the time of Shakſpeare. The following inſtance ſeems to favour the ſuppoſition. See *A Woman never Vexed*, a comedy by Rowley, 1632:

"Nay, worſe; I'll ſtain thy ruff; nay, worſe than that,
"I'll do thus— [*Holds up a wiſp.*
"——doſt *wiſp* me thou tatterdemallion?"

Again, in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1604:

"Thou little more than a dwarf, and ſomething leſs than a woman!
"Crif. *A wiſpe! a wiſpe! a wiſpe!*"

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets the word *wiſpe* by *peniculus* or *σπογγος*, which ſignify any thing to wipe or cleanſe with; a cook's linen apron, &c. Pewter is ſtill ſcoured by a *wiſpe of ſtraw*, or *hay*. Perhaps Edward means one of theſe *wiſps*, as the denotement of a menial ſervant. Barrett adds, that, like a *waſe*, it ſignifies "a wreath to be laied under the veſſel that is borne upon the head, as women uſe." If this be its true ſenſe, the Prince may think that ſuch a *wiſp* would better become the head of Margaret, than a *crown*.

It appears, however, from the following paſſage in Thomas Drant's tranſlation of the ſeventh ſatire of Horace, 1567, that a *wiſpe* was the puniſhment of a ſcold:

To make this ſhameleſs callet know herſelf.[3]—
* Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
* Although thy huſband may be Menelaus;[4]
* And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd

" So perfyte and exacte a ſcoulde that women mighte geve place
" Whoſe tatling tongues had won a *wiſpe*," &c.
STEEVENS.

See alſo, Naſhe's *Apology of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 1593: " Why, thou errant butter-whore, thou cotquean an I ſcrattop of *ſcolds*, wilt thou never leave afflicting a dead carcaſſe? continually read the rhetorick lecture of Ramme-Alley? a *wiſpe*, a *wiſpe*, you kitchen-ſtuffe wrangler." Again, in *A Dialogue between John and Jone, ſtriving who ſhall wear the Breeches*,—PLEASURES OF POETRY, bl. l. no date:

" Good gentle Jone, with-holde thy hands,
" This once let me entreat thee,
" And make me promiſe, never more
" That thou ſhalt mind to beat me;
" For feare *thou weare the wiſpe*, good wife,
" And make our neighbours ride—." MALONE.

[3] *To make this ſhameleſs callet know herſelf.*] Shakſpeare uſes the word *callet* likewiſe in *The Winter's Tale*, Act II. ſc. iii:

" A *callat*
" Of boundleſs tongue; who late hath beat her huſband,
" And now baits me."

Callet, a lewd woman, a drab, perhaps ſo called from the French *calote*, which was a ſort of head-dreſs worn by country girls. See Gloſſary to Urry's Chaucer. So, in Chaucer's *Remedy of Love*, v. 307:

" A cold old knave cuckolde himſelf wenyng,
" And of *calot* of lewd demenyng."

So, Skelton, in his *Elinour Rumming*, Works, p. 133:

" Then Elinour ſaid, ye *callettes*,
" I ſhall break your palettes."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Volpone*:

" Why the *callet* you told me of here,
" I have tane diſguis'd." GREY.

[4] *Menelaus*;] i. e. a cuckold. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Therſites, ſpeaking of *Menelaus*, calls him " —the goodly transformation of Jupiter there,—the primitive ſtatue and *oblique memorial of cuckolds*." STEEVENS.

* By that falſe woman, as this king by thee.
' His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin ſtoop;
And, had he match'd according to his ſtate,
He might have kept that glory to this day:
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor ſire with his bridal day;
' Even then that ſunſhine brew'd a ſhower for him,
' That waſh'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd ſedition on his crown at home.
' For what hath broach'd this tumult,[5] but thy pride?
Hadſt thou been meek, our title ſtill had ſlept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had ſlipp'd our claim until another age.

' *Geo.* But, when we ſaw our ſunſhine made thy ſpring,
' And that thy ſummer bred us no increaſe,[6]
We ſet the axe to thy uſurping root:
And though the edge hath ſomething hit ourſelves,
' Yet, know thou, ſince we have begun to ſtrike,
' We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And, in this reſolution, I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,

[5] —— *hath broach'd this tumult,*] The quarto reads, " hath *mov'd* this," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *we ſaw our ſunſhine made thy ſpring,*
And that thy ſummer bred us no increaſe,] When we ſaw that by favouring thee we made thee grow in fortune, but that we received no advantage from thy fortune flouriſhing by our favour, we then reſolved to deſtroy thee, and determined to try ſome other means, though our firſt efforts have failed.
JOHNSON.

The quartos read:
" But when we ſaw our ſummer brought thee gain,
" And that the harveſt brought us no increaſe."
STEEVENS.

Since thou deny'ſt the gentle king to ſpeak.—
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
And either victory, or elſe a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman; we'll no longer ſtay:
Theſe words will coſt ten thouſand lives to-day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Field of Battle[7] *between* Towton *and* Saxton *in* Yorkſhire.

Alarums: Excurſions. Enter Warwick.

'*War.* Forſpent with toil,[8] as runners with a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe:

[7] *A Field of Battle* &c.] We ſhould read *near* Towton. Shakſpeare has here, perhaps, intentionally thrown three different actions into one. The Lord Fitzwater, being ſtationed by King Edward, to defend the paſs of Ferrybridge, was aſſaulted by the Lord Clifford, and immediately ſlain, "and with hym" ſays Hall "the baſtard of Saliſbury, brother to the earl of Warwycke, a valeaunt yong gentleman, and of great audacitie. When the earl of Warwicke," adds he, "was informed of this feate, he lyke a man deſperated, mounted on his hackeney, and came blowing to kyng Edwarde, ſaiyng: Syr, I praye God have mercy of their ſoules, which in the beginning of your enterpriſe hath loſt their lyfes, and becauſe I ſe no ſuccors of the world, I remit the vengeance and puniſhment to God our creator and Redeemer; and with that lighted doune, and ſlewe his horſe with his ſwourde, ſaying: let them flye that wyl, for ſurely I wil tarye with him that wil tarye with me, and kiſſed the croſſe of his ſwourde." Clifford, in his retreat, was beſet with a party of Yorkiſts, when, "eyther," ſays the hiſtorian, "for heat or payne, putting off his gorget, ſodainly with an arrowe (as ſome

For ſtrokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my ſtrong-knit ſinews of their ſtrength,
[c] And, ſpite of ſpite,[9] needs muſt I reſt awhile.

Enter EDWARD, *running*.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven![1] or ſtrike, ungentle death!
[c] For this world frowns, and Edward's ſun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of good?

ſay) without an hedde [he] was ſtriken into the throte, and incontinent rendered his ſpirite, and the erle of Weſtmerlandes brother, and almoſt all his company were thare ſlayn, at a place called Dinting-dale, not farr frō Towton." In the afternoon of the next day (Palm Sunday eve 1461) on a plain field between Towton and Saxton, joined the main battles which continued engaged that night, and the greater part of the following day: upwards of 30,000 men, all Engliſh (including many of the nobility and the flower of the gentry, eſpecially of the northern parts) being ſlain on both ſides. This battle, ſays Carte, "decided the fate of the houſe of Lancaſter, overturning in one day an uſurpation ſtrengthened by ſixty-two years continuance, and eſtabliſhed Edward on the throne of England." RITSON.

An authentick copy of King Edward's account of this battle, together with a liſt of the noblemen and knights who were ſlain in it, may be ſeen in Sir John Fenn's Collection of the *Paſton Letters*, Vol. I. p. 216, &c. HENLEY.

[8] *Forſpent with toil,*] Thus the folio. The quartos read "*Sore* ſpent," &c. STEEVENS.

[9] *And,* ſpite of ſpite,] So, in *King John:*

"And, *ſpite of ſpite,* alone holds up the day."

STEEVENS.

[1] *Smile, gentle heaven!* &c.] Thus the folio. Inſtead of theſe lines, the quartos give the following:

"Smile, gentle heavens, or ſtrike, ungentle death,
"That we may die unleſs we gain the day!
"What fatal ſtar malignant frowns from heaven
"Upon the harmleſs line of York's true houſe!"

STEEVENS.

Enter GEORGE.

* *Geo.* Our hap is loſs, our hope but ſad deſpair;[2]
‘ Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us:
‘ What counſel give you, whither ſhall we fly?
‘ *Edw.* Bootleſs is flight, they follow us with wings;
‘ And weak we are, and cannot ſhun purſuit.

Enter RICHARD.

‘ *Rich.* Ah, Warwick, why haſt thou withdrawn thyſelf?
‘ Thy brother's blood the thirſty earth hath drunk,[3]

[2] *Our hap is loſs,* &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:
" Come, brother, come, let's to the field again,
" For yet there's hope enough to win the day:
" Then let us back to cheer our fainting troops,
" Left they retire now we have left the field.
" *War.* How now, my lords? what hap? what hope of good?" STEEVENS.

Our hap is loſs, our hope but ſad deſpair;] Milton ſeems to have copied this line:
" ——— Thus repuls'd, *our final hope*
" *Is flat deſpair.*" MALONE.

[3] *Thy brother's blood the thirſty earth hath drunk,*] This paſſage, from the variation of the copies, gave me no little perplexity. The old quarto applies this deſcription to the death of Saliſbury, Warwick's father. But this was a notorious deviation from the truth of hiſtory. For the Earl of Saliſbury in the battle at Wakefield, wherein Richard Duke of York loſt his life, was taken priſoner, beheaded at Pomfret, and his head, together with the Duke of York's, fixed over York gates. Then the only brother of Warwick, introduced in this play, is the Marqueſs of Montacute (or Montague, as he is called by our author): but he does not die till ten years after, in the battle at Barnet; where Warwick likewiſe was killed. The truth is, the

'Broach'd with the ſteely point of Clifford's lance:
'And, in the very pangs of death, he cried,—

brother here mentioned is no perſon in the drama, and his death is only an accidental piece of hiſtory. Conſulting the Chronicles, upon this action at Ferrybridge, I find him to have been a natural ſon of Saliſbury, (in that reſpect a brother to Warwick,) and eſteemed a valiant young gentleman. THEOBALD.

Thy brother's blood &c.] Inſtead of this ſpeech, which is printed, like almoſt all the reſt of the play, from the folio, the quartos give the following:

"Thy noble *father* in the thickeſt throngs
"Cried ſtill for Warwick, his thrice valiant ſon;
"Until with thouſand ſwords he was beſet,
"And many wounds made in his aged breaſt.
"And, as he tottering ſat upon his ſteed,
"He waſt his hand to me, and cried aloud,
"Richard, commend me to my valiant ſon:
"And ſtill he cried, Warwick, revenge my death!
"And with theſe words he tumbled off his horſe;
"And ſo the noble Saliſbury gave up the ghoſt."

STEEVENS.

It is here only neceſſary to refer to former notes on ſimilar variations; See Vol. XIII. p. 210, n. 9; p. 220, n. 6; p. 234, n. 1; p. 317, n. 3; p. 322, n. 3.

Thy brother's blood the thirſty earth hath drunk,] In this line, of which there is no trace in the original play, Shakſpeare had probably the ſacred writings in his thoughts: "And now art thou curſed from the *earth*, which hath *opened her mouth* to receive *thy brother's* blood." *Geneſis*, iv. 11.

The old play (as Theobald has obſerved) applies this deſcription to the death of Saliſbury, contrary to the truth of hiſtory, for that nobleman was taken priſoner at the battle of Wakefield, and afterwards beheaded at Pomfret. But both Hall and Holinſhed, in nearly the ſame words, relate the circumſtance on which this ſpeech, as exhibited in the *folio* is founded; and from the latter our author undoubtedly took it. "The Lord Fitzwalter [who had been ſtationed to keep the paſs of Ferrybridge] hearing the noiſe, [made by Lord Clifford and a body of light-horſemen, who attacked by ſurprize the party ſtationed at the bridge,] ſodainly roſe out of his bedde, and unarmed, with a pollax in his hande, thinking that it had bin a fraye amongſt his men, came down to appeaſe the ſame, but ere he knew what the matter ment, he was ſlaine, and with him the *baſtard* of Saliſbury,

‘ Like to a diſmal clangor heard from far,—
‘ *Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!*
‘ So underneath the belly of their ſteeds,
‘ That ſtain'd their fetlocks in his ſmoking blood,
‘ The noble gentleman gave up the ghoſt.

‘ *War.* Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horſe, becauſe I will not fly.[4]
* Why ſtand we like ſoft-hearted women here,
* Wailing our loſſes, whiles the foe doth rage;
* And look upon,[5] as if the tragedy
* Were play'd in jeſt by counterfeiting actors?
‘ Here on my knee I vow to God above,
‘ I'll never pauſe again, never ſtand ſtill,
‘ Till either death hath clos'd theſe eyes of mine,
‘ Or fortune given me meaſure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick, I do bend my knee with thine;

brother to the erle of Warwick, a valiant young gentleman, and of great audacitie." Holinſhed, p. 664. In this action at Ferrybridge, which happened on the 28th of March, 1461, the day before the great battle of Towton, Lord Clifford was killed. The author of this play has blended the two actions together.
MALONE.

[4] *I'll kill my horſe,* &c.] So, in *The Miſeries of Queen Margaret,* by Drayton:
" Reſolv'd to win, or bid the world adieu:
" Which ſpoke, the earl his ſprightly courſer ſlew."
Again, in Daniel's *Civil Wars,* B. VIII. ſt. xiii.
From Hall, Henry VI. p. 102. See p. 71, n. 7.
STEEVENS.

[5] *And* look upon,] And are mere ſpectators. So, in *The Winter's Tale,* where I idly ſuſpected ſome corruption in the text:
" And *look on* alike." MALONE.

‘ And, in this vow, do chain my ſoul to thine.[6]—
* And, ere my knee riſe from the earth's cold face,
* I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou ſetter up and plucker down of kings!
‘ Beſeeching thee,[7]—if with thy will it ſtands,
‘ That to my foes this body muſt be prey,—
‘ Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope,
‘ And give ſweet paſſage to my ſinful ſoul!—
‘ Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where-e'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

‘ *Rich.* Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
‘ Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:—
‘ I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
‘ That winter ſhould cut off our ſpring-time ſo.

[6] *And, in this vow, do chain my ſoul to thine.*] Thus the folio. The quarto as follows:

“ And in *that* vow *now join* my ſoul to *thee.*”

STEEVENS.

[7] *Beſeeching* thee,] That is, beſeeching the divine power. Shakſpeare in new-forming this ſpeech may ſeem, at the firſt view of it, to have made it obſcure, by placing this line immediately after—“ Thou ſetter up,” &c.

What I have now obſerved is founded on a ſuppoſition that the words “ *Thou ſetter up,*” &c. are applied to Warwick, as they appear to be in the old play. However, our author certainly intended to deviate from it, and to apply this deſcription to the Deity; and this is another ſtrong confirmation of the obſervation already made relative to the variations between theſe pieces and the elder dramas on which they were formed. In the old play the ſpeech runs thus:

“ Lord Warwick, I do bend my knees with thine,
“ And in that vow now join my ſoul to thee,
“ Thou ſetter-up and puller-down of kings:—
“ Vouchſafe a gentle victory to us,
“ Or let us die before we loſe the day!”

The laſt two lines are certainly here addreſſed to the Deity; but the preceding line, notwithſtanding the anachroniſm, ſeems to be addreſſed to Warwick. MALONE.

‘ *War.* Away, away! Once more, ſweet lords, farewell.

‘ *Geo.* Yet let us all together to our troops,
‘ And give them leave to fly that will not ſtay;
And call them pillars, that will ſtand to us;
‘ And, if we thrive, promiſe them ſuch rewards
‘ As victors wear at the Olympian games:
* This may plant courage in their quailing [8] breaſts;
* For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
* Fore-ſlow no longer,[9] make we hence amain.[1]

[*Exeunt.*

[8] —— *quailing*—] i. e. ſinking into dejection. So, in *Cymbeline:*

“ ——————— my falſe ſpirits
“ *Quail* to remember:—” STEEVENS.

[9] Fore-ſlow *no longer,*] To *fore-ſlow* is to be dilatory, to loiter. So, in *The Battle of Alcazar,* 1594:

“ Why, king Sebaſtian, wilt thou now *foreſlow?*”

Again, in Marlowe's *Edward II.* 1598:

“ *Foreſlow* no time; ſweet Lancaſter, let's march.”

Again, in *Promos and Caſſandra,* 1578:

“ Good knight, for time do not my ſuit *foreſlow.*”

STEEVENS.

[1] —— *make we hence amain.*] Inſtead of this and the two preceding ſpeeches, we have in the old play the following:

“ *Geo.* Then let us haſte to cheare the ſouldiers' hearts,
“ And call them pillers that will ſtand to us,
“ And highly promiſe to remunerate
“ Their truſtie ſervice in theſe dangerous warres.
“ *Rich.* Come, come away, and ſtand not to debate,
“ For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
“ Brothers, give me your handes, and let us part,
“ And take our leaves untill we meete againe;
“ Where ere it be, in heaven or in earth.
“ Now I that never wept, now melt in woe,
“ To ſee theſe dire miſhaps continue ſo.
“ Warwick, farewell.”
“ *War.* Away, away; once more, ſweet lords, farewell.” MALONE.

SCENE IV.

The ſame. Another Part of the Field.

Excurſions. Enter RICHARD *and* CLIFFORD.

'*Rich.* Now, Clifford, I have ſingled thee alone:[2]
'Suppoſe, this arm is for the duke of York,
'And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
'Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.[3]

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone:
This is the hand, that ſtabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand that ſlew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheers theſe hands, that ſlew thy ſire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyſelf;
And ſo, have at thee.

[*They fight.* WARWICK *enters*; CLIFFORD *flies.*

[2] *Now, Clifford, I have ſingled thee alone:* &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

"Now, Clifford, for York and young Rutland's death,
"This thirſty ſword, that longs to drink thy blood,
"Shall lop thy limbs, and ſlice thy curſed heart,
"For to revenge the murders thou haſt made."

STEEVENS.

[3] *Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.*] So, in the ſecond *Thebaid* of Statius, v. 453:

"——— non ſi te ferreus agger
"Ambiat,—" STEEVENS.

‘ *Rich.* Nay, Warwick,[4] ſingle out ſome other chaſe;
‘ For I myſelf will hunt this wolf to death.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter King Henry.

* *K. Hen.* This battle fares like to the morning's war,[5]
* When dying clouds contend with growing light;

[4] *Nay, Warwick,* &c.] We have had two very ſimilar lines in the preceding play, p. 384:
“ Hold, Warwick, ſeek thee out ſome other chace;
“ For I myſelf muſt hunt this deer to death.”
See p. 102, n. 2. Malone.

[5] *This battle fares like to the morning's war,* &c.] Inſtead of this intereſting ſpeech, the quartos exhibit only the following:
“ O gracious God of heaven, look down on us,
“ And ſet ſome ends to theſe inceſſant griefs!
“ How like a maſtleſs ſhip upon the ſeas,
“ This woeful battle doth continue ſtill,
“ Now leaning this way, now to that ſide driven,
“ And none doth know to whom the day will fall.
“ Oh, would my death might ſtay theſe *civil** jars!
“ Would I had never reign'd, nor ne'er been king!
“ Margaret and Clifford chide me from the field,
“ Swearing they had beſt ſucceſs when I was thence.
“ Would God that I were dead, ſo all were well;
“ Or, would my crown ſuffice, I were content
“ To yield it them, and live a private life!”
The leading thought in both theſe ſoliloquies is borrowed from Holinſhed, p. 665:—“ This deadly conflict continued ten hours in doubtful ſtate of victorie, uncertainlie heaving and ſetting on both ſides,” &c.

* The quarto, 1600, printed by W. W. reads—*cruel* jars.

* What time the ſhepherd, blowing of his nails,[1]
* Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
' Now ſways it this way, like a mighty ſea,
' Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;
' Now ſways it that way, like the ſelf-ſame ſea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
' Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind;
' Now, one the better; then, another beſt;
' Both tugging to be victors, breaſt to breaſt,[7]
' Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
' So is the equal poiſe of this fell war.
* Here on this molehill will I ſit me down.
* To whom God will, there be the victory!
' For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
' Have chid me from the battle; ſwearing both,
' They proſper beſt of all when I am thence.
' 'Would I were dead! if God's good will were ſo:
' For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
* O God! methinks, it were a happy life,[8]

Virgil, however, *Æn.* Lib. X. v. 354, has a ſimilar compariſon:

" ——— Expellere tendunt
" Nunc hi, nunc illi: certatur limine in ipſo
" Auſoniæ. Magno diſcordes æthere venti
" Prælia ceu tollunt, animis et viribus æquis:
" Non ipſi inter ſe, non nubila, non mare cedunt;
" Anceps pugna diu: ſtant obnixi omnia contra," &c.

This ſimile, however, originates with Homer; *Iliad*, XIV. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*the ſhepherd, blowing of his nails,*] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

" When icicles hang by the wall,
" And Dick the *ſhepherd blows his nail*,—." MALONE.

[7] *Both* tugging *to be victors, breaſt to breaſt,*] Hence, perhaps, the vulgariſm that gives ſuch acknowledged force to the following line in Lee's *Rival Queens:*

" When Greeks join'd Greeks, then was the *tug* of war." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*methinks, it were a happy life,*] This ſpeech is mournful and ſoft, exquiſitely ſuited to the character of the King, and

* To be no better than a homely ſwain;
* To ſit upon a hill, as I do now,
* To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
* Thereby to ſee the minutes how they run:
* How many make the hour full complete,[9]
* How many hours bring about the day,
* How many days will finiſh up the year,
* How many years a mortal man may live.
* When this is known, then to divide the times:
* So many hours muſt I tend my flock;
* So many hours muſt I take my reſt;
* So many hours muſt I contemplate;
* So many hours muſt I ſport myſelf;
* So many days my ewes have been with young;
* So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;[1]
* So many years[2] ere I ſhall ſheer the fleece:

makes a pleaſing interchange, by affording, amidſt the tumult and horror of the battle, an unexpected glimſe of rural innocence and paſtoral tranquillity. JOHNSON.

This ſpeech ſtrongly confirms the remark made by Sir Joſhua Reynolds on a paſſage in *Macbeth*, Vol. X. p. 72, n. 3. MALONE.

[9] *Thereby to ſee the* minutes *how they run:*
How many make the hour full complete,] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*
" Stuff up his luſt, *as minutes fill up hours.*" MALONE.

[1] —— *ere the* poor fools *will yean;*] *Poor fool*, it has already been obſerved, is an expreſſion of tenderneſs, often uſed by our author. MALONE.

So, in *King Lear*, ſcene the laſt:
" And my *poor fool* is hang'd."
See notes on this paſſage, Vol. XVII. STEEVENS.

[2] *So many* years *ere I ſhall ſheer the fleece:*] i. e. the years which muſt elapſe between the time of the yeaning of the ewes, and the lambs arriving to ſuch a ſtate as to admit of being ſhorn. Mr. Rowe changed *years* to *months*; which was followed by the ſubſequent editors; and in the next line inſerted the word *weeks*; not obſerving that *hours* is uſed there, and throughout this ſpeech,

* So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
* Paſs'd over to the end they were created,
* Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
* Ah, what a life were this! how ſweet! how lovely!
* Gives not the hawthorn buſh a ſweeter ſhade
* To ſhepherds, looking on their ſilly ſheep,
* Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
* To kings, that fear their ſubjects' treachery?
* O, yes it doth; a thouſand fold it doth.
* And to conclude,—the ſhepherd's homely curds,
* His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
* His wonted ſleep under a freſh tree's ſhade,
* All which ſecure and ſweetly he enjoys,
* Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
* His viands ſparkling in a golden cup,
* His body couched in a curious bed,
* When care, miſtruſt, and treaſon wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son *that has killed his Father,*[3] *dragging in the dead Body.*

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits no-body.—
‘ This man, whom hand to hand I ſlew in fight,
‘ May be poſſeſſed with ſome ſtore of crowns:
* And I, that haply take them from him now,
* May yet ere night yield both my life and them

as a diſſyllable. *Years* is in that line likewiſe uſed as a word of two ſyllables. Malone.

This diſſyllabical pronunciation will by no means ſuit the concluſion of a verſe, however it may be admitted in other parts of it. I have retained Mr. Rowe's very neceſſary inſertion.
Steevens.

[3] *Enter a* Son &c.] Theſe two horrible incidents are ſelected to ſhow the innumerable calamities of civil war. Johnson.

In the battle of Conſtantine and Maxentius, by Raphael, the ſecond of theſe incidents is introduced on a ſimilar occaſion.
Steevens.

* To ſome man elſe, as this dead man doth me.—
' Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
' Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd.
' O heavy times, begetting ſuch events!
' From London by the king was I preſs'd forth;
' My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
' Came on the part of York, preſs'd by his maſter;
' And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
' Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
' Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
* My tears ſhall wipe away theſe bloody marks;
* And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

' *K. Hen.* O piteous ſpectacle![4] O bloody times!
Whilſt lions war, and battle for their dens,
' Poor harmleſs lambs abide their enmity,—
* Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
* And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
* Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.[5]

[4] *O piteous ſpectacle!* &c.] In the old play the King does not ſpeak, till both the Son and the Father have appeared, and ſpoken, and then the following words are attributed to him, out of which Shakſpeare has formed two diſtinct ſpeeches:

" Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
" Whilſt lions war, and battle for their dens,
" Poor lambs do feel the rigour of their wraths.
" The red roſe and the white are on his face,
" The fatal colours of our ſtriving houſes.
" Wither one roſe, and let the other periſh,
" For, if you ſtrive, ten thouſand lives muſt periſh."

MALONE.

[5] *And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,*
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.] The meaning is here inaccurately expreſſed. The King intends to ſay that the ſtate of their *hearts and eyes* ſhall be like that of the kingdom in a *civil war*, all ſhall be deſtroyed by power formed within themſelves. JOHNSON.

Enter a Father, *who has killed his Son, with the Body in his Arms.*

‘ *Fath.* Thou that ſo ſtoutly haſt reſiſted me,
‘ Give me thy gold, if thou haſt any gold;
‘ For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
‘ But let me ſee:—is this our foeman's face?
‘ Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only ſon!—
* Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
* Throw up thine eye; ſee, ſee, what ſhowers ariſe,
* Blown with the windy tempeſt of my heart,[6]
* Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
‘ O, pity, God, this miſerable age!—
‘ What ſtratagems,[7] how fell, how butcherly,

[6] ——— *what ſhowers ariſe,*
Blown with the windy tempeſt of my heart,] This image had occurred in the preceding Act:
For raging wind blows up inceſſant ſhowers. Steevens.

[7] *What* ſtratagems,] Stratagem ſeems to ſtand here only for an event of war, or may intend ſnares and ſurprizes. Johnson.

Stratagem is uſed by Shakſpeare not merely to expreſs the events and ſurprizes of war.—The word means in this place ſome *dreadful event,* as it does alſo in *The Second Part of K. Henry IV.* where Northumberland ſays:
“ ——— Every minute now
“ Should be the father of ſome *ſtratagem.*”
Stratagemma, in Italian, bears the ſame acceptation which Shakſpeare gives to the Engliſh word *Stratagem,* in theſe two paſſages. Bernini in his *Hiſtory of Hereſies,* ſays: “ Ma Dio puni la Francia, & la Spagna, co'l flagello dei Vandali, per l'Ereſia abbracciata, & piu gravamente puni Roma, prevaricata di nuovo, al culto de gl' idoli, con il ſacco che gli diedero. Oroſio, che deſcriſſe quelle *ſtratagemme,* paragoni Roma a Sodoma, chiamando i Romani peccatori.”
It is evident, that in this paſſage *ſtratagemme* means *diſaſtrous events,* as *ſtratagem* does in this place. M. Mason.

“ *Stratageme.* A policie or ſubtle device in *warre,* whereby the enemie is often vanquiſhed.” Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor,*

‘ Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
‘ This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
‘ O boy, thy father gave thee life too ſoon,[8]
‘ And hath bereft thee of thy life too late![9]

octavo, 1616. Florio, in his *Italian Dict.* 1598, defines *Stratagema*, “ a policie, a wile, or wittie ſhift in *warre*.” This was undoubtedly its ordinary ſenſe in our author’s time, though then and afterwards it was occaſionally uſed for *any* ſubtle device or policy. Here it has unqueſtionably its ordinary ſignification.

MALONE.

Mr. Malone aſſerts that *ſtratagem* in this place means a *ſubtle device in war*; but I ſtill adhere to my former opinion, that it means *a diſaſtrous event*, or *an atrocious action*. Can we ſuppoſe that a father in the paroxyſm of deſpair, on finding that he had killed with his own hand, his only ſon, ſhould call that horrid deed a *ſubtle device in war?* When Lorenzo ſays, in *The Merchant of Venice*, that—

“ The man who hath no muſick in himſelf &c.
“ Is fit for treaſons, *ſtratagems*, and ſpoils,”

Could he mean to rank the *ſubtle devices of war* in the ſame claſs with the worſt of crimes?

We find the word *ſtratagem* in *The True Chronicle Hiſtory of King Lear*, p. 417, where Regan ſays to the Meſſenger—

“ Haſt thou the heart to act a *ſtratagem*,
“ And give a ſtab or two, if need require?
“ *Meſſenger.* I have a heart compact of adamant
“ Which never knew what melting pity meant.
“ I weigh no more the murd’ring of a man,
“ Than I reſpect the cracking of a flea,
“ When I do catch her biting on my ſkin.
“ If you will have your huſband or your father,
“ Or both of them, ſent to another world,
“ Do but command me do it, it ſhall be done.”

It is evident that Regan’s *ſtratagem*, or *ſubtle device*, was *aſſaſſination*. M. MASON.

[8] *O boy, thy father gave thee life too ſoon,*] Becauſe had he been born later, he would not now have been of years to engage in this quarrel. WARBURTON.

[9] *And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!*] i. e. He ſhould have done it by not bringing thee into being, to make both father and ſon thus miſerable. This is the ſenſe, ſuch as it is, of the two lines; however, an indifferent ſenſe was better than none

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!
' O, that my death would ſtay theſe ruthful deeds!—
* O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!—
The red roſe and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our ſtriving houſes:
* The one, his purple blood right well reſembles;
* The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, preſent:

as it is brought to by the Oxford editor, by reading the lines thus:

O boy! thy father gave thee life too late,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too ſoon. WARBURTON.

I rather think the meaning of the line, *And hath bereft thee of thy life too ſoon*, to be this: Thy father expoſed thee to danger by *giving thee life too ſoon*, and hath *bereft thee of life* by living himſelf too long. JOHNSON.

The Oxford editor might have juſtified the change he made, from the authority of the quarto, according to which I would read; explaining the firſt line thus: *Thy father begot thee at too late a period of his life, and therefore thou wert not old and ſtrong enough to cope with him.* The next line can want no explanation. Mr. Tollet thinks, that by *too late* is meant *too lately*, as in *King Richard III.* Act III:

" *Too late* he died that might have kept that title."
STEEVENS.

Too *late*, without doubt, means *too recently*. The memory of thy virtues and thy hapleſs end is too *recent*, to be thought of without the deepeſt anguiſh. The ſame quaint expreſſion is found in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

" O, quoth Lucretius, I did give that life,
" Which ſhe too early and *too late* hath ſpill'd."

Here *late* clearly means *lately*. Again, in this *Third Part of King Henry VI:*

" Where fame, *late* entering at his heedful ears."

In the old play this and the preceding line ſtand thus:

" *Poor* boy, thy father gave thee life too *late*,
" And hath bereft thee of thy life too *ſoon*." MALONE.

The preſent reading appears to be far the more eligible. Had the ſon been younger, he would have been precluded from the levy that brought him into the field; and had the father recognized him before the mortal blow, it would not have been too late to have ſaved him from death. HENLEY.

Wither one roſe, and let the other flouriſh!
'If you contend, a thouſand lives muſt wither.[1]

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me,[2] and ne'er be ſatisfied?

Fath. How will my wife, for ſlaughter of my ſon,
'Shed ſeas of tears, and ne'er be ſatisfied?

'*K. Hen.* How will the country,[3] for theſe woeful chances,
'Misthink the king, and not be ſatisfied?

'*Son.* Was ever ſon, ſo ru'd a father's death?

'*Fath.* Was ever father, ſo bemoan'd a ſon?[4]

[1] *If you contend, a thouſand lives muſt* wither,] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

"For if you ſtrive, a thouſand lives muſt *periſh*."

STEEVENS.

I think the word *wither* is more likely to have been inadvertently repeated by the tranſcriber, than ſubſtituted by Shakſpeare for the former word. MALONE.

[2] Take on *with me*,] Be enraged at me. So, in a pamphlet by T. Naſhe, 1592: "Some will *take on*, like a madman," &c. See Vol. VII. p. 344, n. 6. MALONE.

To *take on* is a phraſe ſtill in uſe among the vulgar, and ſignifies—*to perſiſt in clamorous lamentation*. STEEVENS.

[3] *How will the country*, &c.] So the folio. The quartos thus:

"How will the country now *miſdeem* their king!
"Oh, would my death their minds could ſatisfy!"

To *miſ-think* is to think ill, unfavourably. So, in *The Northern Laſs*, 1633:

"——and heaven pardon me what I *miſ-thought* every hour of the night!" STEEVENS.

This word, which Shakſpeare ſubſtituted for *miſdeem*, he has again uſed in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Be it known, that we the greateſt are *miſ-thought*,
"For things that others do." MALONE.

[4] *Was ever ſon, ſo* ru'd *a father's death?*
Was ever father, ſo bemoan'd his ſon?] The variation is here

' *K. Hen.* Was ever king, ſo griev'd for ſubjects' woe?
' Much is your ſorrow; mine, ten times ſo much.
' *Son.* I'll bear thee hence,[5] where I may weep my fill. [*Exit, with the Body.*
* *Fath.* Theſe arms of mine ſhall be thy winding-ſheet;
* My heart, ſweet boy, ſhall be thy ſepulchre;
* For from my heart thine image ne'er ſhall go.
* My ſighing breaſt ſhall be thy funeral bell;
* And ſo obſequious will thy father be,[6]
* Sad for the loſs of thee,[7] having no more,
* As Priam was for all[8] his valiant ſons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I ſhould not kill.
[*Exit, with the Body.*

worth remarking, for in the old play the correſponding lines are:

" Was ever ſon ſo *rude*, his father's blood to ſpill!
" Was ever father ſo unnatural, his ſon to kill?"

MALONE.

[5] *I'll bear thee hence*; &c.] Thus the folio. The old play thus:

" I'll bear thee hence from this accurſed place,
" For woe is to me, to ſee my father's face." MALONE.

[6] *And ſo* obſequious *will thy father be,*] *Obſequious* is here careful of obſequies, or of funeral rites. JOHNSON.

In the ſame ſenſe it is uſed in *Hamlet*:

" ——— to do *obſequious* ſorrow." STEEVENS.

[7] Sad *for the loſs of thee,*] The old copy reads—*men* for the loſs &c. Mr. Rowe made the alteration; but I think we might read:

" —— ſo obſequious will thy father be,
" *Man*, for the loſs of thee" &c. STEEVENS.

[8] *As Priam was for all*—] I having but one ſon, will grieve as much for that one, as Priam, who had many, could grieve for many. JOHNSON.

'*K. Hen.* Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
'Here ſits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums: Excurſions. Enter Queen Margaret, *Prince of* Wales, *and* Exeter.

'*Prince.* Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
'And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
'Away! for death doth hold us in purſuit.

'*Q. Mar.* Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick poſt amain:
'Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
'Having the fearful flying hare in ſight,
'With fiery eyes, ſparkling for very wrath,
'And bloody ſteel graſp'd in their ireful hands,
'Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

'*Exe.* Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
'Nay, ſtay not to expoſtulate, make ſpeed;
Or elſe come after, I'll away before.

'*K. Hen.* Nay, take me with thee, good ſweet Exeter;
'Not that I fear to ſtay, but love to go
'Whither the queen intends. Forward; away!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

The ſame.

A loud Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, *wounded.*[9]

'*Clif.* Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,[1]
Which, while it laſted, gave king Henry light.
O, Lancaſter! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my ſoul.
My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to thee;
'And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt.[2]
Impairing Henry, ſtrength'ning mis-proud York,
The common people ſwarm like ſummer flies:[3]

[9] *Enter Clifford, wounded.*] The quarto adds, *with an arrow in his neck.* In ridicule of this, Beaumont and Fletcher, have introduced *Ralph*, the grocer's prentice, in *The Knight of the Burning Peſtle*, with a *forked arrow through his head.* It appears, however, from Holinſhed, p. 664, that this circumſtance has ſome relation to the truth: "The lord Clifford, either for heat or paine, putting off his gorget ſuddenlie, with an *arrow* (as ſome ſaie) without a head, was ſtriken into the *throte*, and immediately rendered his ſpirit." STEEVENS.

[1] *Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,*] So, in the firſt part of this play:

"*Here dies the duſky torch of Mortimer.*" STEEVENS.

[2] —— thy *tough commixtures* melt.] Perhaps better, *the tough commixture.* JOHNSON.

The quartos read—"*that* tough commixture *melts.*"
STEEVENS.

[3] *The common people ſwarm like ſummer flies:*] This line, which is not in the folio, was recovered from the old play by Mr. Theobald. The context ſhows, that like a line in *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* it was omitted by the negligence of the tranſcriber or compoſitor. MALONE.

And whither fly the gnats, but to the ſun?[4]
And who ſhines now but Henry's enemies?
O Phœbus! hadſt thou never given conſent[5]
That Phaeton ſhould check thy fiery ſteeds,
Thy burning car never had ſcorch'd the earth:
And, Henry, hadſt thou ſway'd as kings ſhould do,
Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the houſe of York,
* They never then had ſprung like ſummer flies;
' I, and ten thouſand in this luckleſs realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadſt kept thy chair in peace.
For what doth cheriſh weeds but gentle air?
' And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootleſs are plaints, and cureleſs are my wounds;
' No way to fly, nor ſtrength to hold out flight:[6]
The foe is mercileſs, and will not pity;
For, at their hands, I have deſerv'd no pity.
' The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuſe of blood doth make me faint:—

[4] *The common people ſwarm like ſummer flies:*
And whither fly the gnats, but to the ſun?] Hence, perhaps, originated the following paſſage in *The Bard* of Gray:
" The ſwarm that in thy noontide beam were borne?
" Gone to ſalute the riſing morn." STEEVENS.

[5] *O Phœbus! hadſt thou never given conſent*—] The Duke of York had been entruſted by Henry with the reins of government both in Ireland and France; and hence perhaps was taught to aſpire to the throne. MALONE.

[6] *No way to fly, nor ſtrength to hold out flight:*] This line is clear and proper as it is now read; yet perhaps an oppoſition of images was meant, and Clifford ſaid:
No way to fly, nor ſtrength to hold out fight. JOHNSON.
The ſenſe of the original reading is—No way to fly, nor with ſtrength ſufficient left to ſuſtain myſelf in flight, if there were. STEEVENS.

Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the reſt;
'I ſtabb'd your father's boſoms, ſplit my breaſt.[7]
[*He faints.*

Alarum and Retreat, Enter EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, *and Soldiers.*

'*Edw.* Now breathe we, lords;[8] good fortune bids us pauſe,
'And ſmooth the frowns of war[9] with peaceful looks.—
* Some troops purſue the bloody-minded queen;—
'That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
'As doth a ſail, fill'd with a fretting guſt,

[7] *I ſtabb'd your fathers' boſoms, ſplit my breaſt.*] So the folio. The quartos read:

" I ſtabb'd your father's, *now come* ſplit my breaſt."

STEEVENS.

[8] *Now breathe we, lords;*] Inſtead of this ſpeech the quartos have the following:

" Thus far our fortunes keep an upward courſe,
" And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
" Some troops purſue the bloody-minded queen,
" That now towards Berwick doth poſt amain:——
" But think you that Clifford is fled away with them?"

STEEVENS.

This battle, in which the houſe of York was victorious, was fought on a plain between Towton and Saxton, on the 29th of March, (Palm Sunday) 1461. The royal army conſiſted, according to Hall, of about forty thouſand men; and the young Duke of York's forces were 48,760. In this combat, which laſted fourteen hours, and in the actions of the two following days, thirty-ſix thouſand ſeven hundred and ſeventy-ſix perſons are ſaid to have been killed; the greater part of whom were undoubtedly Lancaſtrians. MALONE.

[9] *And* ſmooth *the* frowns *of* war—] So, in *K. Richard III:*

" Grim-viſag'd *war* hath *ſmooth'd* his *wrinkled front.*"

STEEVENS.

' Command an argoſy to ſtem the waves.
' But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impoſſible he ſhould eſcape:
For, though before his face I ſpeak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave:[1]
' And, whereſoe'er he is, he's ſurely dead.

[Clifford *groans, and dies.*

Edw. Whoſe ſoul[2] is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.[3]

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.

[1] —— *mark'd him for the grave:*] Young has transferred this expreſſion to Alonzo in *The Revenge:*

" This only marks my body for the grave."

A ſimilar phraſe occurs in Chapman's verſion of the fifth *Iliad:*

" Our braveſt foe is *mark'd for death*; he cannot long ſuſtain
" My violent ſhaft,—" Steevens.

[2] Edw. *Whoſe ſoul* &c.] I have diſtinguiſhed this and the two following ſpeeches according to the authority of the quarto. The folio gave all to Richard, except the laſt line and half. Steevens.

I have alſo followed the original regulation, becauſe it ſeems abſurd that Richard ſhould firſt ſay to his brother, or to one of the ſoldiers, " See who it is;"—and then, himſelf declare that it is Clifford; and therefore I ſuppoſe the variation in the folio aroſe, not from Shakſpeare, but from ſome negligence or inaccuracy of a compoſitor or tranſcriber. Malone.

[3] —— *like life and death's departing.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *like life in death departing*; which Dr. Warburton has received. Johnson.

The quartos read, like life and death's *departure.* Steevens.

—— *like life and death's* departing.] *Departing* for *ſeparation.* Malone.

There is no occaſion for correction. " 'Till death us *depart*" was the expreſſion in the old *Marriage Service.* Farmer.

'*Rich.* Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
'Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
'In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,[4]
'But ſet his murdering knife unto the root
'From whence that tender ſpray did ſweetly ſpring,
'I mean, our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed there:
'Inſtead whereof, let this ſupply the room;
Meaſure for meaſure muſt be anſwered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal ſcreech-owl to our houſe,
'That nothing ſung but death to us and ours:[5]
'Now death ſhall ſtop his diſmal threatening ſound,
'And his ill-boding tongue no more ſhall ſpeak.
[*Attendants bring the Body forward.*

War. I think his underſtanding is bereft:—

[4] *In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,*] It is manifeſt from this and many other paſſages, that the author of the old play, where the correſponding line ſtands thus:
"Who killed our *tender* brother Rutland—"
imagined that Rutland was younger than George and Richard; whereas he was in fact older than them both, being the Duke of York's ſecond ſon; in conſequence of which he bore a title by courteſy: and a particular ſtipulation was made in the compact entered into between Henry and the Duke of York, that Rutland, as well as his elder brother Edward Earl of March, ſhould ſwear to the due obſervance of the agreement. Shakſpeare has, we ſee, fallen into the ſame error; as have Habington in his nervous and elegant *Hiſtory of Edward IV.* and ſeveral other hiſtorians. Malone.

[5] ——*ſcreech*-owl *to our houſe,*
That nothing ſung but death &c.] So, in *K. Richard III:*
"Out on you, *owls! nothing but ſongs of death?*"
Steevens.

Speak, Clifford, doſt thou know who ſpeaks to thee?—
Dark cloudy death o'erſhades his beams of life,
And he nor ſees, nor hears us what we ſay.

Rich. O, 'would he did! and ſo, perhaps, he doth;
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Becauſe he would avoid ſuch bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If ſo thou think'ſt, vex him with eager words.[6]

Rich. Clifford, aſk mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootleſs penitence.

War. Clifford, deviſe excuſes for thy faults.

Geo. While we deviſe fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didſt love York, and I am ſon to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'ſt Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford! ſwear as thou waſt wont.

Rich. What, not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot ſpare his friends an oath:—
I know by that, he's dead; And, by my ſoul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all deſpite might rail at him,

[6] —— eager *words.*] Sour words; words of aſperity. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet*:
" It is a nipping and an *eager* air." STEEVENS.

'This hand ſhould chop it off; and with the iſſuing blood
Stifle the villain, whoſe unſtaunched thirſt
York and young Rutland could not ſatisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead: Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's ſtands.—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crowned England's royal king.
'From whence ſhall Warwick cut the ſea to France,
And aſk the lady Bona for thy queen:
So ſhalt thou ſinew both theſe lands together;
'And, having France thy friend, thou ſhalt not dread
The ſcatter'd foe, that hopes to riſe again;
For though they cannot greatly ſting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
Firſt, will I ſee the coronation;
'And then to Britany I'll croſs the ſea,[7]
To effect this marriage, ſo it pleaſe my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, ſweet Warwick, let it be:
* For on thy ſhoulder do I build my ſeat;
* And never will I undertake the thing,
* Wherein thy counſel and conſent is wanting.—
'Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloſter;—
'And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as ourſelf,
'Shall do, and undo, as him pleaſeth beſt.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of Gloſter;

[7] *And then to Britany I'll croſs the ſea.*] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

"And afterward I'll croſs the ſeas to France."

STEEVENS.

For Gloſter's dukedom is too ominous.[8]

War. Tut, that's a fooliſh obſervation;
Richard, be duke of Gloſter: Now to London,
To ſee theſe honours in poſſeſſion. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Chace in the North of England.

Enter Two Keepers,[9] *with Croſs-bows in their Hands.*

1 *Keep.* Under this thick-grown brake[1] we'll ſhroud ourſelves;

[8] —— *too ominous.*] Alluding, perhaps, to the deaths of Thomas of Woodſtock, and Humphrey, Dukes of Gloſter. Steevens.

The author of the original play, in which this line is found, probably had here a paſſage in Hall's *Chronicle* in his thoughts: "It ſeemeth to many men that the name and title of Glouceſter hath bene unfortunate and unluckie to diverſe, whiche for their honor have bene erected by creation of princes to that ſtile and dignitie; as Hugh Spencer, Thomas of Woodſtocke, ſon to kynge Edwarde the thirde, and this duke Humphrey, [who was killed at Bury;] whiche three perſons by miſerable death finiſhed their daies; and after them king Richard the iii. alſo duke of Glouceſter, in civil warre was ſlaine and confounded; ſo that this name of Glouceſter is taken for an unhappie and unfortunate ſtile, as the proverbe ſpeaketh of Sejanes horſe, whoſe ryder was ever unhorſed, and whoſe poſſeſſor was ever brought to miſerie." Malone.

[9] —— *two Keepers,*] In the folio, inſtead of *two keepers,* we have, through negligence, the names of the perſons who repreſented theſe characters; *Sinklo* and *Humphrey.* See Vol. IX. p. 23, n. 7. Malone.

'For through this laund [2] anon the deer will come;

Dr. Grey obſerves from Hall and Holinſhed, that the name of the perſon who took *King Henry*, was *Cantlowe*. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on the firſt ſcene in *The Taming of a Shrew*.

I learn alſo from one of the *Paſton Letters*, Vol. I. p. 249, that Giles *Sen&tlowe* was among the perſons then in Scotland with the Queen. STEEVENS.

One Giles *Santlowe*, Eſquire, is among thoſe attainted by King Edward's firſt parliament, and may poſſibly be here meant, but no perſon of that name ſeems to have been any way concerned in the capture of the late king; who, according to *W. Wyrceſter*, was actually taken in *Lancaſhire*, by two knights named *John Talbois* and *Richard Tunſtall*,—July, 1464. Drummond of Hawthornden obſerves, it was recorded "that a ſon of *Sir Edward Talbots* apprehended him as he ſat at dinner in *Waddington-hall*; and like a common malefactor, with his legs under the horſe's belly, guarded him toward London." It is a more certain fact, which I have from records in the Duchy Office, that King Edward granted to *Sir James Harrington* a rent-charge of one hundred pounds out of his lordſhip of Rowland in Lancaſhire, in recompence of his great and laborious diligence about the capture and detention of the king's great traitor, rebel and enemy, lately called Henry the Sixth, made by the ſaid James; and likewiſe annuities to *Richard Talbot, Thomas Talbot*, Eſquires,—*Talbot*, and—*Liveſey*, for their ſervices in the ſame capture. See alſo, Rymer's *Fœdera*, xi. 548. Henry had for ſome time been harboured by James Maychell of Crakenthorpe, Weſtmoreland, *It.* 575. It ſeems clear, however, that the preſent ſcene is to be placed near the Scottiſh border. The King himſelf ſays:

"From Scotland am I ſtol'n, even of pure love;"

And Hall (and Holinſhed after him) tells us "He was no ſooner entered [into England,] but he was knowen and taken of one *Cantlow*, and brought toward the king." RITSON.

[1] ——*brake*—] A *brake* anciently ſignified a *thicket*. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*: "This green plot ſhall be our ſtage, this hawthorn *brake* our tiring houſe." Again: "Enter into that *brake*, and ſo every one according to his cue." See the latter part of a note on *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Vol. VI. p. 232. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*this* laund—] *Laund* means the ſame as *lawn*; a plain extended between woods.

So, in the old play of *Orlando Furioſo*, 1594:

"And that they trace the ſhady *lawnds*," &c.

‘ And in this covert will we make our ſtand,
‘ Culling the principal of all the deer.

* 2 *Keep.* I'll ſtay above the hill, ſo both may ſhoot.

* 1 *Keep.* That cannot be; the noiſe of thy croſs-bow [3]
* Will ſcare the herd, and ſo my ſhoot is loſt.
* Here ſtand we both, and aim we at the beſt:
* And, for the time ſhall not ſeem tedious,
* I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
* In this ſelf-place where now we mean to ſtand.

‘ 2 *Keep.* Here comes a man, let's ſtay till he be paſt.[4]

Enter King Henry, *diſguiſed, with a Prayer-book.*

K. Hen. From Scotland am I ſtol'n, even of pure love,
‘ To greet mine own land with my wiſhful ſight.[5]
‘ No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
* Thy place is fill'd, thy ſcepter wrung from thee,

Again:

" Tread ſhe theſe *lawnds,* kind Flora boaſts her pride."
Steevens.

[3] —— *the noiſe of thy croſs-bow* —] The poet appears not to have forgot the ſecrets of his former profeſſion.
So, in *The Merry Devil of Edmonton,* 1608:
" —— Did I not hear a *bow* go off, and the buck bray?"
Steevens.

[4] —— *let's ſtay till he be paſt.*] So the folio. The quartos read:
" —— let's liſten him a while." Steevens.

[5] *To greet mine own land with my wiſhful ſight.*] So the folio. The quartos perhaps better, thus:
" And thus diſguis'd to greet my native land."
Steevens.

* Thy balm waſh'd off,[6] wherewith thou waſt anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Cæſar now,
' No humble ſuitors preſs to ſpeak for right,
* No, not a man comes for redreſs of thee;
For how can I help them, and not myſelf?

' 1 *Keep.* Ay, here's a deer whoſe ſkin's a keeper's fee:
' This is the *quondam* king;[7] let's ſeize upon him.

[6] *Thy balm waſh'd off,*] This is an image very frequent in the works of Shakſpeare. So again, in this ſcene:

" I was anointed king."

It is common in theſe plays to find the ſame images, whether jocular or ſerious, frequently recurring. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Richard II*:

" Not all the water in the rough rude ſea
" Can waſh the balm from an anointed king."

It is obſervable that this line is one of thoſe additions to the original play, which are found in the folio, and not in the quarto. MALONE.

[7] *This is the* quondam king; &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

" Ay, marry, ſir, here's a deer; his ſkin is a
" Keeper's fee. Sirrah ſtand cloſe; for as I think,
" This is the king, king Edward hath depos'd."

STEEVENS.

Quondam had not in Shakſpeare's time uniformly acquired a ludicrous ſenſe. " Make them *quondams* (ſays Latimer in one of his Sermons,) out with them, caſt them out of their office." And in another place: " He will have every man a *quondam*, as he is. As for my *quondamſhip* I thank God that he gaue me the grace to come by it, by ſo honeſt a meanes as I did; I thanke him for myne owne *quondamſhip*, and as for them I will not haue them made *quondams*, if they diſcharge their office. I would haue them doe their duety. I would haue no more *quondams*, as God help me." Fol. 53.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, B. V. ch. 28, 1602:

" Not knights alone, but prelates too, and queens where-
of were twain,
" The *quondam* & *in eſſe* queenes—." HOLT WHITE.

* *K. Hen.* Let me embrace theſe four adverſities;[8]
* For wiſe men ſay, it is the wiſeſt courſe.

* 2 *Keep.* Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

* 1 *Keep.* Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen, and ſon, are gone to France for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
' Is thither gone, to crave the French king's ſiſter
' To wife for Edward: If this news be true,
' Poor queen, and ſon, your labour is but loſt;
' For Warwick is a ſubtle orator,
' And Lewis a prince ſoon won with moving words.
' By this account, then, Margaret may win him;
' For ſhe's a woman to be pitied much:
* Her ſighs will make a battery in his breaſt;
* Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
* The tiger will be mild, while ſhe doth mourn;[9]
* And Nero will[1] be tainted with remorſe,
* To hear, and ſee, her plaints, her briniſh tears.
* Ay, but ſhe's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She, on his left ſide, craving aid for Henry;
He, on his right, aſking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and ſays—her Henry is depos'd;
He ſmiles, and ſays—his Edward is inſtall'd;

[8] —— *theſe four adverſities*;] The old copy reads—*the fowre adverſaries.* Steevens.

Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[9] *The tiger will be mild, while ſhe doth mourn*;] So, in *Othello*:
"—She will ſing the ſavageneſs out of a bear." Steevens.

[1] *And Nero will*—] Perhaps we might better read—*A Nero will*——. Steevens.

* That ſhe, poor wretch, for grief can ſpeak no more :
* Whiles Warwick tells his title, ſmooths the wrong,
* Inferreth arguments of mighty ſtrength ;[2]
* And, in concluſion, wins the king from her,
* With promiſe of his ſiſter, and what elſe,
* To ſtrengthen and ſupport king Edward's place.
* O Margaret,[3] thus 'twill be ; and thou, poor ſoul,
* Art then forſaken, as thou went'ſt forlorn.

2 *Keep.* Say, what art thou, that talk'ſt of kings and queens ?

' *K. Hen.* More than I ſeem, and leſs than I was born to :[4]
' A man at leaſt, for leſs I ſhould not be ;[5]
And men may talk of kings, and why not I ?

' 2 *Keep.* Ay, but thou talk'ſt as if thou wert a king.

' *K. Hen.* Why, ſo I am, in mind ;[6] and that's enough.[7]

[2] *Inferreth arguments of mighty ſtrength* ;] In the former Act was the ſame line :

" Inferring arguments of mighty force." Johnson.

This repetition, like many others in theſe two plays, ſeems to have ariſen from Shakſpeare's firſt copying his original as it lay before him, and afterwards in ſubſequent paſſages (added to the old matter) introducing expreſſions which had ſtruck him in preceding ſcenes. In the old play the line occurs but once. Malone.

[3] *O Margaret,* &c.] The piety of Henry ſcarce intereſts us more for his misfortunes, than this his conſtant ſolicitude for the welfare of his deceitful Queen. Steevens.

[4] —— *leſs than I was born to* :] Thus the folio. The quartos thus :— for leſs I ſhould not be. Steevens.

[5] —— *for leſs I ſhould not be* ;] Such is the reading of the folio. The quartos thus——and more I cannot be. Steevens.

[6] —— *but thou talk'ſt as if thou wert a* king.
K. Hen. *Why, ſo I am, in* mind ;] There ſeems to be an

2 *Keep.* But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head;

* Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian ſtones,
* Nor to be ſeen: ' my crown is call'd, content;
' A crown it is, that ſeldom kings enjoy.

' 2 *Keep.* Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content, and you, muſt be contented
' To go along with us: for, as we think,
' You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd;
' And we his ſubjects, ſworn in all allegiance,[8]
' Will apprehend you as his enemy.

* *K. Hen.* But did you never ſwear, and break an oath?

* 2 *Keep.* No, never ſuch an oath, nor will not now.

* *K. Hen.* Where did you dwell, when I was king of England?

* 2 *Keep.* Here in this country, where we now remain.

* *K. Hen.* I was anointed king at nine months old;

alluſion to a line in an old ſong, (quoted in *Every Man out of his Humour*):

" My *mind* to me a *kingdom* is." Malone.

See Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, 3d edit. Vol. I. p. 293. Steevens.

[7] —— *and that's enough.*] So the folio. The quartos thus:

" —— though not in ſhow." Steevens.

[8] *And we his ſubjects*, &c.] So the folio. The quartos thus:

" And therefore we charge you in God's name, and the king's,
" To go along with us unto the officers." Steevens.

* My father and my grandfather, were kings;
* And you were ſworn true ſubjects unto me:
* And, tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

* 1 *Keep.* No;
For we were ſubjects, but while you were king.

* *K. Hen.* Why, am I dead? do I not breathe a man?
* Ah, ſimple men, you know not what you ſwear.
* Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
* And as the air blows it to me again,[9]
* Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
* And yielding to another when it blows,
* Commanded always by the greater guſt;
* Such is the lightneſs of you common men.
* But do not break your oaths; for, of that ſin
* My mild entreaty ſhall not make you guilty.
* Go where you will, the king ſhall be commanded;
* And be you kings; command, and I'll obey.

* 1 *Keep.* We are true ſubjects to the king, king Edward.

* *K. Hen.* So would you be again to Henry,
* If he were ſeated as king Edward is.

1 *Keep.* We charge you, in God's name, and in the king's,[1]
To go with us unto the officers.

[9] *Look, as I blow this feather from my face,*
And as the air blows it to me again, &c.] So, in *The Winter's Tale:*
"I am a feather for each wind that blows." Malone.

[1] ——*and* in *the king's,*] The prepoſition—*in,* which is wanting in the old copy, I have ſupplied for the ſake of metre. Steevens.

'*K. Hen.* In God's name, lead;[2] your king's
name be obey'd:
* And what God will, then let your king perform;
* And what he will, I humbly yield unto.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Clarence, *and Lady* Grey.

'*K. Edw.* Brother of Gloſter, at Saint Albans' field
'This lady's huſband, ſir John Grey,[3] was ſlain,
His lands then ſeiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her ſuit is now, to repoſſeſs thoſe lands;
'Which we in juſtice cannot well deny,
Becauſe in quarrel of the houſe of York
'The worthy gentleman did loſe his life.[4]

[2] *In God's name, lead*; &c.] So the folio. Inſtead of this ſpeech, the quartos have the following:

" God's name be fulfill'd, your king's name be
" Obey'd; and be you kings; command, and I'll obey."

Steevens.

[3] ——*ſir John Grey*,] Vid. Hall, *Third Year of Edward IV.* folio 5. It was hitherto falſely printed *Richard*. Pope.

Sir John Grey was ſlain at the ſecond battle of St. Albans, fighting on the ſide of King Henry. Malone.

[4] *His lands then* ſeiz'd on by the conqueror:
Her ſuit is now, to repoſſeſs thoſe lands;
Which we in juſtice cannot well deny,
Becauſe in quarrel of the houſe of York
The worthy gentleman did loſe his life.] This is in every particular a falſification of hiſtory. Sir John Grey, as has been already obſerved, fell in the ſecond battle of St. Albans, which

Glo. Your highneſs ſhall do well, to grant her ſuit;
* It were diſhonour, to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no leſs; but yet I'll make a pauſe.

' *Glo.* Yea! is it ſo?[5]
I ſee, the lady hath a thing to grant,
Before the king will grant her humble ſuit.

Clar. He knows the game; How true he keeps the wind? [*Aſide.*

Glo. Silence! [*Aſide.*

' *K. Edw.* Widow, we will conſider[6] of your ſuit;

was fought on Shrove-Tueſday, Feb. 17, 1460-1, fighting on the ſide of king *Henry*; and ſo far is it from being true that his lands were ſeized by the conqueror, (Queen Margaret,) that they were in fact ſeized by the very perſon who now ſpeaks, after his great victory at Towton, on the 29th of March, 1461. The preſent ſcene is laid in 1464.

Shakſpeare in new moulding this play followed implicitly his author, (for theſe five lines, with only a ſlight variation in the third, and fifth, are found in the old play,) without giving himſelf the trouble to examine the hiſtory; but a few years afterwards, when he had occaſion to write his *Richard III.* and was not warped by a preceding miſrepreſentation of another writer, he ſtated from the chronicles this matter truly as it was; and this is one of the numerous circumſtances that prove inconteſtably, in my apprehenſion, that he was not the original author of this and the preceding play.

In *King Richard III.* Act I. ſc. iii. Richard addreſſing himſelf to Queen Elizabeth, (the lady Grey of the preſent ſcene,) ſays:

" In all which time you, and your huſband *Grey*,
" Were factious *for the houſe of Lancaſter*;—
" (And Rivers ſo were you:)—was not your huſband
" In *Margaret's battle* at Saint Albans ſlain?"

He calls it *Margaret's battle*, becauſe ſhe was there victorious. Malone.

[5] Glo. *Yea! is it ſo?* &c.] So the folio. The quartos read with the following variations:

" *Glo.* I, is the wind in that door?
" *Clarence.* I ſee the lady" *&c.* Steevens.

[6] *Widow, we will conſider*—] This is a very lively and ſpritely dialogue; the reciprocation is quicker than is common in Shakſpeare. Johnson.

' And come ſome other time, to know our mind.

' *L. Grey.* Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:

' May it pleaſe your highneſs to reſolve me now;

' And what your pleaſure is, ſhall ſatisfy me.

' Glo. [*Aſide.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,

' An if what pleaſes him, ſhall pleaſure you.

' Fight cloſer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

* *Clar.* I fear her not, unleſs ſhe chance to fall. [*Aſide.*

* *Glo.* God forbid that! for he'll take vantages. [*Aſide.*

' *K. Edw.* How many children haſt thou, widow? tell me.

Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her. [*Aſide.*

Glo. Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give her two. [*Aſide.*

L. Grey. Three, my moſt gracious lord.

Glo. You ſhall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him. [*Aſide.*

' *K. Edw.* 'Twere pity, they ſhould loſe their father's land.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay good leave have you;[7] for you will have leave,

[7] ——good leave *have you*;] So, in *King John*:
" *Good leave*; good Philip."
Good leave, are words implying *readineſs of aſſent.*
Steevens.

'Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[GLOSTER *and* CLARENCE *retire to the other ſide.*

* *K. EDW.* Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

* *L. GREY.* Ay, full as dearly as I love myſelf.

* *K. EDW.* And would you not do much, to do them good?

* *L. GREY.* To do them good, I would ſuſtain ſome harm.

* *K. EDW.* Then get your huſband's lands, to do them good.

* *L. GREY.* Therefore I came unto your majeſty.

K. EDW. I'll tell you how theſe lands are to be got.

* *L. GREY.* So ſhall you bind me to your highneſs' ſervice.

* *K. EDW.* What ſervice wilt thou do me, if I give them?

* *L. GREY.* What you command, that reſts in me to do.

* *K. EDW.* But you will take exceptions to my boon.

* *L. GREY.* No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

* *K. EDW.* Ay, but thou canſt do what I mean to aſk.

* *L. GREY.* Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

* *GLO.* He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble.[8] [*Aſide.*

[8] ——*much rain wears the marble.*] So, in Watſon's 47th Sonnet:

* *Clar.* As red as fire! nay, then her wax muſt melt. [*Aſide.*

L. Grey. Why ſtops my lord? ſhall I not hear my taſk?

K. Edw. An eaſy taſk; 'tis but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's ſoon perform'd, becauſe I am a ſubject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy huſband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thouſand thanks.

Glo. The match is made; ſhe ſeals it with a curt'ſy.

' *K. Edw.* But ſtay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

* *L. Grey.* The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

* *K. Edw.* Ay, but, I fear me, in another ſenſe.
What love, think'ſt thou, I ſue ſo much to get?

' *L. Grey.* My love till death,[9] my humble thanks, my prayers;
' That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean ſuch love.

* *L. Grey.* Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

" In time *the marble weares* with weakeſt ſhowres."
See note on Dodſley's *Collection of Old Plays*, edit. 1780, Vol. XII. p. 387. Steevens.

[9] *My love till death*, &c.] The variation is here worth noting. In the old play we here find—
" My humble ſervice, ſuch as ſubjects owe,
" And the laws command." Malone.

* *K. Edw.* But now you partly may perceive my mind.

* *L. Grey.* My mind will never grant what I perceive
* Your highneſs aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

* *L. Grey.* To tell you plain, I had rather lie in priſon.

K. Edw. Why, then thou ſhalt not have thy huſband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honeſty ſhall be my dower;
For by that loſs I will not purchaſe them.

' *K. Edw.* Therein thou wrong'ſt thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highneſs wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
' Accords not with the ſadneſs [1] of my ſuit;
Pleaſe you diſmiſs me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt ſay ay, to my requeſt:
No; if thou doſt ſay no, to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My ſuit is at an end.

' *Glo.* The widow likes him not, ſhe knits her brows. [*Aſide.*

Clar. He is the bluntеſt wooer in Chriſtendom. [*Aſide.*

[1] —— *the* ſadneſs —] i. e. the ſerioufneſs. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" Tell me in *ſadneſs* who is ſhe you love."

STEEVENS.

'K. Edw. [*Aſide.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modeſty ;[2]
* Her words do ſhow her wit incomparable ;
* All her perfections challenge ſovereignty :
One way, or other, ſhe is for a king ;
And ſhe ſhall be my love, or elſe my queen.—
Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen ?

L. Grey. 'Tis better ſaid than done, my gracious lord :
I am a ſubject fit to jeſt withal,
But far unfit to be a ſovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my ſtate I ſwear to thee,
I ſpeak no more than what my ſoul intends ;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto :
'I know, I am too mean to be your queen ;
And yet too good to be your concubine.[3]

[2] *Her looks do argue her replete with modeſty ;*] So the folio. The quartos read :

" Her looks *are all* replete with *majeſty*." Steevens.

[3] *And yet too good to be your concubine.*] So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. VII. chap. xxxiv :

" His plea was love, my ſuit was land : I plie him, he plies me ;
" Too bace to be his queen, too good his concubine to be."

Shakſpeare, however, adopted the words from Stowe's *Chronicle*. Steevens.

Theſe words, which are found in the old play, (except that we there have *bad*, inſtead of *mean*,) were taken by the author of that piece from Hall's *Chronicle :* " —whiche demaund ſhe ſo wyſely and with ſo covert ſpeeche aunſwered and repugned, affyrmyng that as ſhe was for his honour far unable to be his ſpouſe and bedfellowe, ſo for her awne poor honeſtie ſhe was to good to be either his concubine, or ſovereigne lady ; that where he was a littel before heated with the dart of Cupido, he was nowe," &c. Malone.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my ſons ſhould call you—father.

K. Edw. No more, than when thy daughters call thee mother.

Thou art a widow,[4] and thou haſt ſome children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other ſome: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many ſons.
' Anſwer no more, for thou ſhalt be my queen.

Glo. The ghoſtly father now hath done his ſhrift. [*Aſide.*

Clar. When he was made a ſhriver, 'twas for ſhift. [*Aſide.*

K. Edw. Brothers, you muſe what chat we two have had.

* *Glo.* The widow likes it not, for ſhe looks ſad.[5]

K. Edw. You'd think it ſtrange if I ſhould marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myſelf.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder, at the leaſt.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder laſts.[6]

[4] *Thou art a widow,* &c.] This is part of the King's reply to his mother in Stowe's *Chronicle:* "That ſhe is a widow, and hath already children; by God's bleſſed lady I am a batchelor, and have ſome too, and ſo each of us hath a proofe that neither of us is like to be barrain;" &c. Steevens.

[5] ——*ſhe looks ſad.*] Old copy—*very* ſad. For the ſake of metre I have omitted this uſeleſs adverb. Steevens.

[6] *That's a day longer* &c.] A nine days wonder was prover-

W.m N.o Gardiner Sculp.t

ELIZABETH Queen to EDWARD IV.

King Rich.d III Act I. Sc. 3.

London. Pub.d as the Act directs. by E. Harding N.o 132. Fleet Street. Feb.y 1.st

'GLO. By ſo much is the wonder in extremes.

K. EDW. Well, jeſt on, brothers: I can tell you both,
Her ſuit is granted for her huſband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

NOB. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
'And brought your priſoner to your palace gate.

K. EDW. See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—
'And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
'To queſtion of his apprehenſion.—
'Widow, go you along;—Lords, uſe her honourable.

[*Exeunt King* EDWARD, *Lady* GREY, CLARENCE, *and Lord.*

GLO. Ay, Edward will uſe women honourably.
'Would he were waſted, marrow, bones, and all,
'That from his loins no hopeful branch may ſpring,
'To croſs me from the golden time I look for!
'And yet, between my ſoul's deſire, and me,
* (The luſtful Edward's title buried,)
'Is Clarence, Henry, and his ſon young Edward,
'And all the unlook'd-for iſſue of their bodies,
'To take their rooms, ere I can place myſelf:
A cold premeditation for my purpoſe!
* Why, then I do but dream on ſovereignty;
* Like one that ſtands upon a promontory,
* And ſpies a far-off ſhore where he would tread,

bial. Thus, in a Sermon at Paul's Croſſe, Nov. 25, 1621, by Henry King, p. 53: "For mendacia diu non fallunt, and having arrived *at nine-days, the age of a wonder, died in laughter.*" REED.

* Wiſhing his foot were equal with his eye;
* And chides the ſea that ſunders him from thence,
* Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way:
* So do I wiſh the crown, being ſo far off;
* And ſo I chide the means that keep me from it;
* And ſo I ſay—I'll cut the cauſes off,
* Flattering me with impoſſibilities.—
* My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
* Unleſs my hand and ſtrength could equal them.
* Well, ſay there is no kingdom then for Richard;
* What other pleaſure can the world afford?
' I'll make my heaven[7] in a lady's lap,
' And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch ſweet ladies with my words and looks.
' O miſerable thought! and more unlikely,
' Than to accompliſh twenty golden crowns!
Why, love forſwore me in my mother's womb:[8]
' And, for I ſhould not deal in her ſoft laws
' She did corrupt frail nature with ſome bribe
' To ſhrink mine arm up like a wither'd ſhrub;[9]
' To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where ſits deformity to mock my body;
' To ſhape my legs of an unequal ſize;
* To diſproportion me in every part,
* Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,[1]

[7] *I'll make my heaven* &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos alter and tranſpoſe the two lines, as follows:

I will *go clad* my body *with* gay ornaments,
And lull myſelf within a lady's lap. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *love forſwore me in my mother's womb:*] This line is found alſo in a play entitled *Wily Beguiled.* The earlieſt edition that I have ſeen of that piece, was printed in 1606; but it had been exhibited on the ſtage ſoon after the year 1590. MALONE.

[9] —— *like a wither'd ſhrub;*] So the folio. The quartos—like a wither'd *ſhrimp.* STEEVENS.

[1] —— *unlick'd bear-whelp,*] It was an opinion which, in ſpite of its abſurdity, prevailed long, that the bear brings forth only

* That carries no impreſſion like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd ?
' O, monſtrous fault, to harbour ſuch a thought !
* Then, ſince this earth affords no joy to me,
* But to command, to check, to o'erbear ſuch
* As are of better perſon than myſelf,[2]
* I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown ;
* And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,
* Until my misſhap'd trunk that bears this head,
* Be round impaled with a glorious crown.[3]
* And yet I know not how to get the crown,
* For many lives ſtand between me and home :
* And I,—like one loſt in a thorny wood,
* That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns ;

ſhapeleſs lumps of animated fleſh, which ſhe licks into the form of bears. It is now well known that the whelps of the bear are produced in the ſame ſtate with thoſe of other creatures.

JOHNSON.

[2] —— *to o'erbear ſuch*
As are of better perſon than myſelf,] Richard ſpeaks here the language of nature. Whoever is ſtigmatized with deformity has a conſtant ſource of envy in his mind, and would counterbalance by ſome other ſuperiority thoſe advantages which he feels himſelf to want. Bacon remarks that the deformed are commonly daring ; and it is almoſt proverbially obſerved that they are ill-natured. The truth is, that the deformed, like all other men, are diſpleaſed with inferiority, and endeavour to gain ground by good or bad means, as they are virtuous or corrupt.

JOHNSON.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
[3] *Until my misſhap'd trunk that bears this head,*
Be round impaled &c.] A tranſpoſition ſeems to be neceſſary :
1 2 8 5 7 3 4 6
" Until my head, that this misſhap'd trunk bears."
Otherwiſe the *trunk that bears the head* is to be encircled with the crown, and not the *head* itſelf. STEEVENS.

Sir T. Hanmer reads as Mr. Steevens recommends. I believe our author is anſwerable for this inaccuracy. MALONE.

* Seeking a way, and ſtraying from the way;
* Not knowing how to find the open air,
* But toiling deſperately to find it out,—
* Torment myſelf to catch the Engliſh crown:
* And from that torment I will free myſelf,
* Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can ſmile, and murder while I ſmile;
' And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart;
* And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
* And frame my face to all occaſions.
* I'll drown more ſailors than the mermaid ſhall;
* I'll ſlay more gazers than the baſiliſk;
* I'll play the orator as well as Neſtor,
* Deceive more ſlily than Ulyſſes could,
* And, like a Sinon, take another Troy:
I can add colours to the cameleon;
' Change ſhapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
' And ſet the murd'rous Machiavel to ſchool.[4]

—— *impaled* —] i. e. encircled. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

" Tear off the crown that yet *empales* his temples."

STEEVENS.

[4] *And ſet the murd'rous Machiavel to ſchool.*] As this is an anachroniſm, and the old quarto reads:

" And ſet *the aſpiring Catiline* to ſchool—."

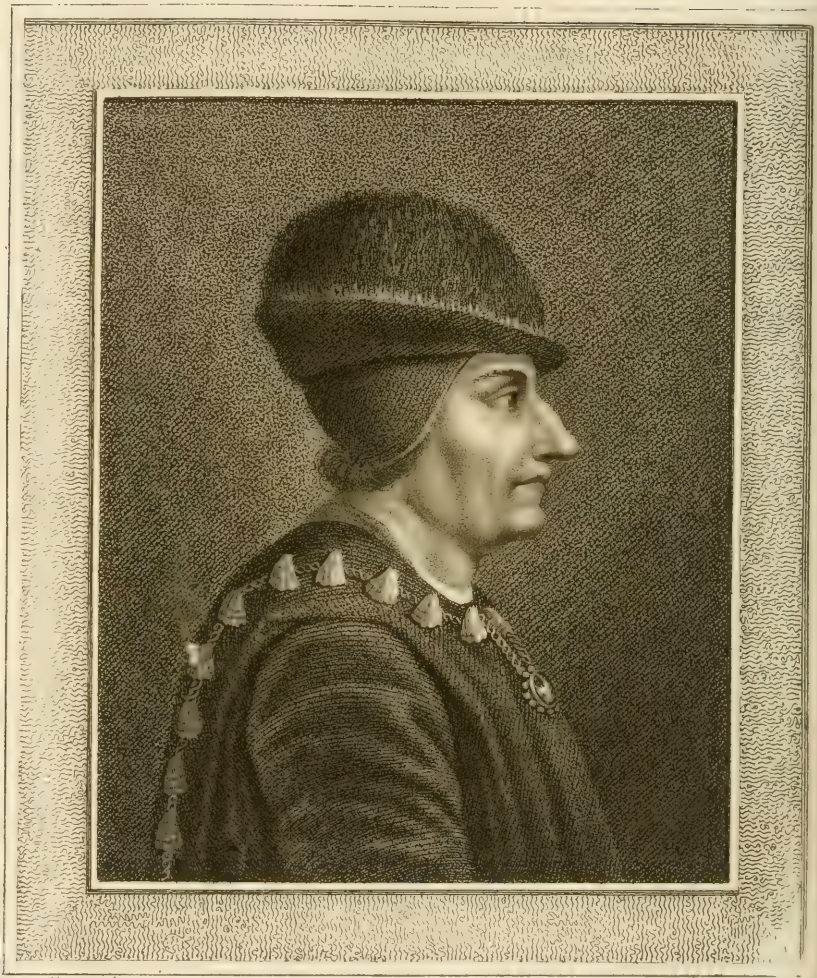
I don't know why it ſhould not be preferred. WARBURTON.

This is not the firſt proof I have met with, that Shakſpeare, in his attempts to familiarize ideas, has diminiſhed their propriety. STEEVENS.

Catiline firſt occurred to the author of the old play, who was probably a ſcholar; and *Machiavel*, who is mentioned in various books of our author's age, as the great exemplar of profound politicians, naturally was ſubſtituted by Shakſpeare in his room. See this play, P. I. Act V. ſc. iv:

" Alençon! that notorious *Machiavel!*"

In *King Edward II.* Marlowe, who was probably the author of *The True Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke*, in like manner introduces Catiline:



Harding Del. Schiavonetti

LEWIS XI KING of FRANCE.

Henry VI. Part III.

From a Print by De Bie.

Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
'Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

France. *A Room in the Palace.*

Flouriſh. Enter LEWIS *the* French *King, and Lady* BONA, *attended; the King takes his State. Then enter Queen* MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD *her Son, and the Earl of* OXFORD.

'*K. Lew.* Fair queen of England,[5] worthy Margaret, [*Riſing.*
'Sit down with us; it ill befits thy ſtate,
'And birth, that thou ſhould'ſt ſtand, while Lewis doth ſit.

* *Q. Mar.* No, mighty king of France;[6] now Margaret

" Spencer, the father of that wanton Spencer,
" That like the lawleſs *Catiline* of Rome,
" Revell'd in England's wealth and treaſury." MALONE.

[5] *Fair queen of England,* &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos give the following:

" Welcome, queen Margaret, to the court of France.
" It fits not Lewis to ſit while thou doſt ſtand,
" Sit by my ſide; and here I vow to thee,
" Thou ſhalt have aid to re-poſſeſs thy right,
" And beat proud Edward from his uſurped ſeat,
" And place king Henry in his former rule."

STEEVENS.

See the notes referred to in p. 74, n. 3. MALONE.

[6] *No, mighty king of France*; &c.] Inſtead of this ſpeech the quartos only ſupply the following:

" *Queen.* I humbly thank your royal majeſty,
" And pray the God of heaven to bleſs thy ſtate,
" Great king of France, that thus regard'ſt our wrongs."

STEEVENS.

* Muſt ſtrike her ſail, and learn a while to ſerve,
* Where kings command. I was, I muſt confeſs,
* Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
* But now miſchance hath trod my title down,
* And with diſhonour laid me on the ground;
* Where I muſt take like ſeat unto my fortune,
* And to my humble ſeat conform myſelf.

* *K. Lew.* Why, ſay, fair queen, whence ſprings this deep deſpair?

* *Q. Mar.* From ſuch a cauſe as fills mine eyes with tears,
* And ſtops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

* *K. Lew.* Whate'er it be, be thou ſtill like thyſelf,
* And ſit thee by our ſide: yield not thy neck
[*Seats her by him.*
* To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntleſs mind
* Still ride in triumph over all miſchance.
* Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
* It ſhall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

* *Q. Mar.* Thoſe gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,
* And give my tongue-tied ſorrows leave to ſpeak.
* Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,—
* That Henry, ſole poſſeſſor of my love,
* Is, of a king, become a baniſh'd man,
* And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn;
* While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
* Uſurps the regal title, and the ſeat
* Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
* This is the cauſe, that I, poor Margaret,—
* With this my ſon, prince Edward, Henry's heir,—
* Am come to crave thy juſt and lawful aid;
* And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done:

* Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help;
* Our people and our peers are both misled,
* Our treaſure ſeiz'd, our ſoldiers put to flight,
* And, as thou ſee'ſt, ourſelves in heavy plight.

* *K. Lew.* Renowned queen, with patience calm the ſtorm,
* While we bethink a means to break it off.

* *Q. Mar.* The more we ſtay, the ſtronger grows our foe.

* *K. Lew.* The more I ſtay, the more I'll ſuccour thee.

* *Q. Mar.* O, but impatience waiteth on true ſorrow:
* And ſee, where comes the breeder of my ſorrow.

Enter Warwick,[7] *attended.*

'*K. Lew.* What's he, approacheth boldly to our preſence?

[7] *Enter Warwick,*] This nobleman's embaſſy and commiſſion, the inſult he receives by the King's haſty marriage, and his conſequent reſolution to avenge it, with the capture, impriſonment, and eſcape of the King, Shakſpeare, it is true, found in Hall and Holinſhed; but later, as well as earlier writers, of better authority, incline us to diſcredit the whole; and to refer the rupture between the King and his political creator, to cauſes which have not reached poſterity, or to that jealouſy and ingratitude ſo natural, perhaps, to thoſe who are under great obligations too great to be diſcharged. *Beneficia,* (ſays Tacitus,) *eò uſque læta ſunt, dum videntur exſolvi poſſe: ubi multum antevenêre, pro gratiâ odium redditur.*"

There needs no other proof how little our common hiſtories are to be depended upon than this fabulous ſtory of Warwick and the Lady Bona. The King was privately married to Lady Elizabeth Widville, in 1463, and in February 1465, Warwick actually ſtood ſponſor to the Princeſs Elizabeth their firſt child. What ſecretly diſpleaſed him was: 1. the King's marrying one of the Queen's ſiſters to the Duke of Buckingham; 2. his con-

Q. Mar. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greateſt friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick! What brings thee to France?

[*Deſcending from his ſtate. Queen* Margaret *riſes.*

* *Q. Mar.* Ay, now begins a ſecond ſtorm to riſe;
* For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.

'*War.* From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
My lord and ſovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come,—in kindneſs, and unfeigned love,—
Firſt, to do greetings to thy royal perſon;
And, then, to crave a league of amity;
And, laſtly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchſafe to grant
That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair ſiſter,
To England's king in lawful marriage.

'*Q. Mar.* If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.[8]

ferring the office of Lord Treaſurer (which he had taken from the Lord Montjoy,) upon Lord Rivers, the Queen's brother; 3. his making a match between the ſon and heir of the Lord Herbert and another of the Queen's ſiſters; and between that nobleman's daughter and the young Lord Liſle; and creating young Herbert Knight and Lord of Dunſtar; 4. his making a match between Sir Thomas Grey, the Queen's ſon, and Lady Ann daughter and heireſs of the Duke of Exeter, the King's niece, who had been talked of as a wife for the Earl of Northumberland, Warwick's brother. See *Wilhelmi Wyrceſter Annales*, which are unfortunately defective from the beginning of November 1468, at which time no open rupture had taken place between the King and Warwick, who, for any thing that appears to the contrary, were, at leaſt, *upon ſpeaking terms.*" Ritson.

[8] —— *Henry's hope is done.*] So the folio. The quartos read: —*all our* hope is done. Steevens.

We have had nearly the ſame line in Margaret's former ſpeech p. 119. The line having made an impreſſion on Shakſpeare, he

War. And, gracious madam, [*To* Bona.] in our king's behalf,
I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiſs your hand, and with my tongue
To tell the paſſion of my ſovereign's heart;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.[9]

Q. Mar. King Lewis,—and lady Bona,—hear me ſpeak,
Before you anſwer Warwick. His demand[1]
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honeſt love,
But from deceit, bred by neceſſity;
For how can tyrants ſafely govern home,
Unleſs abroad they purchaſe great alliance?
To prove him tyrant, this reaſon may ſuffice,—
That Henry liveth ſtill: but were he dead,
Yet here prince Edward ſtands, king Henry's ſon.
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and diſhonour:
For though uſurpers ſway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are juſt, and time ſuppreſſeth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret!

Prince. And why not queen?

introduced it in that ſpeech, which appears (except in this inſtance) to have been entirely his own production; and afterwards inadvertently ſuffered it with a ſlight variation to remain here, where only it is found in the old play. Malone.

[9] *Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.*] So the folio. The quarto thus:

"Hath plac'd thy glorious image, and thy vertues."
Steevens.

[1] —— *His demand* &c.] Inſtead of the remainder of this ſpeech the old play has the following lines:

"————— hear me ſpeak,
"Before you anſwer Warwick, *or his words,*
"*For he it is hath done us all theſe wrongs.*" Malone.

War. Becauſe thy father Henry did uſurp;
And thou no more art prince, than ſhe is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick diſannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did ſubdue the greateſt part of Spain;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
'Whoſe wiſdom was a mirror to the wiſeſt;[2]
And, after that wiſe prince, Henry the Fifth,
Who by his proweſs conquered all France:
From theſe our Henry lineally deſcends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this ſmooth diſcourſe,
You told not, how Henry the ſixth hath loſt
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten?
Methinks, theſe peers of France ſhould ſmile at that.
But for the reſt,—You tell a pedigree
Of threeſcore and two years; a ſilly time
To make preſcription for a kingdom's worth.

'*Oxf.* Why, Warwick, canſt thou ſpeak againſt thy liege,
'Whom thou obeyd'ſt thirty and ſix years,[3]
And not bewray thy treaſon with a bluſh?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falſehood with a pedigree?
For ſhame, leave Henry, and call Edward king.

'*Oxf.* Call him my king, by whoſe injurious doom

[2] ——*to the wiſeſt*;] So the folio. The quartos—to *the world*. Steevens.

[3] ——*thirty and* ſix *years*,] So the folio. The quartos—thirty and *eight* years. Steevens.

The number in the old play is right. The alteration, however, is of little conſequence. Malone.

ᶜ My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than ſo, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
ᶜ When nature brought him to the door of death?[4]
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the houſe of Lancaſter.

War. And I the houſe of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,
ᶜ Vouchſafe, at our requeſt, to ſtand aſide,
ᶜ While I uſe further conference with Warwick.

* *Q. Mar.* Heaven grant, that Warwick's words bewitch him not!

[*Retiring with the* Prince *and* Oxford.

ᶜ *K. Lew.* Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conſcience,
ᶜ Is Edward your true king? for I were loath,
ᶜ To link with him that were not lawful choſen.[5]

[4] *When nature brought him to the door of death?*] Thus the folio. The quartos:

"When *age did call him* to the door of death."

STEEVENS.

This paſſage unavoidably brings before the mind that admirable image of *old age* in Sackville's *Induction*:

"His withered fift ſtill *knocking at deathe's dore*," &c.

FARMER.

[5] ——*that were not lawful choſen.*] Thus the folio. The quarto as follows:

"——that *is* not lawful *heir*. STEEVENS.

Here we have another inſtance of an impropriety into which Shakſpeare has fallen by ſometimes following and ſometimes deſerting his original. After Lewis has aſked in the old play whether Henry was *lawful heir* to the crown of England, and has been anſwered in the affirmative; he next enquires whether he is *gracious*, that is, a favourite with the people. Shakſpeare has preſerved this latter queſtion, though he made a variation in the former; not adverting that after a man has been *choſen* by the voices of the people to be their king, it is quite ſuperfluous to aſk

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.[6]

K. Lew. Then further,—all diſſembling ſet aſide,
'Tell me for truth the meaſure of his love
'Unto our ſiſter Bona.

War. Such it ſeems,
As may beſeem a monarch like himſelf.
Myſelf have often heard him ſay, and ſwear,—
That this his love was an eternal plant;[7]
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's ſun;

whether he is popular or no.—Edward was in fact *choſen* king, both by the parliament and by a large body of the people aſſembled in St. John's fields. See Fabian, who wrote about fifty years after the time, p. 472, and Stowe, p. 688, edit. 1605. Malone.

I do not perceive the impropriety of the King's queſtion, or the cogency of the remark founded on it. Is it impoſſible that a king, elected by his people, ſhould ſoon afterwards become unpopular? Steevens.

[6] —— *that Henry was unfortunate.*] He means, that Henry was unſucceſsful in war, having loſt his dominions in France, &c. Malone.

[7] *That this his love was an* eternal *plant;*] The old quarto reads rightly *eternal*; alluding to the plants of Paradiſe. Warburton.

In the language of Shakſpeare's time, by an *eternal* plant was meant what we now call a *perennial* one. Steevens.

The folio reads—an *external* plant; but as that word ſeems to afford no meaning, and as Shakſpeare has adopted every other part of this ſpeech as he found it in the old play, without alteration, I ſuppoſe *external* was a miſtake of the tranſcriber or printer, and have therefore followed the reading of the quarto. Malone.

Exempt from envy, but not from diſdain,[8]
Unleſs the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, ſiſter, let us hear your firm reſolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, ſhall be mine :—
Yet I confeſs, [*To* War.] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's deſert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to deſire.

* *K. Lew.* Then, Warwick, thus,—Our ſiſter ſhall be Edward's ;
* And now forthwith ſhall articles be drawn
* Touching the jointure that your king muſt make,
* Which with her dowry ſhall be counterpois'd :—
Draw near, queen Margaret ; and be a witneſs,
That Bona ſhall be wife to the Engliſh king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the Engliſh king.

* *Q. Mar.* Deceitful Warwick ! it was thy device
* By this alliance to make void my ſuit ;
* Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

* *K. Lew.* And ſtill is friend to him and Margaret :
* But if your title to the crown be weak,—

[8] *Exempt from envy, but not from diſdain,*] Envy is always ſuppoſed to have ſome faſcinating or blaſting power ; and to be out of the reach of envy is therefore a privilege belonging only to great excellence. I know not well why *envy* is mentioned here, or whoſe *envy* can be meant ; but the meaning is, that his love is ſuperior to *envy*, and can feel no blaſt from the lady's *diſdain*. Or that, if Bona refuſe to *quit* or *requite* his pain, his love may turn to *diſdain*, though the conſciouſneſs of his own merit will exempt him from the pangs of *envy*. Johnson.

I believe *envy* is in this place, as in many others, put for *malice* or *hatred*. His ſituation places him above theſe, though it cannot ſecure him from female diſdain. Steevens.

* As may appear by Edward's good ſucceſs,—
* Then 'tis but reaſon, that I be releas'd
* From giving aid, which late I promiſed.
* Yet ſhall you have all kindneſs at my hand,
* That your eſtate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his eaſe;
Where having nothing, nothing he can loſe.
And as for you yourſelf, our *quondam* queen,—
You have a father able[9] to maintain you;
And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.

* *Q. Mar.* Peace, impudent and ſhameleſs Warwick, peace;[1]
* Proud ſetter-up and puller-down of kings![2]
* I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
* Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
* Thy ſly conveyance,[3] and thy lord's falſe love;
* For both of you are birds of ſelf-ſame feather.

[*A Horn ſounded within.*

K. Lew. Warwick, this is ſome poſt to us, or thee.

[9] *You have a father able*—] This ſeems ironical. The poverty of Margaret's father is a very frequent topick of reproach. Johnson.

[1] *Peace, impudent and ſhameleſs Warwick,* peace;] The word *peace,* at the end of this line, is wanting in the firſt folio, but is ſupplied by the ſecond. Steevens.

[2] *Proud ſetter-up and puller-down of kings!*] The Queen here applies to Warwick, the very words that Edward, p. 76, addreſſes to the Deity. M. Mason.

See p. 76, n. 7. The repetition has been already accounted for, in p. 102, n. 2, &c. Malone.

[3] *Thy ſly conveyance,*] Conveyance is *juggling,* and thence is taken for artifice and fraud. Johnson.

So, in *King Richard II:*

" —— *conveyers* are you all,
" That riſe thus nimbly by a true king's fall."

Steevens.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Mess. My lord ambaſſador, theſe letters are for you;
Sent from your brother, marquis Montague.
Theſe from our king unto your majeſty.—
And, madam, theſe for you; from whom, I know not.

[*To* Margaret. *They all read their Letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and miſtreſs
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis ſtamps as he were nettled:
* I hope, all's for the beſt.

' *K. Lew.* Warwick, what are thy news? and yours, fair queen?

' *Q. Mar.* Mine, ſuch as fill my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of ſorrow and heart's diſcontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the lady Grey?
' And now, to ſooth your forgery and his,[4]
' Sends me a paper to perſuade me patience?
' Is this the alliance that he ſeeks with France?
' Dare he preſume to ſcorn us in this manner?

* *Q. Mar.* I told your majeſty as much before:
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honeſty.

War. King Lewis, I here proteſt,—in ſight of heaven,

[4] —— *too* ſooth *your forgery and his,*] To ſoften it, to make it more endurable: or perhaps, to ſooth us, and to prevent our being exaſperated by your forgery and his. Malone.

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliſs,—
That I am clear from this miſdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he diſhonours me;
But moſt himſelf, if he could ſee his ſhame.—
Did I forget, that by the houſe of York
My father came untimely to his death?[5]
Did I let paſs the abuſe done to my niece?[6]
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right;[7]
' And am I guerdon'd[8] at the laſt with ſhame?
* Shame on himſelf! for my deſert is honour.
* And, to repair my honour loſt for him,

[5] *Did I forget, that by the houſe of York*
My father came untimely to his death?] Warwick's father came untimely to his death, being taken at the battle of Wakefield, and beheaded at Pomfret. But the author of the old play imagined he fell at the action at Ferry-bridge, and has in a former ſcene, to which this line refers, (See p. 74, n. 3,) deſcribed his death as happening at that place. Shakſpeare very properly rejected that deſcription of the death of the Earl of Saliſbury, of whoſe death no mention is made in this play, as it now ſtands; yet he has inadvertently retained this line which alludes to a preceding deſcription that he had ſtruck out, and this is another proof of his falling into inconſiſtencies, by ſometimes following, and ſometimes deſerting, his original. MALONE.

[6] *Did I let paſs the abuſe done to my niece?*] Thus Holinſhed, p. 668: "King Edward did attempt a thing once in the earles houſe, which was much againſt the earles honeſtie (whether he would have defloured his daughter or his *niece*, the certaintie was not for both their honours revealed,) for ſurely ſuch a thing was attempted by king Edward." STEEVENS.

[7] *Did I put Henry from his native right*; &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos read:

"And thruſt king Henry from his native home?
"And (moſt ungrateful) doth he uſe me thus?"

STEEVENS.

[8] ——*guerdon'd*—] i. e. rewarded. So, in P. II. of this play:

"See you well *guerdon'd* for theſe good deſerts."

STEEVENS.

* I here renounce him, and return to Henry:
' My noble queen, let former grudges paſs,
And henceforth I am thy true ſervitor;
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former ſtate.

' *Q. Mar.* Warwick, theſe words have turn'd my hate to love;
' And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
' And joy that thou becom'ſt king Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That, if king Lewis vouchſafe to furniſh us
With ſome few bands of choſen ſoldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coaſt,
And force the tyrant from his ſeat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride ſhall ſuccour him:
* And as for Clarence,—as my letters tell me,
* He's very likely now to fall from him;
* For matching more for wanton luſt than honour,
* Or then for ſtrength and ſafety of our country.

* *Bona.* Dear brother, how ſhall Bona be reveng'd,
* But by thy help to this diſtreſſed queen?

* *Q. Mar.* Renowned prince, how ſhall poor Henry live,
* Unleſs thou reſcue him from foul deſpair?

* *Bona.* My quarrel, and this Engliſh's queen's, are one.

* *War.* And mine, fair lady Bona, joins with yours.

* *K. Lew.* And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at laſt, I firmly am reſolv'd,
You ſhall have aid.

* *Q. Mar.* Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then England's meſſenger, return in poſt;

And tell falſe Edward, thy ſuppoſed king,—
That Lewis of France is ſending over maſkers,
To revel it with him and his new bride:
* Thou ſeeſt what's paſt, go fear thy king[9] withal.

Bona. Tell him, In hope he'll prove a widower ſhortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his ſake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, My mourning weeds are laid aſide,
And I am ready to put armour on.[1]

War. Tell him from me, That he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
There's thy reward;[2] be gone. [*Exit* Meſſ.

K. Lew. But, Warwick, thou,
And Oxford, with five thouſand men,
Shall croſs the ſeas, and bid falſe Edward battle:[3]

[9] —— *go* fear *thy king*—] That is, *fright* thy king. Johnson. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"The people *fear* me" &c. Steevens.

[1] —— *to put armour on.*] It was once no unuſual thing for queens themſelves to appear in armour at the head of their forces. The ſuit which Elizabeth wore, when ſhe rode through the lines at Tilbury to encourage the troops, on the approach of the armada, may be ſtill ſeen in the Tower. Steevens.

[2] —— *thy reward*;] Here we are to ſuppoſe that, according to ancient cuſtom, Warwick makes a preſent to the Herald or Meſſenger, whom the original copies call—a *Poſt*. See Vol. XII. p. 405, n. 8. Steevens.

[3] —— *and* bid *falſe Edward battle*:] This phraſe is common to many of our ancient writers. So, in *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, a dramatick performance, 1587:

* And, as occaſion ſerves, this noble queen
* And prince ſhall follow with a freſh ſupply.
' Yet, ere thou go, but anſwer me one doubt ;—
' What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty ?

War. This ſhall aſſure my conſtant loyalty :—
That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldeſt daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith[4] in holy wedlock bands.

" ——— my fleſh abhors
" To *bid the battle* to my proper blood." Steevens.

[4] *I'll join mine* eldeſt *daughter, and my joy,*
To him forthwith —] Surely this is a miſtake of the copyiſts. Hall, in the ninth year of King Edward IV. ſays : " Edward prince of Wales wedded Anne *ſecond* daughter to the earl of Warwick." And the Duke of Clarence was in love with the *elder,* the Lady Iſabel ; and in reality was married to her five years before Prince Edward took the Lady Anne to wife. And, in *King Richard the Third,* Gloſter, who married this Lady Anne when a widow, ſays :

" For then I'll marry Warwick's *youngeſt* daughter.
" What though I kill'd her huſband and her father ?"

i. e. Prince Edward, and King Henry VI. her father-in-law. See likewiſe Holinſhed, in his *Chronicle,* p. 671 and 674.
Theobald.

This is a departure from the truth of hiſtory, for Edward Prince of Wales (as Mr. Theobald has obſerved,) was married to Anne, *ſecond* daughter of the Earl of Warwick.

But notwithſtanding this, his reading [*youngeſt* daughter] has, I think, been improperly adopted by the ſubſequent editors ; for though in fact the Duke of Clarence married Iſabella, the *eldeſt* daughter of Warwick, in 1468, and Edward Prince of Wales married Anne, his *ſecond* daughter, in 1470 ; *neither* of his daughters was married at the time when Warwick was in France negociating a marriage between Lady Bona and his King : ſo that there is no inconſiſtency in the preſent propoſal. Suppoſing, however, that the original author of this play made a miſtake, and imagined that the *youngeſt* daughter of Warwick was mar-

' *Q. Mar.* Yes, I agree,[5] and thank you for your motion :—
' Son Edward, ſhe is fair and virtuous,
' Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
' And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
' That only Warwick's daughter ſhall be thine.

* *Prince.* Yes, I accept her, for ſhe well deſerves it;
* And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.
[*He gives his hand to* Warwick.

' *K. Lew.* Why ſtay we now? Theſe ſoldiers ſhall be levied,
' And thou, lord Bourbon,[6] our high admiral,

ried to Clarence, I apprehend he, and not his editor, ought to anſwer for it.

This is one of the numerous circumſtances which prove that Shakſpeare was not the *original* author of this play; for though here, as in a former paſſage, (p. 112, n. 4.) he has followed the old drama, when he afterwards wrote his *King Richard III.* and found it neceſſary to conſult the ancient hiſtorians, he repreſented Lady Anne, as ſhe in fact was, the widow of Edward, Prince of Wales, and the *youngeſt* daughter of the Earl of Warwick. Malone.

Is it improbable then that Shakſpeare ſhould have become more accurate as he grew older? Might he not, previous to the compoſition of a later play, have furniſhed himſelf with that knowledge of hiſtory which was wanting in his dramatick performance of an earlier date? Steevens.

[5] *Yes, I agree,* &c.] Inſtead of this ſpeech, the quarto has only the following:

" With all my heart; I like this match full well.
" Love her, ſon Edward; ſhe is fair and young;
" And give thy hand to Warwick, for his love."

Steevens.

[6] *And thou, lord Bourbon,* &c.] Inſtead of this and the three following lines, we have theſe in the old play:

" And *you,* lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
" Shall waft them *ſafely to the Engliſh coaſts*;

'Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—
'I long, till Edward fall by war's miſchance,
'For mocking marriage with a dame of France.
[*Exeunt all but* WARWICK.

War. I came from Edward as embaſſador,
But I return his ſworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war ſhall anſwer his demand.
Had he none elſe to make a ſtale,[7] but me?
Then none but I ſhall turn his jeſt to ſorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity Henry's miſery,
But ſeek revenge on Edward's mockery. [*Exit.*

" *And chaſe proud* Edward *from his ſlumb'ring trance,*
" For mocking marriage with *the name* of France."
MALONE.

[7] —— *to make a* ſtale,] i. e. *ſtalking-horſe, pretence.* So, in *The Comedy of Errors:*

" —— poor I am but his *ſtale.*"

See Act II. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, MONTAGUE, *and Others.*

ᶜ *Glo.* Now tell me, brother Clarence,[8] what think you
ᶜ Of this new marriage with the lady Grey?
* Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

* *Clar.* Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France;
* How could he ſtay till Warwick made return?

* *Som.* My lords, forbear this talk; here comes the king.

[8] *Now tell me, brother Clarence,*] In the old play the King enters here along with his brothers, not after them, and opens the ſcene thus:

" *Edw.* Brothers of Clarence and of Gloceſter,
" What think you of our marriage with the lady Grey?
" *Glo.* My lord, we think as Warwick and Lewis,
" That are ſo ſlack in judgment that they'll take
" No offence at this ſudden marriage.
" *Edw.* Suppoſe they do, they are but Lewis and Warwick;
" And I am your king and Warwick's; and will be
" Obey'd.
" *Glo.* And ſhall, becauſe you are our king;
" But yet ſuch ſudden marriages ſeldom proveth well.
" *Edw.* Yea, brother Richard, are you againſt us too?"

MALONE.

Flouriſh. Enter King EDWARD, *attended*; *Lady* GREY, *as Queen*; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, HASTINGS, *and Others.*[9]

* *GLO.* And his well-choſen bride.

* *CLAR.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

' *K. EDW.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
' That you ſtand penſive, as half malcontent?

' *CLAR.* As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;
' Which are ſo weak of courage, and in judgment,
' That they'll take no offence at our abuſe.

' *K. EDW.* Suppoſe, they take offence without a cauſe,
' They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
' Your king and Warwick's, and muſt have my will.

' *GLO.* And you ſhall have your will, becauſe our king:
' Yet haſty marriage ſeldom proveth well.

K. EDW. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?[1]

' *GLO.* Not I:
' No; God forbid, that I ſhould wiſh them ſever'd
' Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,
To ſunder them that yoke ſo well together.

[9] The ſtage direction in the folio, [*Four ſtand on one ſide, and four on the other.*] is ſufficient proof that the play, as exhibited there, was printed from a ſtage copy. I ſuppoſe theſe *eight* important perſonages were attendants. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *are you offended too?*] So the folio. The quartos: "—— are you *againſt us* too?" STEEVENS.

' *K. Edw.* Setting your ſcorns, and your miſlike, aſide,
' Tell me ſome reaſon, why the lady Grey
' Should not become my wife, and England's queen :—
' And you too, Somerſet,[2] and Montague,
' Speak freely what you think.

' *Clar.* Then this is my opinion,[3]—that king Lewis
' Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
' About the marriage of the lady Bona.

' *Glo.* And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
' Is now diſhonoured by this new marriage.

' *K. Edw.* What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,
' By ſuch invention as I can deviſe ?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in ſuch alliance,
Would more have ſtrengthen'd this our commonwealth
' Gainſt foreign ſtorms, than any home-bred marriage.

' *Hast.* Why, knows not Montague, that of itſelf

[2] *And you too,* Somerſet, &c.] In the old play Somerſet does not appear in this ſcene. Malone.

[3] Clar. *Then this is my opinion,*—&c.] Inſtead of this and the following ſpeech, the quartos read thus :

" *Clar.* My lord, then this is my opinion ;
" That Warwick, being diſhonour'd in his embaſſage,
" Doth ſeek revenge, to quit his injuries.
" *Glo.* And Lewis, in regard of his ſiſter's wrongs,
" Doth join with Warwick to ſupplant your ſtate."

Steevens.

‘ England is safe, if true within itself?[4]

* *Mont.* Yes; but the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.[5]

* *Hast.* 'Tis better using France, than trusting France:
* Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,[6]
* Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
* And with their helps only defend ourselves;
* In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves
‘ To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.

‘ *K. Edw.* Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;

[4] *Why, knows not Montague, that of itself*
England is safe, if true within itself?] In the old play these lines stand thus:

" Let England be true within itself,
" We need not France nor any alliance with them."

It is observable that the first of these lines occurs in the old play of *King John*, 1591, from which our author borrowed it, and inserted it with a slight change in his own play with the same title. Malone.

The original of this sentiment is probably to be found in Dr. Andrew Borde's *Fyrst Boke of the Introduction of Knowledge*, bl. l. printed for Copland, Sign. A 4.

See Vol. X. p. 535. Neither the lapse of two centuries, nor any circumstance which has occurred during that eventful period, has in any degree shook the credit of this observation, or impaired the confidence of the publick in the truth of it. " England is and will be still safe, if true within itself." Reed.

[5] Yes; *but the safer*, &c.] Thus the second folio. *Yes*, in the first, is omitted. Steevens.

[6] —— *with the seas*,] This has been the advice of every man who in any age understood and favoured the interest of England. Johnson.

* And, for this once, my will ſhall ſtand for law.

' *Glo.* And yet, methinks,[7] your grace hath not done well,
' To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
' Unto the brother of your loving bride;
' She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:
' But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

' *Clar.* Or elſe you would not have beſtow'd the heir[8]
' Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's ſon,
' And leave your brothers to go ſpeed elſewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,
' That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

' *Clar.* In chooſing for yourſelf, you ſhow'd your judgment;
' Which being ſhallow, you ſhall give me leave
' To play the broker in mine own behalf;
' And, to that end, I ſhortly mind to leave you.

' *K. Edw.* Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
' And not be tied unto his brother's will.

' *Q. Eliz.* My lords, before it pleas'd his majeſty

[7] *And yet, methinks,* &c.] The quartos vary from the folio, as follows:

" *Cla.* Ay, and for ſuch a thing too, the lord Scales
" Did well deſerve at your hands, to have the
" Daughter of the lord Bonfield, and left your
" Brothers to go ſeek elſewhere; but in your madneſs
" You bury brotherhood." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*you would not have beſtow'd the heir*——] It muſt be remembered, that till the Reſtoration, the heireſſes of great eſtates were in the wardſhip of the King, who in their minority gave them up to plunder, and afterwards matched them to his favourites. I know not when liberty gained more than by the abolition of the court of wards. JOHNSON.

‘ To raiſe my ſtate to title of a queen,
‘ Do me but right, and you muſt all confeſs
‘ That I was not ignoble of deſcent,[9]
* And meaner than myſelf have had like fortune.
* But as this title honours me and mine,
* So your diſlikes, to whom I would be pleaſing,
* Do cloud my joys with danger and with ſorrow.

‘ *K. Edw.* My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:[1]
‘ What danger, or what ſorrow can befall thee,
‘ So long as Edward is thy conſtant friend,
‘ And their true ſovereign, whom they muſt obey?
‘ Nay, whom they ſhall obey, and love thee too,
‘ Unleſs they ſeek for hatred at my hands:
‘ Which if they do, yet will I keep thee ſafe,
‘ And they ſhall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

* *Glo.* I hear, yet ſay not much, but think the more. [*Aſide.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

‘ *K. Edw.* Now, meſſenger, what letters, or what news,
From France?

[9] ——*I was not ignoble of deſcent,*] Her father was Sir Richard Widville, Knight, afterwards Earl of Rivers; her mother, Jaqueline, Ducheſs Dowager of Bedford, who was daughter to Peter of Luxemburgh, Earl of Saint Paul, and widow of John Duke of Bedford, brother to King Henry V. Malone.

[1] *My love, forbear* &c.] Inſtead of this and the following ſpeech, the old play has only theſe lines:

“ *Edw.* Forbear, my love, to fawne upon their frowns,
“ For thee they muſt obey, nay, ſhall obey,
“ And if they look for favour at my hands.
“ *Mont.* My lord, here is the meſſenger return'd from Fraunce.” Malone.

'*Mess.* My ſovereign liege, no letters; and few words,
'But ſuch as I, without your ſpecial pardon,
Dare not relate.

'*K. Edw.* Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
'Tell me their words as near as thou canſt gueſs them.
'What anſwer makes king Lewis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart, theſe were his very words;
Go tell falſe Edward, thy ſuppoſed king,—
That Lewis of France is ſending over maſkers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. Edw. Is Lewis ſo brave? belike, he thinks me Henry.
'But what ſaid lady Bona to my marriage?[2]

Mess. Theſe were her words, utter'd with mild diſdain;
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower ſhortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his ſake.

K. Edw. I blame not her, ſhe could ſay little leſs;
'She had the wrong. But what ſaid Henry's queen?
'For I have heard, that ſhe was there in place.[3]

Mess. *Tell him,* quoth ſhe, *my mourning weeds are done,*[4]
And I am ready to put armour on.

[2] —— *to my marriage?*] The quartos read—
" ———— to theſe wrongs." Steevens.

[3] ——*ſhe was there* in place.] This expreſſion, ſignifying, ſhe was there *preſent,* occurs frequently in old Engliſh writers. Malone.

En place, a Galliciſm. Steevens.

[4] —— *are* done,] i. e. are conſumed, thrown off. The word

'*K. Edw.* Belike, ſhe minds to play the Amazon.
But what ſaid Warwick to theſe injuries?

'*Meſs.* He, more incens'd againſt your majeſty
' Than all the reſt, diſcharg'd me with theſe words;
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.

K. Edw. Ha! durſt the traitor breathe out ſo proud words?
' Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd:
' They ſhall have wars, and pay for their preſumption.
' But ſay, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Meſs. Ay, gracious ſovereign; they are ſo link'd in friendſhip,
' That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger.[5]
* Now, brother king, farewell, and ſit you faſt,
* For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter;
* That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage

is often uſed in this ſenſe by the writers of our author's age. So, in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

" And if poſſeſs'd, as ſoon decay'd and *done*
" As is the morning's ſilver-melting dew." Malone.

[5] *Belike, the* elder; *Clarence will have the* younger.] I have ventured to make *elder* and *younger* change places in this line againſt the authority of all the printed copies. The reaſon of it will be obvious. Theobald.

Clarence having in fact married Iſabella, the *elder* daughter of Warwick, Mr. Theobald made *elder* and *younger* change places in this line; in which he has been followed, I think, improperly, by the ſubſequent editors: The author of the old play, where this line is found, might from ignorance or intentionally have deviated from hiſtory, in his account of the perſon whom Clarence married. See a former note, p. 131, n. 4. Malone.

* I may not prove inferior to yourſelf.—
You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.[6]

[*Exit* CLARENCE, *and* SOMERSET *follows.*

* *Glo.* Not I:[7]
* My thoughts aim at a further matter; I
* Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown.

[*Aſide.*

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerſet both gone to Warwick!
* Yet am I arm'd againſt the worſt can happen;
* And haſte is needful in this deſperate caſe.—

[6] *You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.*] That Clarence ſhould make this ſpeech in the King's hearing is very improbable, yet I do not ſee how it can be palliated. The King never goes out, nor can Clarence be talking to a company apart, for he anſwers immediately to that which the Poſt ſays to the King. JOHNSON.

When the Earl of Eſſex attempted to raiſe a rebellion in the city, with a deſign, as was ſuppoſed, to ſtorm the Queen's palace, he ran about the ſtreets with his ſword drawn, crying out, "They that love me, follow me." STEEVENS.

Clarence certainly ſpeaks in the hearing of the King, who immediately after his brother has retired, exclaims, that he is gone to join with Warwick.

This line is in the old quarto play. One nearly reſembling it is likewiſe found in *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

"Myſelf will lead the way,
"And make a paſſage with my conquering ſword,
"Knee-deep in blood of theſe accurſed Moors;
"*And they that love my honour, follow me.*"

So alſo, in our author's *King Richard III:*

"The reſt that love me, riſe, and follow me."

MALONE.

[7] Glo. *Not I:*] After Clarence goes out, we have in the old play the following dialogue; part of which Shakſpeare rejected, and tranſpoſed the reſt:

"*Edw.* Clarence and Somerſet fled to Warwick!
"What ſay you, brother Richard, will you ſtand to us?" &c.

MALONE.

See note 9, in the following page. STEEVENS.

‘ Pembroke, and Stafford,[8] you in our behalf
‘ Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
‘ They are already, or quickly will be landed:
‘ Myſelf in perſon will ſtraight follow you.
[*Exeunt* PEMBROKE *and* STAFFORD.
‘ But, ere I go, Haſtings,—and Montague,—
‘ Reſolve my doubt. You twain, of all the reſt,
‘ Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance:
‘ Tell me, if you love Warwick more than me?
‘ If it be ſo, then both depart to him;
‘ I rather wiſh you foes, than hollow friends;
‘ But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
‘ Give me aſſurance with ſome friendly vow,
‘ That I may never have you in ſuſpect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true!

Hast. And Haſtings, as he favours Edward's cauſe!

‘ *K. Edw.* Now, brother Richard, will you ſtand by us?

Glo. Ay, in deſpite of all that ſhall withſtand you.[9]

[8] *Pembroke, and Stafford,* &c.] The quartos give the paſſage thus:

“ Pembroke, go raiſe an army preſently;
“ Pitch up my tent; for in the field this night
“ I mean to reſt; and, on the morrow morn,
“ I'll march to meet proud Warwick, ere he land
“ Thoſe ſtraggling troops which he hath got in France.
“ But ere I go, Montague and Haſtings, you
“ Of all the reſt are neareſt allied in blood
“ To Warwick; therefore tell me if you favour
“ Him more than me, or not; ſpeak truly, for
“ I had rather have you open enemies
“ Than hollow friends.” STEEVENS.

[9] *Ay, in deſpite of all that ſhall withſtand you.*] The quartos continue the ſpeech thus:

'*K. Hen.* Why ſo; then am I ſure of victory.
'Now therefore let us hence; and loſe no hour.
'Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Plain in Warwickſhire.

Enter Warwick *and* Oxford, *with* French *and other Forces.*

War. Truſt me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people by numbers ſwarm to us.

Enter Clarence *and* Somerset.

But, ſee, where Somerſet and Clarence come;—
Speak ſuddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick;
And welcome, Somerſet:—I hold it cowardice,
To reſt miſtruſtful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in ſign of love;
Elſe might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, Clarence;[1] my daughter ſhall be thine.

" Ay, my lord, in deſpight of all that ſhall withſtand you;
" For why hath nature made me halt downright
" But that I ſhould be valiant, and ſtand to it?
" For if I would, I cannot run away." Steevens.

[1] *But welcome, Clarence;*] Old copy, redundantly,—*ſweet* Clarence. Steevens.

And now what reſts, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being careleſsly encamp'd,
His ſoldiers lurking in the towns about,[2]
And but attended by a ſimple guard,
We may ſurprize and take him at our pleaſure?
Our ſcouts have found the adventure very eaſy:[3]
* That as Ulyſſes,[4] and ſtout Diomede,
* With ſleight and manhood ſtole to Rheſus' tents,
* And brought from thence the Thracian fatal ſteeds;[5]
* So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
* At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
* And ſeize himſelf; I ſay not—ſlaughter him,
* For I intend but only to ſurprize him.—
' You, that will follow me to this attempt,
' Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[*They all cry,* Henry!

[2] *His ſoldiers lurking in the* towns *about,*] Old copies—*town.* STEEVENS.

Dr. Thirlby adviſed the reading *towns* here; the guard in the ſcene immediately following ſays:

" —— but why commands the king,
" That his chief followers lodge in *towns* about him?"

THEOBALD.

[3] ——*very eaſy:*] Here the quartos conclude this ſpeech, adding only the following lines:

" Then cry king Henry with reſolved minds,
" And break we preſently into his tent." STEEVENS.

[4] *That as Ulyſſes,* &c.] See the tenth book of the *Iliad.* Theſe circumſtances, however, were acceſſible, without reference to Homer in the original. STEEVENS.

[5] —— the Thracian *fatal* ſteeds;] We are told by ſome of the writers on the Trojan ſtory, that the capture of theſe horſes was one of the neceſſary preliminaries to the fate of Troy. STEEVENS.

Why, then, let's on our way in ſilent ſort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George![6] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Edward's *Camp, near* Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, *to guard the King's Tent.*

* 1 *Watch.* Come on, my maſters, each man take his ſtand;
* The king, by this, is ſet him down to ſleep.
* 2 *Watch.* What, will he not to-bed?
* 1 *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a ſolemn vow
* Never to lie and take his natural reſt,
* Till Warwick, or himſelf, be quite ſuppreſs'd.
* 2 *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, ſhall be the day,
* If Warwick be ſo near as men report.
* 3 *Watch.* But ſay, I pray, what nobleman is that,
* That with the king here reſteth in his tent?
* 1 *Watch.* 'Tis the lord Haſtings, the king's chiefeſt friend.

[6] —— *and Saint George!*] After the two concluding lines of this ſcene, which in the old play are given not to Warwick but to Clarence, we there find the following ſpeeches, which Shakſpeare has introduced in a ſubſequent place:

" *War.* This is his tent; and ſee where his guard doth ſtand.
" Courage, my ſoldiers; now or never.
" But follow me now, and Edward ſhall be ours.
" *All.* A Warwick, a Warwick!" Malone.

* 3 *Watch.* O, is it ſo? But why commands the king,
* That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
* While he himſelf keepeth in the cold field?

* 2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, becauſe more dangerous.

* 3 *Watch.* Ay; but give me worſhip and quietneſs,
* I like it better than a dangerous honour.[7]
* If Warwick knew in what eſtate he ſtands,
* 'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

* 1 *Watch.* Unleſs our halberds did ſhut up his paſſage.

* 2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore elſe guard we his royal tent,
* But to defend his perſon from night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, *and Forces.*

' *War.* This is his tent; and ſee, where ſtand his guard.
' Courage, my maſters: honour now, or never!
' But follow me, and Edward ſhall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?

* 2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou dieſt.

[Warwick, *and the reſt, cry all*—Warwick! Warwick! *and ſet upon the Guard; who fly, crying*—*Arm! Arm!* Warwick, *and the reſt, following them.*

[7] *I like it better than a dangerous honour,*] This honeſt Watchman's opinion coincides with that of Falſtaff. See Vol. XI. p. 406. Steevens.

The Drum beating, and Trumpets ſounding, Re-enter WARWICK, *and the reſt, bringing the* King *out in a Gown, ſitting in a Chair:* GLOSTER *and* HASTINGS *fly.*

ᶜ *Som.* What are they that fly there?

ᶜ *War.* Richard, and Haſtings: let them go, here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted laſt,[8]
Thou call'dſt me king?

War. Ay, but the caſe is alter'd:
ᶜ When you diſgrac'd me in my embaſſade,
ᶜ Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.[9]
Alas! how ſhould you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to uſe ambaſſadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to uſe your brothers brotherly;
* Nor how to ſtudy for the people's welfare;
Nor how to ſhrowd yourſelf from enemies?

* *K. Edw.* Yea, brother[1] of Clarence, art thou here too?

[8] ——*when we parted* laſt,] The word *laſt*, which is found in the old play, was inadvertently omitted in the folio. MALONE.

[9] *And come* now to create *you duke of York.*] Might we not read, with a ſlight alteration?
And come to new-create *you duke of York.* JOHNSON.

[1] *Yea, brother* &c.] In the old play this ſpeech conſiſts of only theſe two lines:
" Well, Warwick, let fortune do her worſt,
" Edward in mind will bear himſelf a king."
Henry has made the ſame declaration in a former ſcene. MALONE.

* Nay, then I ſee, that Edward needs muſt down.—
' Yet, Warwick, in deſpite of all miſchance,
' Of thee thyſelf, and all thy complices,
' Edward will always bear himſelf as king:
* Though fortune's malice overthrow my ſtate,
* My mind exceeds the compaſs of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:[2] [*Takes off his Crown.*
But Henry now ſhall wear the Engliſh crown,
* And be true king indeed; thou but the ſhadow.—
' My lord of Somerſet, at my requeſt,
' See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
' Unto my brother, archbiſhop of York.
' When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
' I'll follow you, and tell what anſwer
' Lewis, and the lady Bona, ſend to him:—
Now, for a while, farewell, good duke of York.

* *K. Edw.* What fates impoſe, that men muſt needs abide;
* It boots not to reſiſt both wind and tide.
[*Exit King* Edward, *led out*; Somerset *with him.*

* *Oxf.* What now remains,[3] my lords, for us to do,
* But march to London with our ſoldiers?

[2] *Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:*] That is, in his mind; as far as his own mind goes. M. Mason.

[3] *What now remains,* &c.] Inſtead of this and the following ſpeech, the quartos have:

" *Clar.* What follows now? all hitherto goes well.
" But we muſt diſpatch ſome letters into France,

War. Ay, that's the firſt thing that we have to do;
To free king Henry from impriſonment,
And ſee him ſeated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and* RIVERS.[4]

[4] *Riv.* Madam, what makes you in this ſudden change?

[4] "To tell the queen of our happy fortune;
"And bid her come with ſpeed to join with us.
"*War.* Ay, that's the firſt thing that we have to do,
"And free king Henry from impriſonment,
"And ſee him ſeated on the regal throne.
"Come, let's away; and, having paſt theſe cares,
"I'll poſt to York, and ſee how Edward fares."
STEEVENS.

[4] *Enter——Rivers.*] Throughout this ſcene the quartos vary in almoſt every ſpeech from the folio. The variations, however, are hardly ſuch as to deſerve notice. STEEVENS.

They are, however, ſo marked, as to prove deciſively, I think, that either Shakſpeare wrote two diſtinct pieces on this ſubject at different periods, or that the play as exhibited in the folio was his, and that in quarto the production of a preceding writer. Let the ſecond ſpeech of Rivers be read with this view:

"What loſſe? of ſome pitcht battaile againſt Warwicke?
"Tuſh, feare not, fair queene, but caſt theſe cares aſide,
"King Edward's noble mind his honour doth diſplay,
"And Warwick may loſe, though then he got the day."

See alſo the ſpeech of Clarence quoted in the laſt note.
MALONE.

Would not this prove rather too much, as a ſimilar inference might be drawn from the two copies of *Romeo and Juliet*, in 1597 and 1599? STEEVENS.

' *Q. Eliz.* Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
' What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?
Riv. What, loſs of ſome pitch'd battle againſt Warwick?
' *Q. Eliz.* No, but the loſs of his own royal perſon.
' *Riv.* Then is my ſovereign ſlain?
' *Q. Eliz.* Ay, almoſt ſlain, for he is taken priſoner;
' Either betray'd by falſehood of his guard,
' Or by his foe ſurpriz'd at unawares:
' And, as I further have to underſtand,
' Is new committed to the biſhop of York,
' Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.
' *Riv.* Theſe news, I muſt confeſs, are full of grief:
' Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;
' Warwick may loſe, that now hath won the day.
* *Q. Eliz.* Till then, fair hope muſt hinder life's decay.
* And I the rather wean me from deſpair,
* For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
* This is it that makes me bridle paſſion,
* And bear with mildneſs my misfortune's croſs;
* Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
* And ſtop the riſing of blood-ſucking ſighs,
* Leſt with my ſighs or tears I blaſt or drown
' King Edward's fruit, true heir to the Engliſh crown.
* *Riv.* But, madam, where is Warwick then become?
' *Q. Eliz.* I am informed, that he comes towards London,

* To ſet the crown once more on Henry's head:
* Gueſs thou the reſt; king Edward's friends muſt down.
' But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
' (For truſt not him that hath once broken faith,)
' I'll hence forthwith unto the ſanctuary,
' To ſave at leaſt the heir of Edward's right;
' There ſhall I reſt ſecure from force, and fraud.
' Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
' If Warwick take us, we are ſure to die.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.[5]

A Park near Middleham[6] *Caſtle in* Yorkſhire.

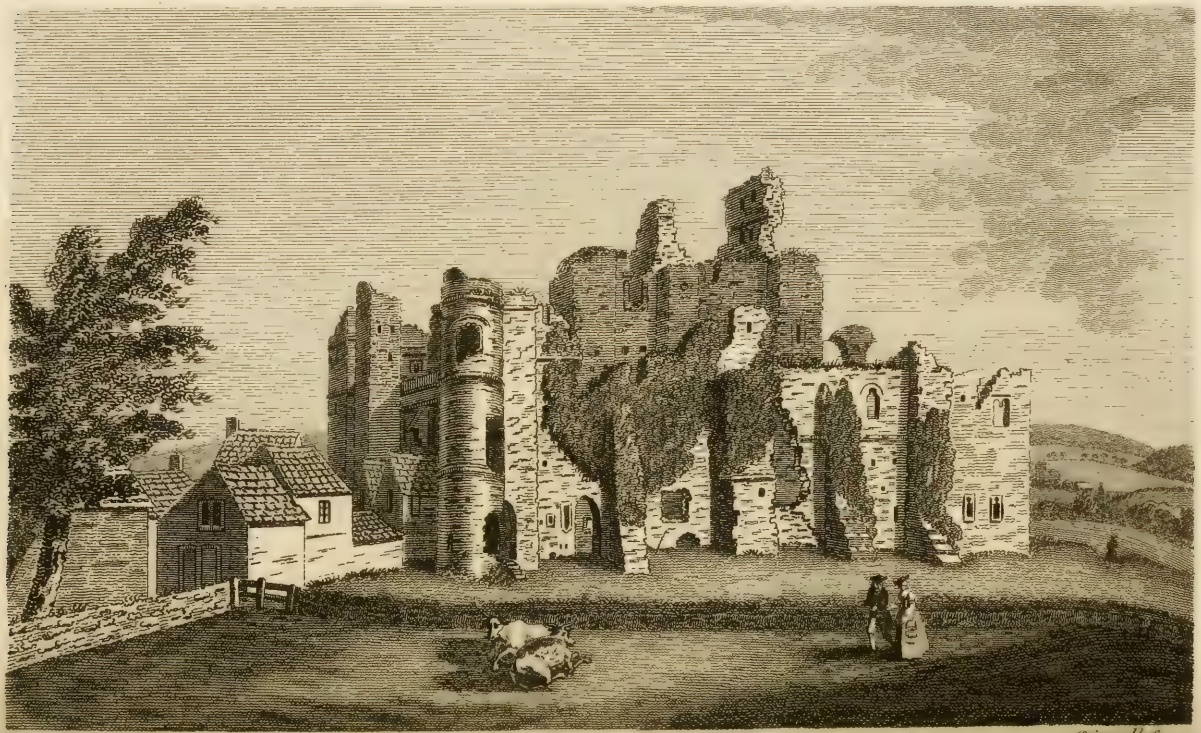
Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *Sir* WILLIAM STANLEY, *and Others.*

' *Glo.* Now, my lord Haſtings,[7] and ſir William Stanley,
' Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,

[5] *Scene V.*] In new forming theſe pieces Shakſpeare tranſpoſed not only many lines and ſpeeches, but ſome of the ſcenes. This ſcene in the original play precedes that which he has made the fourth ſcene of this Act. MALONE.

[6] *A Park near Middleham* —] Shakſpeare follows his authority Holinſhed, in the repreſentation here given of King Edward's capture and impriſonment. But honeſt Raphael misled him, as he himſelf was misled by his predeceſſor Hall. The whole is untrue: Edward was never in the hands of Warwick. RITSON.

[7] *Now, my lord Haſtings,* &c.] I ſhall inſert the ſpeech correſponding to this in the old play, as the compariſon will ſhow the reader in what manner Shakſpeare proceeded, where he



from an Original Drawing by Capt. Grosse. *Birrell Sc.*

MIDDLEHAM - CASTLE. YORKSHIRE.

HENRY. VI. PART THE III. - *Act III. Scene V.*

London Pub. Aprill 1.1790. by F. Harding No. 132 Fleet Street.

'Into this chiefeſt thicket of the park.
'Thus ſtands the caſe: You know, our king, my brother,
'Is priſoner to the biſhop here, at whoſe hands
'He hath good uſage and great liberty;
'And often, but attended with weak guard,
'Comes hunting this way to diſport himſelf.
'I have advértis'd him by ſecret means,
'That if about this hour, he make this way,
'Under the colour of his uſual game,
'He ſhall here find his friends, with horſe and men,
'To ſet him free from his captivity.

Enter King EDWARD, *and a* Huntſman.

'*Hunt.* This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

'*K. Edw.* Nay, this way, man; ſee, where the huntſmen ſtand.—
'Now, brother of Gloſter, lord Haſtings, and the reſt,
'Stand you thus cloſe, to ſteal the biſhop's deer?

merely retouched and expanded what he found in the elder drama, without the addition of any new matter:

"*Glo.* Lord Haſtings and Sir William Stanley,
"Know that the cauſe I ſent for you is this.
"I look my brother with a ſlender train
"Should come a hunting in this foreſt here.
"The biſhop of York befriends him much,
"And lets him uſe his pleaſure in the chaſe.
"Now I have privily ſent him word
"How I am come with you to reſcue him;
"And ſee where the huntſman and he doth come."

MALONE.

'*Glo.* Brother, the time and caſe requireth haſte;
'Your horſe ſtands ready at the park corner.

'*K. Edw.* But whither ſhall we then?

'*Hast.* To Lynn, my lord; and ſhip[8] from thence to Flanders.

'*Glo.* Well gueſs'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

'*K. Edw.* Stanley, I will requite thy forwardneſs.

* *Glo.* But wherefore ſtay we? 'tis no time to talk.

'*K. Edw.* Huntſman, what ſay'ſt thou? wilt thou go along?

'*Hunt.* Better do ſo, than tarry and be hang'd.

* *Glo.* Come then, away; let's have no more ado.

'*K. Edw.* Biſhop, farewell: ſhield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repoſſeſs the crown.

[*Exeunt.*

[8] —— *and* ſhip —] The firſt folio has *ſhipt*. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

SCENE VI.

A Room in the Tower.

Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMERSET, *young* RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, Lieutenant *of the Tower, and* Attendants.

* *K. Hen.* Maſter lieutenant, now that God and friends
* Have ſhaken Edward from the regal ſeat;
* And turn'd my captive ſtate to liberty,
* My fear to hope, my ſorrows unto joys;
* At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

* *Lieu.* Subjects may challenge nothing of their ſovereigns;
* But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
* I then crave pardon of your majeſty.

* *K. Hen.* For what, lieutenant? for well uſing me?
* Nay, be thou ſure, I'll well requite thy kindneſs,
* For that it made my impriſonment a pleaſure:
* Ay, ſuch a pleaſure as incaged birds
* Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
* At laſt, by notes of houſehold harmony,
* They quite forget their loſs of liberty.—
* But, Warwick, after God, thou ſet'ſt me free,
* And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;
* He was the author, thou the inſtrument.
* Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's ſpite,
* By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
* And that the people of this bleſſed land

* May not be puniſh'd with my thwarting ſtars;
' Warwick, although my head ſtill wear the crown,
' I here reſign my government to thee,
' For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

* *War.* Your grace hath ſtill been fam'd for virtuous;
* And now may ſeem as wiſe as virtuous,
* By ſpying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,
* For few men rightly temper with the ſtars:[9]
* Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
* For chooſing me, when Clarence is in place.[1]

* *Clar.* No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the ſway,
* To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
* Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,
* As likely to be bleſt in peace, and war;
* And therefore I yield thee my free conſent.

* *War.* And I chooſe Clarence only for protector.

* *K. Hen.* Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands;
* Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your hearts,
* That no diſſention hinder government:
' I make you both protectors of this land;
' While I myſelf will lead a private life,
' And in devotion ſpend my latter days,
To ſin's rebuke, and my Creator's praiſe.

[9] ——*few men rightly* temper *with the ſtars:*] I ſuppoſe the meaning is, that few men conform their *temper* to their deſtiny; which King Henry did, when finding himſelf unfortunate he gave the management of publick affairs to more proſperous hands. Johnson.

[1] ——*in place.*] i. e. here preſent. See p. 140, n. 3. Steevens.

War. What anſwers Clarence to his ſovereign's will?

* *Clar.* That he conſents, if Warwick yield conſent;

* For on thy fortune I repoſe myſelf.

* *War.* Why then, though loath, yet muſt I be content:

* We'll yoke together, like a double ſhadow
* To Henry's body, and ſupply his place;
* I mean, in bearing weight of government,
* While he enjoys the honour, and his eaſe.
* And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
* Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
* And all his lands and goods be confiſcate.[2]

Clar. What elſe? and that ſucceſſion be determin'd.

* *War.* Ay, therein Clarence ſhall not want his part.

* *K. Hen.* But, with the firſt of all your chief affairs,

* Let me entreat, (for I command no more,)
* That Margaret your queen, and my ſon Edward,
* Be ſent for, to return from France with ſpeed:
* For, till I ſee them here, by doubtful fear
* My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

[2] *And all his lands and goods* be *confiſcate.*] For the inſertion of the word *be*, which the defect of the metre proves to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, I am anſwerable. Malone.

Mr. Malone's emendation is countenanced by the following paſſage in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"Leſt that thy goods too ſoon *be confiſcate.*"

The ſecond folio, however, reads—confiſcate*d*; and perhaps this reading is preferable, becauſe it excludes the diſagreeable repetition of the auxiliary verb—*be.* Steevens.

Clar. It ſhall be done, my ſovereign, with all ſpeed.

' *K. Hen.* My lord of Somerſet, what youth is that,

' Of whom you ſeem to have ſo tender care?

' *Som.* My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

' *K. Hen.* Come hither, England's hope: If ſecret powers

[*Lays his Hand on his Head.*

' Suggeſt but truth to my divining thoughts,

' This pretty lad[3] will prove our country's bliſs.

[3] *This pretty lad*—] He was afterwards Henry VII. a man who put an end to the civil war of the two houſes, but no otherwiſe remarkable for virtue. Shakſpeare knew his trade. Henry VII. was grandfather to Queen Elizabeth, and the King from whom James inherited. Johnson.

Shakſpeare only copied this particular, together with many others, from Holinſhed:—" whom when the king had a good while beheld, he ſaid to ſuch princes as were with him: Lo, ſurelie this is he, to whom both we and our adverſaries, leaving the poſſeſſion of all things, ſhall hereafter give roome and place." P. 678.

This pretty lad will prove our country's bliſs.] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

" Thou, pretty boy, ſhalt prove this country's bliſs."

Steevens.

Holinſhed tranſcribed this paſſage almoſt *verbatim* from Hall, whom the author of the old play, as I conceive, copied. This ſpeech originally ſtood thus:

" Come hither, pretty lad. - If heavenly powers
" Do aim aright, to my divining ſoul,
" Thou, pretty boy, ſhalt prove this country's bliſs;
" Thy head is made to wear a princely crown;
" Thy looks are all replete with majeſty:
" Make much of him, my lords," &c.

Henry Earl of Richmond was the ſon of Edmond Earl of Richmond, and Margaret, daughter to John the firſt Duke of Somerſet. Edmond Earl of Richmond was half-brother to King Henry the Sixth, being the ſon of that King's mother Queen

‘ His looks are full of peaceful majeſty;
‘ His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
‘ His hand to wield a ſcepter; and himſelf
‘ Likely, in time, to bleſs a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he,
‘ Muſt help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Meſſenger.

* *War.* What news, my friend?

* *Mess.* That Edward is eſcaped from your brother,

* And fled, as he hears ſince, to Burgundy.

* *War.* Unſavoury news: But how made he eſcape?

* *Mess.* He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloſter,

* And the lord Haſtings, who attended him [4]
* In ſecret ambuſh on the foreſt ſide,
* And from the biſhop's huntſmen reſcued him;
* For hunting was his daily exerciſe.

* *War.* My brother was too careleſs of his charge.—

Catharine, by her ſecond huſband Owen Teuther or Tudor, who was taken priſoner at the battle of Mortimer's Croſs, and ſoon afterwards beheaded at Hereford.

Henry the Seventh, to ſhow his gratitude to Henry the Sixth for this early preſage in his favour, ſolicited Pope Julius to canonize him as a ſaint; but either Henry would not pay the money demanded, or, as Bacon ſuppoſes, the Pope refuſed, leſt "as Henry was reputed in the world abroad but for a ſimple man, the eſtimation of that kind of honour might be diminiſhed, if there were not a diſtance kept between *innocents* and ſaints."

MALONE.

[4] ——attended *him*—] i. e. waited for him. So, in *Coriolanus:*

"I am *attended* at the cypreſs grove." STEEVENS.

* But let us hence, my ſovereign, to provide
* A ſalve for any ſore that may betide.

[*Exeunt King* HENRY, WAR. CLAR. Lieut. *and Attendants.*

* *SOM.* My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's:
* For, doubtleſs, Burgundy will yield him help;
* And we ſhall have more wars, before't be long.
* As Henry's late preſaging prophecy
* Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond;
* So doth my heart miſgive me, in theſe conflicts
* What may befall him, to his harm, and ours:
* Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worſt,
* Forthwith we'll ſend him hence to Britany,
* Till ſtorms be paſt of civil enmity.

* *OXF.* Ay; for, if Edward repoſſeſs the crown,
* 'Tis like, that Richmond with the reſt ſhall down.

* *SOM.* It ſhall be ſo; he ſhall to Britany.
* Come therefore, let's about it ſpeedily.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.[5]

Before York.

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and Forces.*

[6] *K. EDW.* Now, brother Richard,[6] lord [7] Haſtings, and the reſt;

[5] *Scene VII.*] This ſcene in the old play precedes that which Shakſpeare has made the ſixth of the preſent Act. MALONE.

[6] *Now, brother Richard,* &c.] Inſtead of this and the three following ſpeeches, the quartos read only:

‘ Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
‘ And ſays—that once more I ſhall interchange
‘ My waned ſtate for Henry's regal crown.
‘ Well have we paſs'd, and now repaſs'd the ſeas,
‘ And brought deſired help from Burgundy:
‘ What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
‘ From Ravenſpurg haven before the gates of York,[8]
‘ But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

“ *Enter Edward and Richard, with a troop of Hollanders.*
“ *Edw.* Thus far from Belgia have we paſt the ſeas,
“ And march'd from Raunſpur-haven unto York:
“ But ſoft! the gates are ſhut; I like not this.
“ *Rich.* Sound up the drum, and call them to the walls.”
STEEVENS.

[7] ——*lord*—] Mr. M. Maſon recommends the omiſſion of this word. REED.

—— lord *Haſtings, and the reſt*;] “ Leave out the word *lord*,” ſays one of our author's commentators. If we do not cloſely attend to his phraſeology and metre, and ſhould think ourſelves at liberty to ſubſtitute modern phraſeology and modern metre, almoſt every line in his plays might be altered.—*Brother*, like many ſimilar words, (*rather, whether, either*, &c.) is here uſed by Shakſpeare, as a monoſyllable, and the metre was to his ear perfect. MALONE.

That there is a marked diſcrimination between ancient and modern phraſeology, no man will deny; but, ſurely, ancient and modern five-foot verſes can have no correſponding difference. Where, in general, ſhall we find more perfect and harmonious metre than that of Shakſpeare? His irregular lines are therefore juſtly ſuſpected of having ſuffered from omiſſion or interpolation. —As to the latter part of Mr. Malone's note, in which *brother* is ſaid to be uſed as a monoſyllable,—*valeat quantum valere poteſt*. STEEVENS.

Malone ſays that *brother* is to be pronounced as one ſyllable; but that alone will not be ſufficient to complete the metre. We muſt alſo lay the accent on the laſt ſyllable of the word Rich*ard*, and the line muſt run thus:

“ Now *bro'r* Richárd, Lord Haſtings and the reſt.”

which would not be very harmonious. M. MASON.

[8] *From* Ravenſpugh *haven* b*efore the gates of York*,] We may infer from the old quarto (See note 6, in the preceding page,)

'*Glo.* The gates made faſt!—Brother, I like not this;
* For many men, that ſtumble at the threſhold,
* Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.

* *K. Edw.* Tuſh, man! abodements muſt not now affright us:
* By fair or foul means we muſt enter in,
* For hither will our friends repair to us.

* *Hast.* My liege, I'll knock once more, to ſummon them.

Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor *of* York, *and his Brethren.*

'*May.* My lords, we were forewarned of your coming,
' And ſhut the gates for ſafety of ourſelves;
' For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

' *K. Edw.* But, maſter mayor, if Henry be your king,
' Yet Edward, at the leaſt, is duke of York.

' *May.* True, my good lord; I know you for no leſs.

' *K. Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my dukedom;
* As being well content with that alone.

' *Glo.* But, when the fox hath once got in his noſe,
' He'll ſoon find means to make the body follow.
[*Aſide.*

that *Ravenſpurgh* was occaſionally pronounced as a diſſyllable—*Raunſpurgh*. This line will therefore become ſtrictly metrical, if we read (adopting an eliſion common to Shakſpeare:)

"From Ravenſpurgh haven 'fore the gates of York."

Steevens.

' *Hast.* Why, maſter mayor, why ſtand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

' *May.* Ay, ſay you ſo? the gates ſhall then be open'd. [*Exeunt from above.*

' *Glo.* A wiſe ſtout captain, and perſuaded ſoon![9]

* *Hast.* The good old man would fain that all were well,[1]
* So 'twere not 'long of him: but, being enter'd,
* I doubt not, I, but we ſhall ſoon perſuade
* Both him, and all his brothers, unto reaſon.

Re-enter the Mayor *and Two* Aldermen, *below.*

' *K. Edw.* So, maſter mayor: theſe gates muſt not be ſhut,
' But in the night, or in the time of war.
' What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys; [*Takes his Keys.*
' For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
' And all thoſe friends that deign to follow me.

Drum. Enter Montgomery, *and Forces, marching.*

Glo. Brother, this is ſir John Montgomery,
Our truſty friend, unleſs I be deceiv'd.

' *K. Edw.* Welcome, ſir John! But why come you in arms?

[9] ——*perſuaded* ſoon!] Old copy—*ſoon* perſuaded. This tranſpoſition, which requires no apology, was made by Sir T. Hanmer. Steevens.

[1] *The good old man would fain that all were well,*] The Mayor is willing we ſhould enter, ſo he may not be blamed. Johnson.

Mont. To help king Edward in his time of ſtorm,
As every loyal ſubject ought to do.

'*K. Edw.* Thanks, good Montgomery: But we now forget
'Our title to the crown; and only claim
'Our dukedom, till God pleaſe to ſend the reſt.

'*Mont.* Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to ſerve a king, and not a duke,—
'Drummer, ſtrike up, and let us march away.
[*A March begun.*

'*K. Edw.* Nay, ſtay, ſir John, a while; and we'll debate,
'By what ſafe means the crown may be recover'd.

'*Mont.* What talk you of debating? in few words,
'If you'll not here proclaim yourſelf our king,
'I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,
To keep them back that come to ſuccour you:
Why ſhould we fight, if you pretend no title?

'*Glo.* Why, brother, wherefore ſtand you on nice points?

* *K. Edw.* When we grow ſtronger, then we'll make our claim:
* Till then, 'tis wiſdom to conceal our meaning.

* *Haſt.* Away with ſcrupulous wit! now arms muſt rule.

* *Glo.* And fearleſs minds climb ſooneſt unto crowns.
* Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
* The bruit[2] thereof will bring you many friends.

[2] *The* bruit —] i. e. noiſe, report. So, in Preſton's *Cambiſes*:

* *K. Edw.* Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right,
* And Henry but uſurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my ſovereign ſpeaketh like himſelf;
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward ſhall be here proclaim'd:—
* Come, fellow-ſoldier, make thou proclamation.
[*Gives him a Paper. Flouriſh.*

Sold. [*Reads.*] *Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland,* &c.

Mont. And whoſoe'er gainſays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to ſingle fight.
[*Throws down his Gauntlet.*

All. Long live Edward the fourth!

' *K. Edw.* Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks unto you all.[3]

" ——whoſe manly acts do fly
" By *bruit* of fame."——
See Vol. X. p. 287, n. 1. Steevens.

This French word *bruit* was very early made a denizen of our language. Thus in the Bible: " Behold the noiſe of the *bruit* is come."—*Jeremiah*, x. 22. Whalley.

The word *bruit* is found in Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, and is defined " A reporte ſpread abroad." Malone.

[3] *Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks* unto you *all.*] Surely we ought to read:
" Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks to all."
Inſtead of this ſpeech, the quartos have only the following:
" *Edw.* We thank you all: lord mayor, lead on the way.
" For this night we will harbour here in York;
" And then as early as the morning ſun

‘ If fortune ſerve me, I'll requite this kindneſs.
‘ Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York:
‘ And, when the morning ſun ſhall raiſe his car
‘ Above the border of this horizon,
‘ We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;
‘ For, well I wot, that Henry is no ſoldier.—
* Ah, froward Clarence!—how evil it beſeems thee,
* To flatter Henry, and forſake thy brother!
* Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick.—
* Come on, brave ſoldiers; doubt not of the day;
* And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.[4]

London. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, *and* OXFORD.

WAR. What counſel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With haſty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,

" Lifts up his beams above this horizon,
" We'll march to London to meet with Warwick,
" And pull falſe Henry from the regal throne."
STEEVENS.

[4] *Scene VIII.*] This ſcene is, perhaps, the worſt contrived of any in theſe plays. Warwick has but juſt gone off the ſtage when Edward ſays:

" And towards Coventry bend we our courſe,
" Where peremptory Warwick now remains."
M. MASON.

This ſcene in the original play follows immediately after Henry's obſervation on young Richmond, which is in the ſixth ſcene of the preſent play. MALONE.

Hath paſs'd in ſafety through the narrow ſeas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London;
' And many giddy people flock to him.

* *Oxf.* Let's levy men, and beat him back again.[5]

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being ſuffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickſhire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Thoſe will I muſter up:—and thou, ſon Clarence,
' Shalt ſtir, in Suffolk,[6] Norfolk, and in Kent,

[5] *Let's levy men, and beat him back again.*] This line expreſſes a ſpirit of war ſo unſuitable to the character of Henry, that I would give the firſt cold ſpeech to the King, and the briſk anſwer to Warwick. This line is not in the old quarto; and when Henry ſaid nothing, the firſt ſpeech might be as properly given to Warwick as to any other. Johnson.

Every judicious reader muſt concur in Dr. Johnſon's opinion, as far as it relates to the ſecond of theſe two ſpeeches.

Steevens.

This line is given in the folio to the King, to whom it is ſo unſuitable, that I have no doubt it was merely a printer's error. I have not, however, aſſigned it to Warwick, and the preceding ſpeech to Henry, as Dr. Johnſon propoſes, becauſe it appears to me ſafer to take the old play as a guide; in which, as in Shakſpeare's piece, the firſt ſpeech is attributed to Warwick. The ſecond ſpeech is given to *Oxford*, and ſtands thus:

" *Oxf.* 'Tis beſt to look to this betimes;
" For if this fire do kindle any further
" It will be hard for us to quench it out."

Shakſpeare, in new-modelling this ſcene, probably divided this ſpeech between Oxford and Clarence, ſubſtituting the line before us in the room of the words—" 'Tis beſt to look to this betimes." I have therefore given this line to Oxford. It might with equal, or perhaps with more propriety, be aſſigned to Warwick's brother, Montague. Malone.

[6] *Shalt* ſtir, *in Suffolk*, &c.] The old copy—ſtir *up*. But the omiſſion of the adverb, which hurts the metre, is juſtified by the following paſſages in *King John*, &c.—

‘ The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—
‘ Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
‘ Northampton, and in Leiceſterſhire, ſhalt find
‘ Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'ſt:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordſhire ſhall muſter up thy friends.—
My ſovereign, with the loving citizens,—
* Like to his iſland, girt in with the ocean,
* Or modeſt Dian, circled with her nymphs,—
Shall reſt in London, till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and ſtand not to reply.—
Farewell, my ſovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.[7]

* *Clar.* In ſign of truth, I kiſs your highneſs' hand.

* *K. Hen.* Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

" I'll *ſtir* them to it:—Come, away, away!"
Again, *ibid:*
" An Até *ſtirring* him to war and ſtrife."
Again, in *King Lear:*
" If it be you that *ſtir* theſe daughters' hearts
" Againſt their father,—" Steevens.

[7] —— *my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.*] This line having probably made an impreſſion on our author, when he read over the old play, he has applied the very ſame expreſſion to the Duke of York, where his overthrow at Wakefield is deſcribed, and yet ſuffered the line to ſtand here as he found it:

" Environed he was with many foes,
" And ſtood againſt them, *as the hope of Troy*
" Againſt the Greeks."

The two latter lines, as the reader may find in p. 50, were new, no trace of them being *there* found in the old play. Many ſimilar repetitions may be obſerved in this *Third Part of King Henry VI.* from the ſame cauſe. Malone.

* *Mont.* Comfort, my lord;—and ſo I take my leave.

* *Oxf.* And thus [*Kiſſing* Henry's *hand.*] I ſeal my truth, and bid adieu.

* *K. Hen.* Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,

* And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, ſweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt* War. Clar. Oxf. *and* Mont.

* *K. Hen.* Here at the palace will I reſt a while.

* Couſin of Exeter, what thinks your lordſhip?

* Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,

* Should not be able to encounter mine.

* *Exe.* The doubt is, that he will ſeduce the reſt.

* *K. Hen.* That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame.[8]

* I have not ſtopp'd mine ears to their demands,

* Nor poſted off their ſuits with ſlow delays;

* My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,

* My mildneſs hath allay'd their ſwelling griefs,

* My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears:

[8] ——*my* meed *hath got me fame:*] *Meed* ſignifies reward. We ſhould read—my *deed*; i. e. my manners, conduct in the adminiſtration. Warburton.

This word ſignifies *merit*, both as a verb and a ſubſtantive: that it is uſed as a verb, is clear from the following fooliſh couplet which I remember to have read:

" Deem if I *meed*,
" Dear madam, *read.*"

A Specimen of Verſes that read the ſame way backward and forward. Sir J. Hawkins.

Meed here means *merit*, as it did in a former paſſage, [p. 49, n. 6.] when Edward ſays of himſelf and his brothers:

" Each one already blazing by our *meeds.*" M. Mason

* I have not been deſirous of their wealth,
* Nor much oppreſs'd them with great ſubſidies,
* Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd;
* Then why ſhould they love Edward more than me?
* No, Exeter, theſe graces challenge grace:
* And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
* The lamb will never ceaſe to follow him.

[*Shout within.* *A* Lancaſter![9] *A* Lancaſter!

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what ſhouts are theſe?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, *and Soldiers.*

ᶜ *K. Edw.* Sieze on the ſhame-fac'd Henry, bear him hence,
ᶜ And once again proclaim us king of England.—
* You are the fount, that makes ſmall brooks to flow;
* Now ſtops thy ſpring; my ſea ſhall ſuck them dry,
* And ſwell ſo much the higher by their ebb.—
ᶜ Hence with him to the Tower; let him not ſpeak.

[*Exeunt ſome with King* HENRY.

ᶜ And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our courſe,
ᶜ Where peremptory Warwick now remains:[1]

[9] *Shout within.* *A* Lancaſter!] Surely the ſhouts that uſhered King Edward ſhould be, A *York!* A *York!* I ſuppoſe the author did not write the marginal directions, and the players confounded the characters. JOHNSON.

We may ſuppoſe the ſhouts to have come from ſome of Henry's guard, on the appearance of Edward. MALONE.

[1] *And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our courſe,*
Where peremptory Warwick now remains:] Warwick, as Mr. M. Maſon has obſerved, [p 166, n. 4.] has but juſt left the ſtage, declaring his intention to go to Coventry. How then

ᶜ The ſun ſhines hot,[2] and, if we uſe delay,
ᶜ Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

* *Glo.* Away betimes, before his forces join,
* And take the great-grown traitor unawares:
* Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.
[*Exeunt.*

could Edward know of that intention? Our author was led into this impropriety by the old play, where alſo Edward ſays:

" And now towards Coventry let's bend our courſe,
" To meet with Warwick and his confederates."

Some of our old writers ſeem to have thought, that all the perſons of the drama muſt know whatever was known to the writers themſelves, or to the audience. MALONE.

[2] *The ſun ſhines hot,* &c.] Theſe lines are formed on two others which are found in the old play in a ſubſequent ſcene in the next Act, being ſpoken by Edward, after the battle of Barnet, and juſt before he ſets out for Tewkſbury.

" ——— Come, let us go;
" For if we ſlack this fair bright ſummers day,
" Sharp winters ſhowers will mar our *hope, for* haie."

I ſuſpect, *haie* was inadvertently written in the manuſcript inſtead of *aye*, and that Shakſpeare was thus led to introduce an idea different from that intended to be conveyed by the original author. MALONE.

The old reading is undoubtedly the true one; the alluſion, being to a well-known proverb—" Make *hay* while the ſun ſhines." See Ray's Collection, edit. 1768, p. 117. STEEVENS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Coventry.

Enter, upon the Walls, WARWICK, *the Mayor of* Coventry, *Two* Meſſengers, *and Others.*

War. Where is the poſt, that came from valiant Oxford?
How far hence is thy lord, mine honeſt fellow?

'1 *Mess.* By this at Dunſmore,[3] marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?—
Where is the poſt that came from Montague?

'2 *Mess.* By this at Daintry,[4] with a puiſſant troop.

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

'*War.* Say, Somerville, what ſays my loving ſon?
'And, by the gueſs, how nigh is Clarence now?

'*Som.* At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
'And do expect him here ſome two hours hence.
[*Drum heard.*

'*War.* Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

* *Som.* It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;

[3] ——*at Dunſmore,*] The quartos read—at Daintry: i. e. Daventry. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*at Dainiry,*] The quartos read—at Dunſmore. STEEVENS.

* The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

* *War.* Who ſhould that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

* *Som.* They are at hand, and you ſhall quickly know.

Drums. Enter King Edward, Gloster, *and Forces, marching.*

* *K. Edw.* Go, trumpet, to the walls, and ſound a parle.

' *Glo.* See, how the ſurly Warwick mans the wall.

War. O, unbid ſpite! is ſportful Edward come?
Where ſlept our ſcouts,[5] or how are they ſeduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

* *K. Edw.* Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,
' Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?—
' Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,
' And he ſhall pardon thee theſe outrages.

' *War.* Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confeſs who ſet thee up and pluck'd thee down?—
Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent,
And thou ſhalt ſtill remain the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at leaſt, he would have ſaid—the king;
Or did he make the jeſt againſt his will?

* *War.* Is not a dukedom, ſir, a goodly gift?

* *Glo.* Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;

[5] *Where* ſlept *our ſcouts?*] So, in *King John*:
" O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
" Where hath it *ſlept?*" Steevens.

* I'll do thee ſervice[6] for ſo good a gift.

‘ *War.* 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

‘ *War.* Thou art no Atlas for ſo great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his ſubject.

* *K. Edw.* But Warwick's king is Edward's priſoner:
‘ And, gallant Warwick, do but anſwer this,—
What is the body, when the head is off?

‘ *Glo.* Alas, that Warwick had no more foreca ſt,
But, whiles he thought to ſteal the ſingle ten,
‘ The king was ſlily finger'd from the deck![7]

[6] *I'll do thee* ſervice—] i. e. enroll myſelf among thy dependants. Cowell informs us, that *ſervitium* is "that *ſervice* which the tenant, by reaſon of his fee, oweth unto his lord." Steevens.

[7] *The king was* ſlily *finger'd from the* deck!] The quartos read—*finely* finger'd.

Finely is ſubtly. So, in Holinſhed's reign of *King Henry VI.* p. 640: "In his way he tooke by *fine* force, a tower," &c. Again, p. 649, "—and by *fine* force either to win their purpoſe, or end their lives in the ſame."

A pack of cards was anciently termed *a deck of cards*, or *a pair of cards*. It is ſtill, as I am informed, ſo called in Ireland. Thus, in *King Edward I.* 1599: "—as it were, turned us, with duces and trays, out of the *deck*."

Again, in *The Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609:

"I'll deal the cards and cut you from the *deck*."

Again, in *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, 1594:

"Well, if I chance but once to get the *deck*,
"To deal about and ſhuffle as I would." Steevens.

An inſtance of a *pack* of cards being called a *deck*, occurs in the *ſeſſions paper*, for January, 1788. So that the term appears to be ſtill in uſe. Ritson.

You left poor Henry at the biſhop's palace,[8]
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even ſo; yet you are Warwick ſtill.[9]

* *Glo.* Come, Warwick, take the time,[1] kneel down, kneel down:
* Nay, when?[2] ſtrike now, or elſe the iron cools.

* *War.* I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,
* And with the other fling it at thy face,
* Than bear ſo low a ſail, to ſtrike to thee.

* *K. Edw.* Sail how thou canſt, have wind and tide thy friend;
* This hand, faſt wound about thy coal-black hair,
* Shall, whiles the head is warm, and new cut off,
* Write in the duſt this ſentence with thy blood,—
* *Wind-changing* Warwick *now can change no more.*

Enter Oxford, *with Drum and Colours.*

* *War.* O cheerful colours! ſee, where Oxford comes!

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaſter!
[Oxford *and his Forces enter the City.*

[8] —— *the biſhop's palace,*] The palace of the biſhop of London. Malone.

[9] —— *yet you are Warwick ſtill.*] Thus the folio. The old play reads—*and* yet you are *ould* Warwick ſtill. Malone.

[1] —— take *the time,*] So, in *Macbeth:*

" ——— but we'll *take* to-morrow."

An expreſſion which Mr. Malone would change for—" *talk* to-morrow." See Vol. X. p. 145, n. 6. Steevens.

[2] *Nay,* when?] This exclamation, expreſſive of impatience, has already occurred in *King Richard II.* See Vol. XI. p. 12, n. 5. Steevens.

'*Glo.* The gates are open, let us enter too.[3]

'*K. Edw.* So other foes may ſet upon our backs,
* Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
* Will iſſue out again, and bid us battle:
'If not, the city, being but of ſmall defence,
'We'll quickly rouſe the traitors in the ſame.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, *with Drum and Colours.*

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaſter!
[*He and his Forces enter the City.*

'*Glo.* Thou and thy brother both ſhall buy this treaſon
'Even with the deareſt blood your bodies bear.

* *K. Edw.* The harder match'd, the greater victory;
* My mind preſageth happy gain, and conqueſt.

Enter Somerset, *with Drum and Colours.*

Som. Somerſet, Somerſet, for Lancaſter!
[*He and his Forces enter the City.*

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerſet,
Have ſold their lives unto the houſe of York;[4]
And thou ſhalt be the third, if this ſword hold.

[3] *The gates are open, let us enter too.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read:

"The gates are open, ſee, they enter in;
"Let's follow them, and bid them battle in the ſtreets.
"*Edw.* No: ſo ſome other might ſet upon our backs,
"We'll ſtay till all be enter'd, and then follow them."
Steevens.

[4] Two of thy name, both *dukes of Somerſet,*
Have ſold their lives unto the houſe of York;] The firſt of

Enter CLARENCE, *with Drum and Colours.*

WAR. And lo, where George of Clarence ſweeps along,
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;[5]
* With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
* More than the nature of a brother's love:—
* Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

CLAR. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
[*Taking the red Roſe out of his Cap.*[6]

theſe noblemen was Edmund, ſlain at the battle of Saint Alban's, 1455. See Vol. XIII. p. 389. The ſecond was Henry his ſon, beheaded after the battle of Hexham, 1463. The preſent duke Edmund, brother to Henry, was taken priſoner at Tewkſbury, 1471, and there beheaded, (infra, ſc. v.) his brother John loſing his life in the ſame fight. RITSON.

[5] —— *to bid his brother battle*;] Here the quartos conclude this ſpeech, and add the following:

" *Clar.* Clarence, Clarence, for Lancaſter!
" Edw. *Et tu brute!* wilt thou ſtab Cæſar too?
" A parly, ſirra, to George of Clarence."

To *bid battle* is a phraſe that often occurs in ancient writers. Thus, in the *Batrachomuomachia* of Homer, as tranſlated by Chapman:

" O frogs! the mice ſend threats to you of arms,
" And bid me *bid you battle*." STEEVENS.

This line of the old play, *Et tu Brute!* &c. is found alſo in *Acolaſtus his Afterwitte*, a poem by S. Nicholſon, 1600; and the Latin words, though not retained here, were afterwards tranſplanted by Shakſpeare into his *Julius Cæſar*, Act III. MALONE.

[6] *Taking the red Roſe out of his Cap.*] This note of direction I reſtored from the old quarto. And, without it, it is impoſſible that any reader can gueſs at the meaning of this line of Clarence:

Look, here, I throw my infamy at thee. THEOBALD.

‘ Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:
I will not ruinate my father's houſe,
Who gave his blood to lime the ſtones[7] together,
‘ And ſet up Lancaſter. Why, trow'ſt thou, Warwick,
‘ That Clarence is ſo harſh, ſo blunt, unnatural,[8]
‘ To bend the fatal inſtruments of war
‘ Againſt his brother, and his lawful king?[9]
* Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
* To keep that oath, were more impiety
* Than Jephtha's,[1] when he ſacrific'd his daughter.
* I am ſo ſorry for my treſpaſs made,
* That, to deſerve well at my brother's hands,
* I here proclaim myſelf thy mortal foe;
* With reſolution, wheree'er I meet thee,
* (As I will meet thee, if thou ſtir abroad,)
* To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.
And ſo, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my bluſhing cheeks.—
‘ Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;

[7] —— *to lime the ſtones*—] That is, to *cement* the ſtones. Lime makes mortar. JOHNSON.

[8] That *Clarence* is *ſo harſh, ſo blunt, unnatural,*] This line (too long by a foot) was, in my opinion, interpolated by the players, who appear the ſworn enemies of an ellipſis.—Omit the words—*That* and *is*, and no want of them will be felt by ſuch readers as are well acquainted with ancient language.—*Why, conceiveſt thou, Warwick, Clarence ſo harſh,* &c.—? STEEVENS.

——*ſo blunt,*] Stupid, inſenſible of paternal fondneſs. JOHNSON.

[9] *To bend the fatal inſtruments of war*
Againſt his brother, and his lawful king?] Thus the folio. The old play thus:
“ To lift his ſword againſt his brother's life.” MALONE.

[1] —— *Jephtha's,* &c.] See the book of *Judges,* xi. 30. STEEVENS.

'And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
'For I will henceforth be no more unconſtant.

'*K. Edw.* Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd,
Than if thou never hadſt deſerv'd our hate.

'*Glo.* Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O paſſing traitor,[2] perjur'd, and unjuſt!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town, and fight?
Or ſhall we beat the ſtones about thine ears?

'*War.* Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet preſently,
And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'ſt.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way:—
Lords, to the field; Saint George, and victory.
[*March. Exeunt.*

[2] ——paſſing *traitor*,] Eminent, egregious; traitorous beyond the common track of treaſon. Johnson.

So, in *Othello*:

"——'twas ſtrange, 'twas *paſſing* ſtrange."

Steevens.

SCENE II.

A Field of Battle near Barnet.

Alarums, and Excurſions. Enter King EDWARD, *bringing in* WARWICK *wounded.*

* *K. Edw.* So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;
* For Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all.[3]—
* Now, Montague, ſit faſt; I ſeek for thee,
* That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.
[*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?
Why aſk I that? my mangled body ſhows,
* My blood, my want of ſtrength, my ſick heart ſhows,
That I muſt yield my body to the earth,
And, by my fall, the conqueſt to my foe.
Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

[3] —— *a* bug, *that fear'd us all.*] *Bug* is a bugbear, a terrific being. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline:*

" ———— are become
" The mortal *bugs* of the field."

Again, in Stephen Goſſon's *Schoole of Abuſe*, 1579: "Theſe *bugs* are fitter to *fear* babes than to move men." STEEVENS.

To *fear* in old language frequently ſignifies, to *terrify.* MALONE.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" I tell thee, lady, this aſpéct of mine
" Hath *fear'd* the valiant." STEEVENS.

Whoſe arms[4] gave ſhelter to the princely eagle,
Under whoſe ſhade the ramping lion ſlept;[5]
Whoſe top-branch overpeer'd Jove's ſpreading tree,
* And kept low ſhrubs from winter's powerful wind.
* Theſe eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
* Have been as piercing as the mid-day ſun,
* To ſearch the ſecret treaſons of the world:
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly ſepulchres;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
And who durſt ſmile, when Warwick bent his brow?
Lo, now my glory ſmear'd in duſt and blood!
My parks,[6] my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forſake me; and, of all my lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length![7]

[4] *Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,*
Whoſe arms &c.] It were better to read—
Thus to the axe's edge the cedar yields,
Whoſe arms &c.
Otherwiſe,—*Whoſe arms* will refer to the *axe* inſtead of the *cedar*. STEEVENS.

[5] *Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,*
Whoſe arms gave ſhelter to the princely eagle,
Under whoſe ſhade the ramping lion ſlept; &c.] It has been obſerved to me, that the 31ſt chapter of the prophet *Ezekiel* ſuggeſted theſe images to Shakſpeare. "All the fowls of heaven made their neſts in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beaſts of the field bring forth their young." STEEVENS.

[6] *My parks,* &c.]
Cedes coemptis ſaltibus, et domo,
Villâque. Hor.
This mention of his *parks* and *manors* diminiſhes the pathetick effect of the foregoing lines. JOHNSON.

[7] ——— *and, of all my lands,*
Is nothing left me, but my body's length!]
" —— Mors ſola fatetur
" Quantula ſint hominum corpuſcula." *Juv.*
Camden mentions in his *Remains,* that Conſtantine, in order

Why, what is pomp,[8] rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD *and* SOMERSET.

* *Som.* Ah, Warwick, Warwick![9] wert thou as we are,
* We might recover all our loss again!

to diſſuade a perſon from covetouſneſs, drew out with his lance the length and breadth of a man's grave, adding, "this is all thou ſhalt have when thou art dead, if thou canſt happily get ſo much." MALONE.

[8] ——*what is pomp,* &c.] This and the following line make no part of this ſpeech in the old play; but were tranſpoſed by Shakſpeare from a ſubſequent ſpeech, addreſſed by Warwick to Somerſet. MALONE.

[9] *Ah, Warwick, Warwick!* &c.] Theſe two ſpeeches ſtand thus in the quartos:

"*Oxf.* Ah, Warwick, Warwick! chear up thyſelf, and live;
"For yet there's hope enough to win the day.
"Our warlike queen with troops is come from France,
"And at Southampton landed hath her train;
"And, might'ſt thou live, then would we never fly.
"*War.* Why, then I would not fly, nor have I now;
"But Hercules himſelf muſt yield to odds:
"For many wounds receiv'd, and many more repaid,
"Hath robb'd my ſtrong-knit ſinews of their ſtrength,
"And ſpite of ſpites needs muſt I yield to death."

STEEVENS.

One of theſe lines, "But Hercules," &c. Shakſpeare has tranſpoſed and inſerted in the Meſſenger's account of the death of the Duke of York. See p. 51. Not being aware of this, I inadvertently marked that line as our author's, which I ought not to have done. The three following lines have already been ſpoken by Warwick in a former ſcene (ſee p. 72,) and therefore were here properly rejected by Shakſpeare. MALONE.

'The queen from France hath brought a puiſſant power;
'Even now we heard the news: Ah, could'ſt thou fly!
'*War.* Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
* If thou be there, ſweet brother, take my hand,
* And with thy lips keep in my ſoul a while!
* Thou lov'ſt me not; for, brother, if thou didſt,
* Thy tears would waſh this cold congealed blood,
* That glews my lips, and will not let me ſpeak.
* Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.
'*Som.* Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his laſt;
'And to the lateſt gaſp, cried out for Warwick,
'And ſaid—Commend me to my valiant brother.
'And more he would have ſaid; and more he ſpoke,
'Which ſounded like a cannon in a vault,[1]

[1] *Which ſounded like a* cannon *in a vault,*] The old quarto reads *clamour,* which is undoubtedly right, i. e. a clamour of tongues, which, as he ſays, could not be diſtinguiſhed. This was a pertinent ſimilitude: the other abſurd, and neither agrees with what is predicated of it, nor with what it is intended to illuſtrate. WARBURTON.

Which ſounded like a cannon *in a vault,*
That might not be diſtinguiſh'd;] That is, like the noiſe of a cannon in a vault, *which,* &c. Shakſpeare's alteration here is perhaps not ſo judicious as many others that he has made. In the old play, inſtead of *cannon,* we have *clamour,* and the ſpeech ſtands thus:

" Thy brother Montague hath breath'd his laſt,
" And at the pangs of death I heard him cry,
" And ſay, commend me to my valiant brother;
" And more he would have ſaid, and more he ſaid,
" Which ſounded like a *clamour* in a vault,
" That could not be diſtinguiſh'd for the ſound;
" And ſo the valiant Montague gave up the ghoſt."

MALONE.

The indiſtinct gabble of undertakers, while they adjuſt a cof-

'That might not be diſtinguiſh'd; but, at laſt,
'I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,—
'O, farewell, Warwick!

War. Sweet reſt to his ſoul!—
Fly, lords, and ſave yourſelves; for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet again in heaven.[2] [*Dies.*

Oxf. Away, away,[3] to meet the queen's great power!

[*Exeunt, bearing off* Warwick's *Body.*

ſin in a family *vault*, will abundantly illuſtrate the preceding ſimile. Such a peculiar hubbub of inarticulate ſounds, might have attracted our author's notice: it has too often forced itſelf on mine. Steevens.

[2] ——*to meet* again *in heaven.*] I have ſupplied the word—*again*, for the ſake of metre, by the advice of Mr. Ritſon, and with countenance from the following line in *King Richard III*:

" Farewell, until me meet *again* in heaven."

Steevens.

[3] *Away, away,* &c.] Inſtead of this line, the quartos have the following:

" Come, noble Somerſet, let's take our horſe,
" And cauſe retreat be ſounded through the camp;
" That all our friends remaining yet alive
" May be forewarn'd, and ſave themſelves by flight.
" That done, with them we'll poſt unto the queen,
" And once more try our fortune in the field."

Steevens.

It is unneceſſary to repeat here an obſervation that has already been more than once made. I ſhall therefore only refer to former notes. See p. 16, n. 2. Malone.

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field.

Flouriſh. Enter King EDWARD *in triumph; with* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and the reſt.*

'*K. Edw.* Thus far our fortune keeps an upward courſe,
'And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.[4]
'But, in the midſt of this bright-ſhining day,
'I ſpy a black, ſuſpicious, threat'ning cloud,
'That will encounter with our glorious ſun,
'Ere he attain his eaſeful weſtern bed:
'I mean, my lords,—thoſe powers,[5] that the queen

[4] *Thus far our fortune keeps an upward courſe,*
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.] Thus the folio. The quartos thus:

" Thus ſtill our fortune gives us victory,
" And girts our temples with triumphant joys.
" The big-bon'd traitor Warwick hath breath'd his laſt,
" And heaven this day hath ſmil'd upon us all "

STEEVENS.

It is obſervable, that the expreſſion which Shakſpeare had ſubſtituted for " *temples engirt with triumphant joys,*" occurs again in *King Richard III:*

" Now are our brows bound with *victorious wreaths,*—."

Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

" Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
" With bruiſed arms, and *wreaths of victory.*"

MALONE.

[5] *I mean, my lords,—thoſe powers,* &c.] Thus the folio. The old play thus:

" I meane thoſe powers which the queen hath got in France,
" Are landed, and meane once more to menace us."

MALONE.

‘ Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coaſt,[6]
‘ And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

* *Clar.* A little gale will ſoon diſperſe that cloud,
* And blow it to the ſource from whence it came:
* Thy very beams will dry thoſe vapours up;
* For every cloud engenders not a ſtorm.

* *Glo.* The queen is valu'd thirty thouſand ſtrong,
‘ And Somerſet, with Oxford, fled to her;
‘ If ſhe have time to breathe, be well aſſūr'd,
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advértis'd by our loving friends,
That they do hold their courſe toward Tewkſbury;
‘ We having now the beſt at Barnet field,
‘ Will thither ſtraight, For willingneſs rids way;
‘ And, as we march, our ſtrength will be augmented
In every county as we go along.—
Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away.[7]
[*Exeunt.*

[6] —— *have* arriv'd *our coaſt*,] So, in *Coriolanus*:
“ ——— and now *arriving*
“ A place of potency,—.”
Again, in *Julius Cæſar*:
“ But ere we could *arrive* the point propos'd,—.”
Milton uſes the ſame ſtructure, *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. II:
“ ——— ere he *arrive*
“ The happy iſle.” Steevens.

[7] *Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away.*] Thus the folio. The quartos have the following couplet:
“ Come, let's go;
“ For if we ſlack this faire bright ſummer's day,
“ Sharp winter's ſhowers will mar our hope for haie.”
Something like this has occurred in p. 171. Steevens.

SCENE IV.

Plains near Tewkſbury.

March. Enter Queen MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and Soldiers.*

* *Q. Mar.* Great lords,[8] wiſe men ne'er ſit and wail their loſs,
* But cheerly ſeek how to redreſs their harms.
' What though the maſt be now blown over-board,
' The cable broke, the holding anchor loſt,
' And half our ſailors ſwallow'd in the flood?
' Yet lives our pilot ſtill: Is't meet, that he
' Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
* With tearful eyes add water to the ſea,

[8] *Great lords,* &c.] This ſpeech in the old play ſtands thus:

" *Queen.* Welcome to England, my loving friends of France,
" And welcome, Somerſet and Oxford too.
" Once more have we ſpread our ſails abroad;
" And though our tackling be almoſt conſumde,
" And Warwick as our maine-maſt overthrowne,
" Yet, warlike lordes, raiſe you that ſturdie poſt
" That bears the ſailes to bring us unto reſt.
" And Ned and I, as willing pilots ſhould,
" For once, with careful mindes, guide on the ſterne,
" To beare us through that dangerous gulfe,
" That heretofore hath ſwallowed up our friends."

There is perhaps no ſpeech that proves more deciſively than the above, that *The Firſt Part of the Contention of the Two Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter,* &c. and *The true Tragedie of the Duke of Yorke,* &c. printed in 1600, were the production of ſome writer who preceded Shakſpeare; and that what are now called *The Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.* were only a *reviſal* and *amplification* of thoſe pieces.

Here we have a thought which in the original play is expreſſed in eleven lines, expanded by our author into thirty-ſeven lines. MALONE.

* And give more ſtrength to that which hath too much;[9]
* Whiles, in his moan, the ſhip ſplits on the rock,
* Which induſtry and courage might have ſav'd?
* Ah, what a ſhame! ah, what a fault were this!
' Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?
' And Montague our top-maſt; What of him?
' Our ſlaughter'd friends the tackles; What of theſe?
' Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
' And Somerſet another goodly maſt?
' The friends of France our ſhrouds and tacklings?
' And, though unſkilful, why not Ned and I
' For once allow'd the ſkilful pilot's charge?
' We will not from the helm, to ſit and weep;
* But keep our courſe, though the rough wind ſay—no,
* From ſhelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
* As good to chide the waves, as ſpeak them fair.
* And what is Edward, but a ruthleſs ſea?

[9] *With tearful eyes add water to the ſea,*
And give more ſtrength to that which hath too much;] See note on *As you like it*, Vol. VIII. p. 44, n. 1. REED.

So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint:*
" Upon whoſe weeping margent ſhe was ſet,
" Like uſury, *applying wet to wet.*"
Again, in *As you like it:*
" —— Thou mak'ſt a teſtament
" As worldings do, *giving the ſum of more*
" *To that which hath too much.*"
Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" With tears augmenting the freſh morning dew."
So alſo, Spenſer, in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, 1579:
" Thou, plenteous ſpring, haſt lull'd me oft aſleep,
" Whoſe ſtreames my trickling tears did oft augment."
Of this thought, which we ſee Shakſpeare has ſo often expreſſed, there is no trace in the old play. See note 8.
MALONE.

* What Clarence, but a quickſand of deceit?
* And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
* All theſe the enemies to our poor bark.
* Say, you can ſwim; alas, 'tis but a while:
* Tread on the ſand; why, there you quickly ſink:
* Beſtride the rock; the tide will waſh you off,
* Or elſe you famiſh, that's a threefold death.
* This ſpeak I, lords, to let you underſtand,
* In caſe ſome one of you would fly from us,
* That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
* More than with ruthleſs waves, with ſands, and rocks.
* Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
* 'Twere childiſh weakneſs to lament, or fear.

* *Prince.* Methinks, a woman[1] of this valiant ſpirit
* Should, if a coward heard her ſpeak theſe words,
* Infuſe his breaſt with magnanimity,
* And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
' I ſpeak not this, as doubting any here:
' For, did I but ſuſpect a fearful man,
' He ſhould have leave to go away betimes;

[1] *Methinks, a woman* &c.] In this ſpeech there is much and important variation in the quarto:

" *Prince.* And if there be (as God forbid there ſhould)
" 'Mongſt us a timorous or fearful man,
" Let him depart before the battles join;
" Leſt he in time of need entice another,
" And ſo withdraw the ſoldiers' hearts from us.
" I will not ſtand aloof, and bid you fight,
" But with my ſword preſs in the thickeſt throngs,
" And ſingle Edward from his ſtrongeſt guard,
" And hand to hand enforce him for to yield,
" Or leave my body, as witneſs of my thoughts."

STEEVENS.

Our author has availed himſelf of theſe lines in former ſcenes of theſe plays. MALONE.

'Left, in our need, he might infect another,
'And make him of like ſpirit to himſelf.
'If any ſuch be here, as God forbid!
'Let him depart, before we need his help.

'*Oxf.* Women and children of ſo high a courage!
And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual ſhame.—
'O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee; Long may'ſt thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

'*Som.* And he, that will not fight for ſuch a hope,
'Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
'If he ariſe, be mock'd and wonder'd at.[2]

* *Q. Mar.* Thanks, gentle Somerſet;—ſweet Oxford, thanks.

* *Prince.* And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing elſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

'*Mess.* Prepare you, lords,[3] for Edward is at hand,
'Ready to fight; therefore be reſolute.

'*Oxf.* I thought no leſs: it is his policy,
'To haſte thus faſt, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readineſs.

[2] *If he ariſe, be* mock'd *and wonder'd at.*] So the folio. The old play thus;

"Be *hiſs'd* and wonder'd at, if he ariſe." Malone.

[3] *Prepare you, lords,* &c.] In the old play theſe ſpeeches ſtand thus:

"*Meſ.* My lordes, duke Edward with a mightie power
"Is marching hitherward to fight with you.
"*Oxf.* I thought it was his policy to take us unprovided,
"But here will we ſtand, and fight it to the death."
Malone.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart, to ſee your forwardneſs.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

March. Enter, at a diſtance, King Edward, Clarence, Gloster, *and Forces.*

' *K. Edw.* Brave followers,[4] yonder ſtands the thorny wood,
' Which, by the heavens' aſſiſtance, and your ſtrength,
' Muſt by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
* I need not add more fuel to your fire,
* For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out:
* Give ſignal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay,
' My tears gainſay ;[5] for every word I ſpeak,
' Ye ſee, I drink the water of mine eyes.[6]

[4] K. Edw. *Brave followers,* &c.] This ſcene is ill-contrived, in which the King and Queen appear at once on the ſtage at the head of oppoſite armies. It had been eaſy to make one retire before the other entered. Johnson.

[5] *My tears* gainſay ;] To *gainſay* is to unſay, to deny, to contradict. So, in *A Knack to know a Knave,* 1594:

" ——— ſeeing my father grants,
" I will not *gainſay.*" Steevens.

[6] *Ye ſee, I drink the water of mine* eyes.] This phraſe is ſcriptural: " Thou feedeſt them with the bread of tears, and giveſt them *tears* to drink." *Pſalm* lxxxv. 5. Steevens.

So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

" Doſt thou *drink tears,* that thou provok'ſt ſuch weeping ?"

Theſe paſſages were probably recollected by Rowe, when he wrote in his *Jane Shore:*

" Feed on my ſighs, and *drink my falling tears.*"

So alſo, Pope, in the *Epiſtle from Eloiſa to Abelard:*

" And drink the falling tears each other ſhed."

'Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your ſove-
reign,[7]
'Is priſoner to the foe; his ſtate uſurp'd,
'His realm a ſlaughterhouſe, his ſubjects ſlain,
'His ſtatutes cancell'd, and his treaſure ſpent;
'And yonder is the wolf, that makes this ſpoil.
'You fight in juſtice: then, in God's name, lords,
'Be valiant, and give ſignal to the fight.

[*Exeunt both Armies.*

SCENE V.

Another Part of the ſame.

Alarums: Excurſions: and afterwards a Retreat. Then Enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, *and Forces; with Queen* MARGARET, OXFORD, *and* SOMERSET, *Priſoners.*

'*K. Edw.* Now, here a period of tumultuous
broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' caſtle[8] ſtraight:

The folio has—*eye:* but I imagine it was rather an error in the tranſcriber than an alteration by Shakſpeare. The old play reads—*eyes.* MALONE.

[7] —— *Henry, your ſovereign,* &c.] Inſtead of this and the following lines, the original play has theſe:

"Henry your king is priſoner in the Tower;
"His land and all our friends are quite diſtreſt,
"And yonder ſtands the wolfe that makes all this,
"Then in God's name, lords, together crie ſaint George."

MALONE.

[8] —— *to Hammes' caſtle* —] A caſtle in Picardy, where Oxford was confined for many years. MALONE.

For Somerſet,[9] off with his guilty head.
' Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them ſpeak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

' *Som.* Nor I, but ſtoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt* Oxford *and* Somerset, *guarded.*

* *Q. Mar.* So part we ſadly in this troublous world,
* To meet with joy in ſweet Jeruſalem.

* *K. Edw.* Is proclamation made,—that, who finds Edward,
* Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

* *Glo.* It is: and, lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward.

* *K. Edw.* Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him ſpeak:
* What! can ſo young a thorn begin to prick?[1]
' Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
' For bearing arms, for ſtirring up my ſubjects,
* And all the trouble thou haſt turn'd me to?[2]

[9] *For Somerſet,*] Edmond Beaufort, Duke of Somerſet, the ſecond ſon of Edmond Duke of Somerſet who was killed at the battle of Saint Albans. Malone.

[1] *What! can ſo* young a thorn begin to prick?] This is a proverbial obſervation, which I find verſified in "A Preaty Interlude, called *Nice Wanton*"—

"Early ſharpe that wyll be thorne,
"Soone yll that wyll be naught," &c. Steevens.

[2] *And all the* trouble thou haſt turn'd me to?] This line was one of Shakſpeare's additions to the original play. We have almoſt the ſame words in *The Tempeſt*:

Prince. Speak like a ſubject, proud ambitious York!
Suppoſe, that I am now my father's mouth;
Reſign thy chair, and, where I ſtand, kneel thou,
Whilſt I propoſe the ſelf-ſame words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldſt have me anſwer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been ſo reſolv'd!

Glo. That you might ſtill have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have ſtol'n the breech from Lancaſter.

Prince. Let Æſop[3] fable in a winter's night;
His curriſh riddles ſort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou waſt born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's ſake, take away this captive ſcold.

Prince. Nay, take away this ſcolding crook-back rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.[4]

" ——— O, my heart bleeds,
" To think of *the teen* [i. e. trouble] *that I have turn'd you to.*"

In the old play Prince Edward is not brought forth as here, but enters with his mother; and after Oxford and Somerſet are carried off, he is thus addreſſed by the King:

" Now, Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
" For ſtirring up my ſubjects to rebellion?" Malone.

[3] *Let Æſop* &c.] The Prince calls Richard, for his crookedneſs, Æſop; and the poet, following nature, makes Richard highly incenſed at the reproach. Johnson.

[4] ——— charm *your tongue.*] The quarto reads—*tame* your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur'd George,—
And thou misshapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
* And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here.[5] [*Stabs him.*

The former is best. So, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of Lucan, 1614:

"In hope that thy victorious arme
"Their dunghill crowing so will *charme*." Steevens.

This is the right reading. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, Mercury says to Cupid:

"How now, my dancing braggart! *charm your tongue*."

And, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Lucentio says:

"But I will *charm* him first to keep his *tongue*."

M. Mason.

The expression which our author substituted, is one that he has often used. See Vol. XIII. p. 314, n. 1. The meaning is, I will compel you to be as silent, as you would be, if you were *charm'd*, if you were deprived of speech by the power of inchantment.

Malone.

[5] —— the *likeness of this railer here.* &c.] That thou resembleſt thy railing mother. Johnson.

That is, *thou who art* the likeness, &c. Mr. Rowe and the other modern editors read—*thou* likeness, and so we should now write; but the other was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. So, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"*The* last of all the Romans, fare thee well."

In that passage, as in the present, Mr. Rowe substituted *thou* for *the*, though Shakspeare has employed the very words he found in North's translation of Plutarch. Malone.

The old copies describe *Edward* as striking the first blow, and *Gloster* the next; and, I believe, rightly, for history informs us that *Edward* smote the Prince with his gauntlet, on which the rest despatch'd him. The words *sprawl'st thou?* seem evidently to belong to *Richard*; and I have therefore continued them to him on the authority of ancient editions, in preference to the allotment of modern innovation. See edit. 1765, Vol. V. p. 217.

Steevens.

* *Glo.* Sprawl'ſt thou? take that, to end thy agony. [Glo. *ſtabs him.*

* *Clar.* And there's for twitting me with perjury. [Clar. *ſtabs him.*

Q. Mar. O, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and ſhall. [*Offers to kill her.*

ˢ *K. Edw.* Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

Glo. Why ſhould ſhe live, to fill the world with words?[6]

ˢ *K. Edw.* What! doth ſhe ſwoon? uſe means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuſe me to the king my brother;
ˢ I'll hence to London on a ſerious matter:
ˢ Ere ye come there, be ſure to hear ſome news.

Clar. What? what?

ˢ *Glo.* The Tower, the Tower![7] [*Exit.*

ˢ *Q. Mar.* O, Ned, ſweet Ned! ſpeak to thy mother, boy!
ˢ Canſt thou not ſpeak!—O traitors! murderers!—
They, that ſtabb'd Cæſar, ſhed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
* If this foul deed were by, to equal it.
ˢ He was a man; this, in reſpect, a child;
And men ne'er ſpend their fury on a child.
ˢ What's worſe than murderer, that I may name it?

[6] —— *with* words?] i. e. diſpute, contention. So, in a former of theſe plays:

"Some *words* there grew 'twixt Somerſet and me."

Steevens.

[7] *The Tower, the Tower!*] The quarto adds—*I'll root them out*; but, perhaps, injudiciouſly: and yet, without theſe words the metre is imperfect. Steevens.

* No, no; my heart will burſt, an if I ſpeak:—
* And I will ſpeak, that ſo my heart may burſt.—
* Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!
* How ſweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!
' You have no children, butchers![8] if you had,
' The thought of them would have ſtirr'd up remorſe:
' But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him ſo cut off,
' As, deathſmen! you have rid this ſweet young prince![9]

[8] *You have no children, butchers!*] The ſame ſentiment is repeated by Macduff, in the tragedy of *Macbeth*; and this paſſage may ſerve as a comment on that. BLACKSTONE.

The original play reads:

" You have no children, *devils*; if you had,
" The thought of them would *then have ſtopt your rage.*"

This thought occurring alſo (as Sir William Blackſtone has obſerved,) in *Macbeth*, [See Vol. X. p. 249, n. 7.] may perhaps be urged as a proof of Shakſpeare's being the author of the firſt draught, as well as of the alterations and additions to it. But how many thoughts and even expreſſions has he borrowed from preceding writers? Having (as I ſuppoſe) greatly enlarged, and almoſt new-written, this and the preceding play, the thoughts they contain, whether found in the firſt copy, or his amplification of it, were as likely to recur in a future piece, as any of thoſe which he has employed in one originally written by himſelf. In his original plays he frequently borrowed from himſelf.

MALONE.

[9] ——*you have rid this ſweet young prince.*] The condition of this warlike Queen would move compaſſion, could it be forgotten that ſhe gave York, to wipe his eyes in his captivity, a handkerchief ſtained with his young child's blood. JOHNSON.

But ſurely it does move our compaſſion, though that be not forgotten. When we ſee any of our fellow-creatures involved in deep diſtreſs, from a juſt and tender cauſe we attend only to their preſent ſufferings, and not to their former crimes.

M. MASON.

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, deſpatch me here;
Here ſheath thy ſword, I'll pardon thee my death:
What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee ſo much eaſe.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do; ſweet Clarence, do thou do it.[1]

Clar. Didſt thou not hear me ſwear, I would not do it.

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou uſeſt to forſwear thyſelf;
'Twas ſin before,[2] but now 'tis charity.
'What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard?[3] Richard, where art thou?
Thou art not here: Murder is thy alms-deed;
Petitioners for blood thou ne'er put'ſt back.

[1] —— *do thou do it.*] The old play reads—*kill me too.* Malone.

[2] *'Twas ſin before,*] She alludes to the deſertion of Clarence. Johnson.

[3] —— *where is that* devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard?] Thus all the editions. But *devil's butcher*, in others terms, I think, is *kill-devil*: rare news for the free thinkers, if there were any grounds for depending on it. But the poet certainly wrote—*devil-butcher*; and the firſt part of the compound is to be taken adjectively, meaning execrable, infernal, deviliſh. Theobald.

Devil's butcher, is a butcher ſet on by the devil. Either reading may ſerve without ſo long a note. Johnson.

The folio adds, at the end of this line, the word—*Richard.* But both the metre and the old play ſhow that it was an accidental repetition by the tranſcriber, or compoſitor. Malone.

K. Edw. Away, I ſay; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince! [*Exit, led out forcibly.*

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone?

Clar. To London, all in poſt; and, as I gueſs,
To make a bloody ſupper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's ſudden, if a thing comes in his head.
Now march we hence: diſcharge the common ſort
With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,
And ſee our gentle queen how well ſhe fares;
By this, I hope, ſhe hath a ſon for me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

London. *A Room in the Tower.*

King Henry *is diſcovered ſitting with a Book in his Hand, the* Lieutenant *attending. Enter* Gloster.

Glo. Good day, my lord! What, at your book ſo hard?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: My lord, I ſhould ſay rather;
'Tis ſin to flatter, good was little better:
Good Gloſter, and good devil, were alike,
* And both prepoſterous; therefore, not good lord.

* *Glo.* Sirrah, leave us to ourſelves: we muſt confer. [*Exit* Lieutenant.

* *K. Hen.* So flies the reckleſs ſhepherd from the wolf:
* So firſt the harmleſs ſheep doth yield his fleece,
* And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—
What ſcene of death hath Roſcius now to act?[4]

[4] *What ſcene of death hath Roſcius now to act?*] Roſcius was certainly put for Richard by ſome ſimple conceited player who had heard of Roſcius and of Rome; but did not know that he was an actor in comedy, not in tragedy. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare had occaſion to compare Richard to ſome player about to repreſent a ſcene of murder, and took the firſt or only name of antiquity that occurred to him, without being very ſcrupulous about its propriety.

I know not, however, that it is proved, on claſſical authority, that *Roſcius*, though generally a comedian, was no occaſional actor in tragedy. Naſh, in *Pierce Pennileſs's Supplication to the Devil*, 1592, ſays: "Not *Roſcius* nor *Æſope*, thoſe admired *tragedians*, that have lived ever ſince before Chriſt was born, could ever performe more in action than famous Ned Allen."

Again, in *Acolaſtus his Afterwitte*, 1600:

"Through thee each murthering *Roſcius* is appointed
"To *act ſtrange ſcenes of death* on God's anointed."

Again, in *Certaine Satyres*, 1598:

"Was penn'd by *Roſcio* the *tragedian*." STEEVENS.

What ſcene of death hath Roſcius now to act?] So, in *Acolaſtus his Afterwitte*, a poem, 1600:

"What bloody ſcene hath cruelty to act?"

Dr. Warburton reads *Richard*, inſtead of *Roſcius*, becauſe Roſcius was a comedian. That he is right in this aſſertion, is proved beyond a doubt by a paſſage in Quintilian, cited by W. R. [probably Sir Walter Rawlinſon] in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LIV. P. II. p. 886: "Roſcius citatior, Æſopus gravior fuit, quod *ille comœdias*, hic tragœdias egit." QUINTIL. Lib. XI. c. iii. —But it is not in Quintilian or in any other ancient writer we are to look in order to aſcertain the text of Shakſpeare. Roſcius was called a *tragedian* by our author's contemporaries, as appears from the quotations in the preceding note; and this was ſufficient authority to him, or rather to the author of the original play, for there this line is found. MALONE.

Glo. Suſpicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each buſh an officer.

‹ *K. Hen.* The bird, that hath been limed in a buſh,
‹ With trembling wings miſdoubteth every buſh:[5]
And I, the hapleſs male[6] to one ſweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

‹ *Glo.* Why, what a peeviſh fool[7] was that of Crete,
‹ That taught his ſon the office of a fowl?
‹ And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.[8]

[5] —— miſdoubteth *every buſh*:] To *miſdoubt* is to ſuſpect danger, to fear. So, in *Humour out of Breath*, a comedy by John Day, 1608:

"*Hip.* Doubt and *miſdoubt!* what difference is there here?
"*Oct.* Yes, much: when men *miſdoubt*, 'tis ſaid they *fear*."
STEEVENS.

[6] —— *hapleſs* male —] The word *male* is here uſed in a very uncommon ſenſe, not for the male of the female, but for the male parent: the ſweet bird is evidently his ſon Prince Edward.
M. MASON.

[7] —— peeviſh *fool* —] As *peeviſhneſs* is the quality of children, *peeviſh* ſeems to ſignify *childiſh*, and by conſequence *ſilly*. *Peeviſh* is explained by *childiſh*, in a former note of Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare employs the word *peeviſh* in the ſame ſenſe in *Cymbeline*, where the reader will find many inſtances of this uſe of it. STEEVENS.

This epithet which Shakſpeare has ſo frequently employed, was one of his additions to the original play.

The ordinary ſignification of *peeviſh* in our poet's time was *fooliſh*. See Minſheu's *Dict.* 1617, in v. MALONE.

[8] —— *the office of a* fowl?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.] The old play reads:

"—— the office of a *bird?*
"And yet for all *that* the poor *fowl* was drown'd."
MALONE.

'*K. Hen.* I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our courſe;
'The ſun, that ſear'd the wings of my ſweet boy,
'Thy brother Edward; and thyſelf, the ſea,
'Whoſe envious gulf did ſwallow up his life.
* Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
'My breaſt can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragick hiſtory.—
* But wherefore doſt thou come? is't for my life?

'*Glo.* Think'ſt thou, I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A perſecutor, I am ſure, thou art;
'If murdering innocents be executing,
'Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy ſon I kill'd for his preſumption.

K. Hen. Hadſt thou been kill'd, when firſt thou didſt preſume,
Thou hadſt not liv'd to kill a ſon of mine.
'And thus I prophecy,—that many a thouſand,
'Which now miſtruſt no parcel of my fear;[9]
'And many an old man's ſigh, and many a widow's,
'And many an orphan's water-ſtanding eye,—
'Men for their ſons, wives for their huſbands' fate,[1]
'And orphans for their parents' timeleſs death,[2]—
'Shall rue the hour that ever thou waſt born.
The owl ſhriek'd at thy birth, an evil ſign;
'The night-crow cried, aboding luckleſs time;

[9] *Which now miſtruſt no parcel of my fear*;] Who ſuſpect no part of what my fears preſage. JOHNSON.

[1] *Men for their ſons, wives for their huſbands'* fate,] The word—*fate* was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[2] And *orphans* &c.] The word—*and*, which is neceſſary to the metre, and is wanting in the firſt folio, was ſupplied by the ſecond. STEEVENS.

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempeſts ſhook down trees;
The raven rook'd her[3] on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in diſmal diſcords ſung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth leſs than a mother's hope;
To wit,—an indigeſt[4] deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of ſuch a goodly tree.
Teeth hadſt thou in thy head, when thou waſt born,

[3] *The raven* rook'd *her*—] To *rook*, or rather to *ruck*, is a north-country word, ſignifying to *ſquat down*, or *lodge* on any thing.

So, in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 1310:

"What is mankind more unto you yhold,
"Than is the ſhepe, that *rouketh* in the fold?"

Again, in the *Nonnes Preeſtes Tale*, ibid. v. 15,232:

"O falſe morderour, *rucking* in thy den.

Again, in the Preface to Stanyhurſt's tranſlation of Virgil, 1582:

"I cannot devine upon ſuch bookes that happlye *rouke* in ſtudentes mewes," &c.

Again, in the tranſlation of the IVth Book:

"Alſo on the turrets the ſkrich howle, &c.
"——— doth *ruck*," &c.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. VII. ch. xxxvii:

"Have lazy wings, be ever lean, in ſullen corners *ruck*."

Again, in Golding's tranſlation of the 6th Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*:

"The furies made the bridegrome's bed, and on the houſe did *rucke*
"A curſed owle the meſſenger of ill ſucceſſe and lucke."

Again, in the 15th Book:

"He *rucketh* downe upon the ſame, and in the ſpices dies." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *an* indigeſt—] The folio has—*indigeſted*. But the metre and the old play ſhow that it was a miſprint. Shakſpeare uſes the word *indigeſt* in *King John*. MALONE.

"—— *rudis indigeſtaque moles*." Ovid. *Met.* I. 7. DOUCE.

To ſignify,—thou cam'ſt to bite the world:
And, if the reſt be true which I have heard,
'Thou cam'ſt[5]—

Glo. I'll hear no more;—Die, prophet, in thy ſpeech; [*Stabs him.*
For this, amongſt the reſt, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more ſlaughter after this.
O God! forgive my ſins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*

Glo. What, will the aſpiring blood of Lancaſter
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my ſword weeps for the poor king's death!
'O, may ſuch purple tears be always ſhed
'From thoſe that wiſh the downfal of our houſe!—
'If any ſpark of life be yet remaining,[6]

[5] *And, if the reſt be true which I have heard,*
Thou cam'ſt—] Had our editors had but a grain of ſagacity, or true diligence, there could have been no room for this abſurd break, ſince they might have ventured to fill it up with certainty too. The old quarto would have led them part of the way:
Thou cam'ſt into the world——
And that the verſe is to be completed in the manner I have given it, is inconteſtible; for unleſs we ſuppoſe King Henry actually reproaches him with this his prepoſterous birth, how can Richard in his very next ſoliloquy ſay:
"Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
"For I have often heard my mother ſay,
"I came into the world with my legs forward."
I can eaſily ſee, that this blank was cauſed by the nicety of the players, to ſuppreſs an indecent idea. But, with ſubmiſſion, this was making but half a cure, unleſs they had expunged the repetition of it out of Richard's ſpeech too. Theobald.

Thou cam'ſt—] Thus the folio. The old play as follows:
"Thou cam'ſt *into the world*——
"*Glo.* Die prophet in thy ſpeech;—I'll hear no more."
Malone.

[6] *If any ſpark of life be yet remaining,*] So, in the 6th Book

Down, down to hell; and ſay—I ſent thee thither,
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;[7]
For I have often heard my mother ſay,
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reaſon, think ye, to make haſte,
And ſeek their ruin that uſurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cried,
O, Jeſus bleſs us, he is born with teeth!
And ſo I was; which plainly ſignified—
That I ſhould ſnarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, ſince the heavens have ſhap'd my body ſo,
Let hell[8] make crook'd my mind to anſwer it.

of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*, tranſlated by Arthur Golding, 1587:

"If any ſparke of nature do within thy hart remaine."
STEEVENS.

[7] ——*that Henry told me of*;] Namely, that my birth was attended with ſingular circumſtances.—Theobald, grounding himſelf on this and the two following lines, reads in a former paſſage—

"Thou cam'ſt *into the world with thy legs forward.*"

for "how," (ſays he,) can Richard ſay, "Indeed 'tis true that Henry told me of," &c. "unleſs we ſuppoſe King Henry reproached him with his prepoſterous birth?" But ſurely Henry *has* done ſo in the laſt *ten* lines of his ſpeech, though he is at length prevented by the fatal ſtab from mentioning a *further* proof of Richard's being born for the deſtruction of mankind. Theobald's addition therefore to that line, has, I think, been adopted too haſtily by the ſubſequent editors, and the interruption in the midſt of Henry's ſpeech appears to me not only preferable, as warranted by the old copies, and by Gloſter's ſubſequent words, [Die, prophet, *in thy ſpeech*;] but more agreeable to nature.
MALONE.

[8] *Let hell* &c.] This line Dryden ſeems to have thought on in his *Oedipus*:

"It was thy crooked mind hunch'd out thy back,
"And wander'd in thy limbs." STEEVENS.

I have no brother, I am like no brother:
'And this word—love, which greybeards call divine,
Be reſident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myſelf alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'ſt me from the light;
But I will ſort a pitchy day for thee:[9]
For I will buz abroad ſuch prophecies,
'That Edward ſhall be fearful of his life;[1]
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
'King Henry, and the prince his ſon, are gone:
'Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the reſt;
Counting myſelf but bad, till I be beſt.—
'I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [*Exit.*

After this line, we find in the old play the following:
"I had no father, I am like no father."
It might have been omitted in the folio merely by accident, (as ſome lines in *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* certainly were,) but its reſtoration is not neceſſary, for the ſenſe is complete without it. MALONE.

[9] *But I will ſort a pitchy day for thee:*] But I will chooſe out an hour whoſe gloom ſhall be as fatal to you. To *ſort* is to *ſelect*. So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605:
"——— for they had *ſorted* leiſure."
Again, in *The Lover's Melancholy*, 1629:
"We ſhall *ſort* time to take more notice of him."
STEEVENS.

[1] *For I will buz abroad* ſuch prophecies,
That Edward ſhall be fearful of his life;] The quartos add a line between theſe:
"——— ſuch prophecies,
"*Under pretence of outward ſeeming ill,*
"That," &c. STEEVENS.
This line is not in the quarto printed by W. W. 1600; but it is in the undated quarto, which in fact was printed in 1619, from that printed in 1600 by V. S. MALONE.

SCENE VII.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

King EDWARD *is diſcovered ſitting on his Throne; Queen* ELIZABETH *with the infant Prince,* CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, *and Others, near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we ſit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down,[2] in tops of all their pride?
Three dukes of Somerſet, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the ſon,
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er ſpurr'd their courſers at the trumpet's ſound:
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the foreſt tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we ſwept ſuſpicion from our ſeat,
And made our footſtool of ſecurity.—
Come hither, Beſs, and let me kiſs my boy:—
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myſelf,
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;

[2] —— *like to autumn's corn,*
Have we mow'd *down,*] A kindred image occurs in *King Henry V.* p. 378:
" —— *mowing* like graſs
" Your freſh-fair virgins, and your flow'ring infants."
STEEVENS.

'Went all a foot in ſummer's ſcalding heat,
That thou might'ſt repoſſeſs the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou ſhalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blaſt his harveſt, if your head were laid;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This ſhoulder was ordain'd ſo thick, to heave;
And heave it ſhall ſome weight, or break my back:—
Work thou the way,—and thou ſhalt execute.[3]
[*Aſide.*

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloſter, love my lovely queen;
And kiſs your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majeſty,
I ſeal upon the lips of this ſweet babe.

K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.[4]

[3] *Work thou the way,—and* thou ſhalt *execute.*] I believe we ſhould read:

—— *and* this *ſhall execute.*

Richard laying his hand on his forehead ſays:

Work thou the way ——

then bringing down his hand, and beholding it:

—— *and* this *ſhall execute.*

Though *that* may ſtand, the arm being included in the ſhoulder. Johnson.

The quartos read:

"Work thou the way, and *thou* ſhalt execute."

I ſuppoſe he ſpeaks this line, firſt *touching* his *head*, and then *looking* on his *hand*. Steevens.

This is the reading of the old play. The folio reads—and *that* ſhalt execute. But as the word *ſhalt* is preſerved, the other muſt have been an error of the tranſcriber or compoſitor. Malone.

[4] *Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.*] The quarto appropriates this line to the *Queen*. The firſt and ſecond folio, by miſtake, have given it to *Clarence*.

In my copy of the ſecond folio, which had belonged to

'*Glo.* And, that I love the tree from whence thou ſprang'ſt,
'Witneſs the loving kiſs I give the fruit:—
To ſay the truth, ſo Judas kiſs'd his maſter;
'And cried—all hail! when as he meant —all harm. } *Aſide.*

K. Edw. Now am I ſeated as my ſoul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?
Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jeruſalem,
And hither have they ſent it for her ranſome.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.
And now what reſts, but that we ſpend the time
With ſtately triumphs,[5] mirthful comick ſhows,
Such as befit the pleaſures of the court?—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, ſour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our laſting joy. [*Exeunt.*

King Charles the Firſt, his Majeſty has eraſed—*Cla,* and written *King,* in its ſtead.—Shakſpeare, therefore, in the catalogue of his reſtorers, may boaſt of a Royal name. Steevens.

[5] *With ſtately* triumphs,] *Triumphs* are publick ſhows. This word has occurred too frequently to need exemplification in the preſent inſtance. Steevens.

THE following SUMMARY ACCOUNT* of the times and places of the ſeveral battles fought between the two houſes of York and Lancaſter, and of the numbers killed on both ſides, is given by Truſſel, at the end of his *Hiſtory of England*, a book of little value, but in matters of this kind tolerably correct. I have compared his account with our earlieſt hiſtorians, and in ſome places corrected it by them.

1. THE BATTLE OF SAINT ALBANS, fought on the 23d of May 1455, between Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, and King Henry VI. In this battle the Duke of York was victorious, and Henry was taken priſoner.

KILLED, on the royal ſide 5041, (among whom were Edmond Duke of Somerſet, Henry Earl of Northumberland, Humphrey Earl of Stafford, and Thomas Lord Clifford;) on the ſide of the Duke of York, 600. TOTAL—5641.

2. THE BATTLE OF BLOARHEATH in Shropſhire, fought on the 30th of September 1459, between James Lord Audley on the part of King Henry, and Richard Nevil Earl of Saliſbury on the part of the Duke of York; in which battle Lord Audley was ſlain, and his army defeated.

KILLED—2411.

3. THE BATTLE OF NORTHAMPTON, 20th of July, 1460, between Edward Plantagenet, Earl of March, eldeſt ſon of the Duke of York, and Richard Nevil Earl of Warwick, on the one ſide, and King Henry on the other; in which the Yorkiſts were victorious.

KILLED—1035, among whom were John Talbot Earl of Shrewſbury, Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, and Sir William Lucy.

4. THE BATTLE OF WAKEFIELD, December 30, 1460, between Richard Duke of York and Queen Margaret; in which the Duke of York was defeated.

KILLED—2801, among whom were the Duke of York, Edmond Earl of Rutland his ſecond ſon, Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer, his baſe uncles, and the Earl of Shrewſbury. Richard Nevil Earl of Saliſbury was in this battle taken priſoner, and afterwards beheaded at Pomfret.

5. THE BATTLE OF MORTIMER'S CROSS, in Herefordſhire,

* Mr. Ritſon, among his *Remarks*, 1783, p. 130, has alſo enumerated the following battles, &c. but as Mr. Malone's ſubſequent account of the ſame occurrences is the more ample of the two, I have adopted it.

STEEVENS.

on Candlemas-day, 1460-1, between Edward Duke of York, on the one ſide, and Jaſper Earl of Pembroke, and James Butler Earl of Wiltſhire, on the other; in which the Duke of York was victorious.

KILLED—3800, among whom was Sir Owen Tuther or Tudors, who married Queen Katharine, the widow of King Henry V.

6. THE SECOND BATTLE OF SAINT ALBANS, February 17, 1460-1, between Queen Margaret on the one ſide, and the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Warwick on the other; in which the Queen obtained the victory.

KILLED—2303; among whom was Sir John Grey, a Lancaſtrian, whoſe widow, Lady Grey, afterwards married King Edward the Fourth.

7. THE ACTION AT FERRYBRIDGE, in Yorkſhire, March 28, 1461, between Lord Clifford on the part of King Henry, and the Lord Fitzwalter on the part of the Duke of York.

KILLED—230, among whom were Lord Fitzwalter, John Lord Clifford, and the baſtard ſon of the Earl of Saliſbury.

8. THE BATTLE OF TOWTON, four miles from York, Palm-Sunday, March 29, 1461, between Edward Duke of York and King Henry; in which King Henry was defeated.

KILLED—37,046, among whom were Henry Percy Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Shrewſbury, and the Lords Nevil, Beaumond, Willoughby, Wells, Roos, Gray, Dacres, and Fitzhugh. The Earl of Devonſhire was taken priſoner, and ſoon afterwards beheaded at York.

9. THE BATTLE OF HEDGELEY MOOR, in Northumberland, April 29, 1463, between John Nevil Viſcount Montague, on the part of King Edward IV. and the Lords Hungerford and Roos on the part of King Henry VI: in which the Yorkiſts were victorious.

KILLED—108, among whom was Sir Ralph Percy.

10. THE BATTLE OF HEXHAM, May 15, 1463, between Viſcount Montague and King Henry, in which that King was defeated.

KILLED—2024. Henry Beaufort, Duke of Somerſet, and the Lord Roos and Hungerford, fighting on the ſide of King Henry, were taken priſoners, and ſoon afterwards beheaded.

11. THE BATTLE OF HEDGECOTE, four miles from Banbury, July 25, 1469, between William Herbert Earl of Pembroke, on the part of King Edward, and the lords Fitzhugh and Latimer,

and Sir John Conyers, on the part of King Henry; in which the Lancaſtrians were defeated.

Killed—5009. The Earl of Pembroke and his brother, Richard Widville Earl of Rivers, father to King Edward's Queen, Sir John Widville, John Tiptoft Earl of Worceſter, the Lords Willoughby, Stafford, and Wells, were taken priſoners, and ſoon afterwards beheaded.

13. The Battle of Stamford, in Lincolnſhire, October 1, 1469, between Sir Robert Wells and King Edward; in which the former was defeated and taken priſoner. The vanquiſhed who fled, in order to lighten themſelves threw away their coats, whence the place of combat was called *Loſecoatfield.*

Killed—10,000.

14. The Battle of Barnet, on Eaſter-Sunday, April 14, 1471, between King Edward on one ſide, and the Earl of Warwick, the Marquis of Montague, and the Earl of Oxford, on the part of King Henry VI. in which the Lancaſtrians were defeated.

Killed—10,300; among whom were the Earl of Warwick, the Marquis of Montague, the Lord Cromwell, and the ſon and heir of Lord Say.

In a letter which was written at London four days after the battle of Barnet, the total number killed on both ſides is ſaid to have been "more than *a thouſand.*" *Paſton Letters,* Vol. II. p. 65. Fabian, the neareſt contemporary hiſtorian, ſays 1500.

The cuſtom among our old writers of uſing Arabick numerals, has been the cauſe of innumerable errors, the careleſſneſs of a tranſcriber or printer by the addition of a cipher converting hundreds into thouſands. From the inaccuracy in the preſent inſtance we have ground to ſuſpect that the numbers ſaid to have fallen in the other battles between the houſes of York and Lancaſter, have been exaggerated. Sir John Paſton who was himſelf at the battle of Barnet, was probably correct.

15. The Battle of Tewksbury, May 3, 1471, between King Edward and Queen Margaret, in which the Queen was defeated, and ſhe and her ſon Prince Edward were taken priſoners.

On the next day the Prince was killed by King Edward and his brothers, and Edmond Duke of Somerſet beheaded.

Killed—3,032. Shortly afterwards, in an action between the baſtard ſon of Lord Falconbridge and ſome Londoners, 1092 perſons were killed.

16. The Battle of Bosworth, in Leiceſterſhire, Auguſt 22, 1485, betweeen King Richard III. and Henry Earl of Richmond,

afterwards King Henry VII. in which King Richard was defeated and ſlain.

KILLED, on the part of Richard, 4,013, among whom were John Duke of Norfolk, and Walter Lord Ferrers; on the part of Richmond, 181.

THE TOTAL NUMBER of perſons who fell in this conteſt, was NINETY-ONE THOUSAND AND TWENTY-SIX. MALONE.

The three parts of *King Henry VI.* are ſuſpected, by Mr. Theobald, of being ſuppoſititious, and are declared, by Dr. Warburton, to be certainly not Shakſpeare's. Mr. Theobald's ſuſpicion ariſes from ſome obſolete words; but the phraſeology is like the reſt of our author's ſtyle, and ſingle words, of which however I do not obſerve more than two, can conclude little.

Dr. Warburton gives no reaſon, but I ſuppoſe him to judge upon deeper principles and more comprehenſive views, and to draw his opinion from the general effect and ſpirit of the compoſition, which he thinks inferior to the other hiſtorical plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and ſometimes the matter itſelf will defeat the artiſt. Of every author's works one will be the beſt, and one will be the worſt. The colours are not equally pleaſing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of Titian or Reynolds.

Diſſimilitude of ſtyle and heterogeneouſneſs of ſentiment, may ſufficiently ſhow that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in theſe plays no ſuch marks of ſpuriouſneſs are found. The diction, the verſification, and the figures, are Shakſpeare's. Theſe plays, conſidered, without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verſe, are more happily conceived, and more accurately finiſhed than thoſe of *K. John*, *Richard II.* or the tragick ſcenes of *King Henry IV.* and *V.* If we take theſe plays from Shakſpeare, to whom ſhall they be given? What author of that age had the ſame eaſineſs of expreſſion and fluency of numbers?

Having conſidered the evidence given by the plays themſelves, and found it in their favour, let us now enquire what corroboration can be gained from other teſtimony. They are aſcribed to Shakſpeare by the firſt editors, whoſe atteſtation may be received in queſtions of fact, however unſkilfully they ſuperintended their edition. They ſeem to be declared genuine by the voice of Shakſpeare himſelf, who refers to the ſecond play in his epilogue to *King Henry V.* and apparently connects the firſt Act of *King Richard III.* with the laſt of *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* If it be objected that the plays were popular, and

that therefore he alluded to them as well known; it may be anſwered, with equal probability, that the natural paſſions of a poet would have diſpoſed him to ſeparate his own works from thoſe of an inferior hand. And, indeed, if an author's own teſtimony is to be overthrown by ſpeculative criticiſm, no man can be any longer ſecure of literary reputation.

Of theſe three plays I think the ſecond the beſt. The truth is, that they have not ſufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the ſame kind; yet many of the characters are well diſcriminated. King Henry, and his Queen, King Edward, the Duke of Glouceſter, and the Earl of Warwick, are very ſtrongly and diſtinctly painted.

The old copies of the two latter parts of *King Henry VI.* and of *King Henry V.* are ſo apparently imperfect and mutilated, that there is no reaſon for ſuppoſing them the firſt draughts of Shakſpeare. I am inclined to believe them copies taken by ſome auditor who wrote down, during the repreſentation, what the time would permit, then perhaps filled up ſome of his omiſſions at a ſecond or third hearing, and, when he had by this method formed ſomething like a play, ſent it to the printer.

JOHNSON.

So, Heywood, in the Preface to his *Rape of Lucrece*, (fourth impreſſion,) 1630:

" —for though ſome have uſed a double ſale of their labours, firſt to the ſtage and after to the preſs, for my own part I here proclaim myſelf ever faithful to the firſt, and never guilty of the laſt: yet ſince ſome of my plays have (unknown to me, and without any of my direction,) accidentally come into the printer's hands, and therefore ſo corrupt and mangled (*copied only by the ear*,) that I have been as unable to know them as aſhamed to challenge them, this therefore I was the willinger," &c.

COLLINS.

There is another circumſtance which may ſerve to ſtrengthen Dr. Johnſon's ſuppoſition, viz. that moſt of the fragments of Latin verſes, omitted in the quartos, are to be found in the folio; and when any of them are inſerted in the former, they are ſhamefully corrupted and miſſpelt. The auditor, who underſtood Engliſh, might be unſkilled in any other language.

STEEVENS.

I formerly coincided with Dr. Johnſon on this ſubject, at a time when I had examined the two old plays publiſhed in quarto under the title of *The Whole Contention of the Two famous Houſes of York and Lancaſter*, in two parts, with leſs attention than I have lately done. That dramas were ſometimes imperfectly taken down in the theatre, and afterwards publiſhed in a

mutilated ſtate, is proved deciſively by the prologue to a play entitled, *If you know not Me you know Nobody*, by Thomas Heywood, 1623 :

" ——— 'Twas ill nurſt,
" And yet receiv'd as well perform'd at firſt ;
" Grac'd and frequented ; for the cradle age
" Did throng the ſeats, the boxes, and the ſtage,
" So much, that ſome by *ſtenography* drew
" The p'ot, *put it in print*, ſcarce one word true :
" And in that lameneſs it has limp'd ſo long,
" The author now, to vindicate that wrong,
" Hath took the pains upright upon its feet
" To teach it walk ; ſo pleaſe you, ſit and ſee it."

But the old plays in quarto, which have been hitherto ſuppoſed to be imperfect repreſentations of the ſecond and third parts of *King Henry VI.* are by no means mutilated and imperfect. The ſcenes are as well connected, and the verſification as correct, as that of moſt of the other dramas of that time. The fact therefore, which Heywood's Prologue aſcertains, throws no light upon the preſent conteſted queſtion. Such obſervations as I have made upon it, I ſhall ſubjoin in a diſtinct Eſſay on the ſubject.

MALONE.

I have already given ſome reaſons, why I cannot believe, that theſe plays were *originally* written by Shakſpeare. The queſtion, who did write them ? is, at beſt, but an argument *ad ignorantiam*. We muſt remember, that very many old plays are *anonymous* ; and that *play-writing* was ſcarcely yet thought reputable : nay, ſome authors expreſs for it great horrors of repentance.—I will attempt, however, at ſome future time, to anſwer this queſtion : the diſquiſition of it would be too long for this place.

One may at leaſt argue, that the plays were not written by Shakſpeare, from Shakſpeare himſelf. The *Chorus* at the end of *King Henry V.* addreſſes the audience—

" ——— For *their ſake*,
" In your fair minds let *this* acceptance take."

But it could be neither agreeable to the poet's judgment or his modeſty, to recommend his new play from the merit and ſucceſs of *King Henry VI.* ——His claim to indulgence is, that, though *bending* and unequal to the talk, he has ventured to *purſue the ſtory* : and this ſufficiently accounts for the connection of the whole, and the alluſions of particular paſſages. FARMER.

It is ſeldom that Dr. Farmer's arguments fail to enforce conviction; but here, perhaps, they may want ſomewhat of their uſual weight. I think that Shakſpeare's bare mention of theſe pieces is a ſufficient proof they were his. That they were ſo, could be his only motive for inferring benefit to himſelf from the ſpectator's recollection of their paſt ſucceſs. For the ſake of three hiſtorical dramas of mine which have already afforded you entertainment, let me (ſays he) intreat your indulgence to a fourth. Surely this was a ſtronger plea in his behalf, than any ariſing from the kind reception which another might have already met with in the ſame way of writing. Shakſpeare's claim to favour is founded on his having previouſly given pleaſure in the courſe of three of thoſe hiſtories; becauſe he is a *bending*, ſupplicatory author, and not a literary bully, like Ben Jonſon; and becauſe he has ventured to exhibit a ſeries of annals in a ſuite of plays, an attempt which till then had not received the ſanction of the ſtage.

I hope Dr. Farmer did not wiſh to exclude the three dramas before us, together with *The Taming of the Shrew*, from the number of thoſe produced by our author, on account of the Latin quotations to be found in them. His proofs of Shakſpeare's want of learning are too ſtrong to ſtand in need of ſuch a ſupport. STEEVENS.

Though the objections which have been raiſed to the genuineneſs of the *three plays of Henry the Sixth* have been fully conſidered and anſwered by Dr. Johnſon, it may not be amiſs to add here, from a contemporary writer, a paſſage, which not only points at Shakſpeare as the author of them, but alſo ſhows, that, however meanly we may now think of them in compariſon with his latter productions, they had, at the time of their appearance, a ſufficient degree of excellence to alarm the jealouſy of the older play-wrights. The paſſage, to which I refer, is in a pamphlet, entitled, *Greene's Groatſworth of Witte*, ſuppoſed to have been written by that voluminous author, Robert Greene, M. A. and ſaid, in the title-page, to be *publiſhed at his dying requeſt*; probably about 1592. The concluſion of this piece is an addreſs to his brother poets, to diſſuade them from writing any more for the ſtage, on account of the ill treatment which they were uſed to receive from the players. It begins thus: *To thoſe gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, that ſpend their wits in making playes*, R. G. *wiſheth a better exerciſe*, &c. After having addreſſed himſelf particularly to *Chriſtopher Marlowe* and *Thomas Lodge*, (as I gueſs from circumſtances, for their names are not mentioned;) he goes on to a third, (perhaps *George Peele*;) and having warned him againſt *depending on ſo mean a ſtay* as the

players, he adds: *Yes, truſt them not; for there is an upſtart crow beautified with our feathers, that with his* tygres head wrapt in a players hyde, *ſuppoſes hee is as well able to bombaſte out a blanke verſe as the beſt of you; and being an abſolute* Johannes fac totum *is, in his own conceit, the onely* Shake-ſcene *in a countrey.* There can be no doubt, I think, that *Shake-ſcene* alludes to *Shakſpeare*; or that *his tygres head wrapt in a players hyde,* is a parodie upon the following line of York's ſpeech to Margaret, *Third Part of King Henry VI.* Act I. ſc. iv:

" Oh *tygres* heart, *wrapt in a* woman's *hide.*"

TYRWHITT.

DISSERTATION

ON

THE THREE PARTS

OF

KING HENRY VI.

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A

DISSERTATION

ON

THE THREE PARTS

OF

KING HENRY VI.

TENDING TO SHOW

That thoſe Plays were NOT *written* ORIGINALLY *by* SHAKSPEARE.

SEVERAL paſſages in *The* Second *and* Third *Part of King Henry VI.* appearing evidently to be of the hand of Shakſpeare, I was long of opinion that the *three* hiſtorical dramas which are the ſubject of the preſent diſquiſition, were properly aſcribed to him; not then doubting that the whole of theſe plays was the production of the ſame perſon. But a more minute inveſtigation of the ſubject, into which I have been led by the reviſion of all our author's works, has convinced me, that, though the premiſes were true, my concluſion was too haſtily drawn; for though the hand of Shakſpeare is unqueſtionably found in the two latter of theſe plays, it does not therefore neceſſarily follow, that they were *originally* and *entirely* compoſed by him. My thoughts upon this point have already been intimated in the foregoing notes; but it is now neceſſary for me to ſtate my opinion more particularly, and to lay before the reader the grounds on which, after a very careful enquiry, it has been formed.

What at preſent I have chiefly in view is, to account for the viſible *inequality* in theſe pieces; many traits of Shakſpeare being clearly diſcernible in them, while the inferior parts are not merely unequal to the reſt, (from which no certain concluſion can be drawn,) but of quite a different complexion from the inferior parts of our author's undoubted performances.

My hypotheſis then is, that *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.* as it now appears, (of which no quarto copy is extant,) was the entire or nearly the entire production of ſome ancient dramatiſt; that *The Whole Contention of the Two Houſes of York and Lancaſter*, &c. written probably before the year 1590, and printed in quarto, in 1600, was alſo the compoſition of ſome writer who preceded Shakſpeare; and that from this piece, which is in two parts, (the former of which is entitled, *The Firſt Part of the Contention of the Two famous Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter, with the Death of the good Duke Humphrey*, &c. and the latter, *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henrie the Sixt*,) our poet formed the two plays, entitled, *The* Second *and* Third *Parts of King Henry VI.* as they appear in the firſt folio edition of his works.

Mr. Upton has aſked, "How does the painter diſtinguiſh copies from originals but by manner and ſtyle? And have not authors their peculiar ſtyle and manner, from which a true critick can form as unerring a judgment as a painter?" Dr. Johnſon, though he has ſhown, with his uſual acuteneſs, that, "this illuſtration of the critick's ſcience will not prove what is deſired," acknowledges in a preceding note, that "diſſimilitude of ſtyle and heterogeneouſneſs of ſentiment may ſufficiently ſhow that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in theſe plays (he adds) no ſuch marks of ſpuriouſneſs are found. The diction, verſification, and the figures, are Shakſpeare's."—By theſe criterions then let us examine *The* Firſt *Part of K. Henry VI.* (for I chooſe to conſider that piece ſeparately;) and if the diction, the figures, or rather the alluſions, and the verſification of that play, (for theſe are our ſureſt guides) ſhall appear to be different from the other two parts, *as they are exhibited in the folio*, and from our author's other plays, we may fairly conclude that he was not the writer of it.

I. With reſpect to the diction and the alluſions, which I ſhall conſider under the ſame head, it is very obſervable that in *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.* there are more alluſions to mythology, to claſſical authors, and to ancient and modern hiſtory, than, I believe, can be found in any one piece of our author's, written on an Engliſh ſtory; and that theſe alluſions are introduced very much in the ſame manner as they are introduced in the plays of Greene, Peele, Lodge, and other dramatiſts who preceded Shakſpeare; that is, they do not naturally ariſe out of the ſubject, but ſeem to be inſerted merely to ſhew the writer's learning.* Of theſe the following are the moſt remarkable:

* —— *to ſhew the writer's learning.*] This appearance of pedantry, if not aſſumed in imitation of Greene &c. (See Vol. XIII. p. 3,) would only induce

1. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known.
2. A far more glorious ſtar thy ſoul will make
Than Julius Cæſar, or bright —

This blank, Dr. Johnſon with the higheſt probability conjectures, ſhould be filled up with "Berenice;" a word that the tranſcriber or compoſitor probably could not make out. In the ſame manner he left a blank in a ſubſequent paſſage for the name of "Nero," as is indubitably proved by the following line, which aſcertains the omitted word. See No. 6.

3. Was Mahomet inſpired with a dove?
4. Helen, the mother of great Conſtantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.
5. Froiſard, a countryman of ours, records, &c.
6. ——— and, like thee, [Nero,]
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burning.

[In the original copy there is a blank where the word *Nero* is now placed.]

7. The ſpirit of deep prophecy ſhe hath,
Exceeding the nine Sybils of old Rome.
8. A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops—.
9. Divineſt creature, Aſtræa's daughter—.
10. ——— Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.
11. A ſtatelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was.
12. ——— an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewel'd coffer of Darius.
13. I ſhall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Thomyris, by Cyrus' death.
14. I thought I ſhould have ſeen ſome Hercules,
A ſecond Hector, for his grim aſpect.
15. Neſtor-like aged, in an age of care.
16. Then follow thou thy deſperate ſire of Crete,
Thou Icarus.
17. Where is the great Alcides of the field?
18. Now am I like that proud inſulting ſhip,
That Cæſar and his fortune bare at once.

me to think that the piece now under conſideration might be the work of a juvenile writer; and why not one of Shakſpeare's earlieſt dramatick effuſions? The firſt themes compoſed by ſchoolboys are always ſtuffed with a tritical parade of literature, ſuch as is found in antiquated plays, ſome of which, our author, while yet immature, might have taken for his model. STEEVENS.

19. Is Talbot ſlain ; the Frenchman's only ſcourge,
Your kingdom's terror, and black Nemeſis ?
20. Thou may'ſt not wander in that labyrinth ;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treaſons lurk.
21. See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, ſhe would change my ſhape.
22. ——— thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece ;
With hope to find the like event in love.

Of particular expreſſions there are many in this play, that ſeem to me more likely to have been uſed by the authors already named, than by Shakſpeare ; but I confeſs, with Dr. Johnſon, that ſingle words can conclude little. However, I will juſt mention that the words *proditor* and *immanity*, which occur in this piece, are not, I believe, found in any of Shakſpeare's undiſputed performances : not to inſiſt on a direct Latiniſm, *pile-ejieemed*, which I am confident was the word intended by the author, though, being a word of his own formation, the compoſitor has printed—*pil'd*-eſteem'd, inſtead of it.*

The verſification of this play appears to me clearly of a different colour from that of all our author's genuine dramas, while at the ſame time it reſembles that of many of the plays produced before the time of Shakſpeare.

In all the tragedies written before his time, or juſt when he commenced author, a certain ſtately march of verſification is very obſervable. The ſenſe concludes or pauſes almoſt uniformly at the end of every line ; and the verſe has ſcarcely ever a redundant ſyllable. As the reader may not have any of theſe pieces at hand, (by the poſſeſſion of which, however, his library would not be much enriched,) I ſhall add a few inſtances,—the firſt that occur :

" Moſt loyal lords, and faithful followers,
" That have with me, unworthy general,
" Paſſed the greedy gulph of Ocean,
" Leaving the confines of fair Italy,
" Behold, your Brutus draweth nigh his end.
" And I muſt leave you, though againſt my will.
" My ſinews ſhrink, my numbed ſenſes fail,
" A chil ing cold poſſeſſeth a l my bones ;
" Black ugly death, with viſage pale and wan,
" Preſents himſelf before my dazzled eyes,
" And with his dart prepared is to ſtrike."

Locrine, 1595.

* See *King Henry VI.* P. I. Vol. XIII. p. 39, n. 4.

" My lord of Glouceſter, and lord Mortimer,
" To do you honour in your ſovereign's eyes,
" That, as we hear, is newly come aland,
" From Paleſtine, with all his men of war,
" (The poor remainder of the royal fleet,
" Preſerv'd by miracle in Sicil road,)
" Go mount your courſers, meet him on the way;
" Pray him to ſpur his ſteed, minutes and hours,
" Untill his mother ſee her princely ſon,
" Shining in glory of his ſafe return."
Edward I. by George Peele, 1593.

" Then go thy ways, and clime up to the clouds,
" And tell Apollo that Orlando fits
" Making of verſes for Angelica.
" And if he do deny to ſend me down
" The ſhirt which Deianira ſent to Hercules,
" To make me brave upon my wedding day,
" Tell him I'll paſs the Alps, and up to Meroe,
" (I know he knows that watry lakiſh hill)
" And pull the harp out of the minſtrels hands,
" And pawne it unto lovely Proſerpine,
" That ſhe may fetch the faire Angelica."
Orlando Furioſo, by Robert Greene, printed in 1599; written before 1592.

" The work that Ninus rear'd at Babylon,
" The brazen walls fram'd by Semiramis,
" Carv'd out like to the portal of the ſunne,
" Shall not be ſuch as rings the Engliſh ſtrand
" From Dover to the market-place of Rye."
* * *
" To plain our queſtions, as Apollo did."
* * *
" Facile and debonaire in all his deeds,
" Proportion'd as was Paris, when in gray,
" He courted Oenon in the vale by Troy."
* * *
" Who dar'd for Edward's ſake cut through the ſeas,
" And venture as Agenor's damſel through the deepe."
* * *
" England's rich monarch, brave Plantagenet,
" The Pyren mountains ſwelling above the clouds,
" That ward this wealthy Caſtile in with walls,
" Could not detain the beauteous Eleanor;
" But hearing of the fame of Edward's youth,

" She dar'd to brave Neptunus' haughty pride,
" And brave the brunt of froward Eolus."
* * *
" Daphne, the damſel that caught Phœbus faſt,
" And lock'd him in the brightneſs of her looks,
" Was not ſo beauteous in Apollo's eyes,
" As is fair Margaret, to the Lincoln earl."
* * *
" We muſt lay plots for ſtately tragedies,
" Strange conick ſhews, ſuch as proud Roſcius
" Vaunted before the Roman emperours."
* * *
" Lacy, thou can'ſt not ſhrowd thy traiterous thoughts,
" Nor cover, as did Caſſius, all his wiles;
" For Edward hath an eye that looks as far
" As Lynceus from the ſhores of Greecia."
* * *
" Pardon, my lord: If Jove's great royalty
" Sent me ſuch preſents as to Danae;
" If Phœbus tied to Latona's webs,
" Came courting from the beauty of his lodge;
" The dulcet tunes of frolick Mercurie,
" Nor all the wealth heaven's treaſury affords
" Should make me leave lord Lacy or his love."
* * *
" What will thou do?—
" Shew thee the tree leav'd with refined gold,
" Whereon the fearful dragon held his ſeate,
" That watch'd the garden call'd Heſperides,
" Subdued and wonne by conquering Hercules."
* * *
" ——————— Margaret,
" That overſhines our damſels, as the moone
" Darkens the brighteſt ſparkles of the night."
* * *
" Should Paris enter in the courts of Greece,
" And not lie fetter'd in fair Helen's looks?
" Or Phœbus ſcape thoſe piercing amoriſts,
" That Daphne glanced at his deitie?
" Can Edward then ſit by a flame and freeze,
" Whoſe heats put Hellen and fair Daphne down?"

The Honourable Hiſtorie of Friar Bacon, &c. by Robert Greene; written before 1592, printed in 1598.

" *King.* Thus far, ye Engliſh Peers, have we diſplay'd
" Our waving enſigns with a happy war;

" Thus nearly hath our furious rage reveng'd
" My daughter's death upon the traiterous Scot;
" And now before Dunbar our camp is pitch'd,
" Which if it yield not to our compromiſe,
" The place ſhall furrow where the palace ſtood,
" And fury ſhall envy ſo high a power,
" That mercy ſhall be baniſh'd from our ſword.
" *Doug.* What ſeeks the Engliſh king?
" *King.* Scot, ope thoſe gates, and let me enter in.
" Submit thyſelf and thine unto my grace,
" Or I will put each mother's ſon to death,
" And lay this city level with the ground."
James IV. by Robert Greene, printed in 1598; written before 1592.

" Valeria, attend; I have a lovely bride
" As bright as is the heaven chryſtaline;
" As faire as is the milke-white way of Jove,
" As chaſte as Phœbe in her ſummer ſports,
" As ſoft and tender as the azure downe
" That circles Citherea's ſilver doves;
" Her do I meane to make my lovely bride,
" And in her bed to breathe the ſweet content
" That I, thou know'ſt, long time have aimed at."
The Taming of a Shrew, written before 1594.

" *Pol.* Faire Emilia, ſummers bright ſun queene,
" Brighter of hew than is the burning clime
" Where Phœbus in his bright equator ſits,
" Creating gold and pretious minerals,
" What would Emilia doe, if I were fond
" To leave faire Athens, and to range the world?
" *Emil.* Should thou aſſay to ſcale the ſeate of Jove,
" Mounting the ſubtle airie regions,
" Or be ſnatcht up, as erſt was Ganimede,
" Love ſhould give wings unto my ſwift deſires,
" And prune my thoughts, that I would follow thee,
" Or fall and periſh as did Icarus." *Ibid.*

" Barons of England, and my noble lords,
" Though God and fortune hath bereft from us
" Victorious Richard, ſcourge of infidels,
" And clad this land in ſtole of diſmal hue,
" Yet give me leave to joy, and joy you all,
" That from this wombe hath ſprung a ſecond hope,
" A king that may in rule and virtue both
" Succeed his brother in his emperie."
The troubleſome Raigne of King John, 1591

" —— as ſometimes Phaeton,
" Miſtruſting ſilly Merops for his fire—." *Ibid.*

" As curſed Nero with his mother did,
" So I with you, if you reſolve me not." *Ibid.*
* * *

" Peace, Arthur, peace! thy mother makes thee wings,
" To ſoar with peril after Icarus." *Ibid.*

" How doth Alecto whiſper in my ears,
" Delay not, Philip, kill the villaine ſtraight." *Ibid.*
* * *

" *Philippus atavis edite regibus,*
" What ſaiſt thou, Philip, ſprung of ancient kings,—
" *Quo me rapit tempeſtas?*" *Ibid.*
* * *

" Morpheus, leave here thy ſilent ebon cave,
" Beſiege his thoughts with diſmal phantaſies;
" And ghaſtly objects of pale threatning Mors,
" Affright him every minute with ſtern looks." *Ibid.*
* * *

" Here is the ranſome that allaies his rage,
" The firſt freehold that Richard left his ſonne,
" With which I ſhall ſurprize his living ſpies,
" As Hector's ſtatue did the fainting Greeks." *Ibid.*
* * *

" This curſed country, where the traitors breathe,
" Whoſe perjurie (as proud Briareus)
" Beleaguers all the ſky with miſbelief." *Ibid.*
* * *

" Muſt Conſtance ſpeak? let tears prevent her talk.
" Muſt I diſcourſe? let *Dido* ſigh, and ſay,
" She weeps again to hear the wrack of Troy." *Ibid.*
* * *

" John, 'tis thy ſins that make it miſerable,
" *Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.*" *Ibid.*
* * *

" *King.* Robert of Artoys, baniſh'd though thou be,
" From France, thy native country, yet with us
" Thou ſhalt retain as great a ſignorie,
" For we create thee earle of Richmond here:
" And now go forwards with our pedigree;
" Who next ſucceeded Philip of Bew?
" *Art.* Three ſonnes of his, which, all ſucceſsfully,
" Did ſit upon their father's regal throne;
" Yet died, and left no iſſue of their loynes.
" *King.* But was my mother ſiſter unto theſe?

" *Art.* She was, my lord; and only Iſabel
" Was all the daughters that this Philip had."
The Raigne of King Edward III. 1596.

The tragedies of *Marius and Sylla*, by T. Lodge, 1594, *A Looking Gloſs for London and England*, by T. Lodge and R. Greene, 1598, *Solyman and Perſeda*, written before 1592, *Selimus, Emperour of the Turks*, 1594, *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1592, and *Titus Andronicus*, will all furniſh examples of a ſimilar verſification; a verſification ſo exactly correſponding with that of *The Firſt Part of King Henry VI.* and *The Whole Contention of the Two Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, &c. as it originally appeared, that I have no doubt theſe plays were the production of ſome one or other of the authors of the pieces above quoted or enumerated.

A paſſage in a pamphlet written by Thomas Naſhe, an intimate friend of Greene, Peele, &c. ſhows that *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI* had been on the ſtage before 1592; and his favourable mention of this piece inclines me to believe that it was written by a friend of his. " How would it have joyed brave Talbot, (ſays Naſhe in *Pierce Pennileſſe his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592,) the terror of the French, to thinke that after he had lyen two hundred yeare in his tombe, he ſhould triumph again on the ſtage; and have his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thouſand ſpectators at leaſt, (at ſeveral times) who in the tragedian that repreſents his perſon behold him freſh bleeding."

This paſſage was ſeveral years ago pointed out by my friend Dr. Farmer, as a proof of the hypotheſis which I am now endeavouring to eſtabliſh. That it related to the old play of *King Henry VI.* or, as it is now called, *The* Firſt *Part of K. Henry VI.* cannot, I think, be doubted. *Talbot* appears in the *Firſt* part, and not in the *ſecond* or *third* part; and is expreſsly ſpoken of in the play, (as well as in Hall's *Chronicle*,) as " the terror of the French." Holinſhed, who was Shakſpeare's guide, omits the paſſage in Hall, in which Talbot is thus deſcribed; and this is an additional proof that this play was not our author's. But of this more hereafter.

The Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.* (as it is now called) furniſhes us with other *internal* proofs alſo of its not being the work of Shakſpeare.

1. The author of that play, whoever he was, does not ſeem to have known preciſely how old Henry the Sixth was at the time of his father's death. He opens his play indeed with the funeral of Henry the Fifth, but no where mentions expreſsly the young king's age. It is clear, however, from one paſſage, that he ſup-

poſed him to have paſſed the ſtate of infancy before he loſt his father, and even to have remembered ſome of his ſayings. In the fourth Act, ſc. iv. ſpeaking of the famous Talbot, he ſays:

" When *I was young* (as yet I am not old,)
" *I do remember how my father ſaid,*
" A ſtouter champion never handled ſword."

But Shakſpeare, as appears from two paſſages, one in the *ſecond*, and the other in the *Third* part of *King Henry VI.* knew that that king could not poſſibly remember any thing his father had ſaid; and therefore Shakſpeare could not have been the author of the *firſt* part.

" No ſooner was I crept out of my cradle,
" But I was made a king at *nine months old.*"
King Henry VI. P. II. Act IV. ſc. ix.
" When I was crown'd, I was but *nine months old.*"
King Henry VI. P. III. Act I. ſc. i.

The firſt of theſe paſſages is found in the folio copy of *The* Second *Part of King Henry VI.* and not in *The Firſt Part of the Contention*, &c. printed in quarto: and according to my hypotheſis, was one of Shakſpeare's additions to the old play. This therefore does not prove that the *original* author, whoever he was, was not likewiſe the author of *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI*; but, what is more material to our preſent queſtion, it proves that *Shakſpeare* could not be the author of that play. The ſecond of theſe paſſages is found in *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, &c. and is a deciſive proof that *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.* was written *neither* by the author of that tragedy, nor by Shakſpeare.

2. A ſecond internal proof that Shakſpeare was not the author of the *firſt* part of theſe three plays, is furniſhed by that ſcene, (Act II. ſc. v. Vol. XIII. p. 81,) in which it is ſaid, that the Earl of Cambridge *raiſed an army* againſt his ſovereign. But Shakſpeare in his play of *King Henry V.* has repreſented the matter truly as it was; the Earl being in the ſecond Act of that hiſtorical piece condemned at Southampton for conſpiring to *aſſaſſinate* Henry.

3. I may likewiſe add, that the author of *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.* knew the true pronunciation of the word *Hecate*, and has uſed it as it is uſed by the Roman writers:

" I ſpeak not to that railing *Heca-té.*"

But Shakſpeare in his *Macbeth* always uſes *Hecate* as a diſſyllable; and therefore could not have been the author of the other piece.*

* It may perhaps appear a minute remark, but I cannot help obſerving that the ſecond ſpeech in this play aſcertains the writer to have been very converſant with Hall's *Chronicle:*

Having now, as I conceive, vindicated Shakſpeare from being the writer of *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.* it may ſeem unneceſſary to enquire who was the author; or whether it was the production of the ſame perſon or perſons who wrote the two pieces, entitled, *The Firſt Part of the Contention of the Two Houſes*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, &c. However, I ſhall add a word or two on that point.

We have already ſeen that the author of the play laſt named could not have written *The Firſt Part of King Henry VI.* The following circumſtances prove that it could not have been written by the author of *The Firſt Part of the Contention*, &c. ſuppoſing for a moment that piece, and *The true Tragedie of the Duke of Yorke*, &c. to have been the work of different hands.

1. The writer of *The Firſt Part of the Contention*, &c. makes Saliſbury ſay to Richard Duke of York, that the perſon from whom the Duke derived his title, (he means his maternal uncle Edmund Mortimer, though he ignorantly gives him a different appellation,) was "done to death by that monſtrous rebel Owen Glendower;" and Shakſpeare in this has followed him:

"*Sal.* This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
"As I have read, laid claim unto the crown:
"And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
"Who kept him in captivity, till he died."

On this falſe aſſertion the Duke of York makes no remark. But the author of *The Firſt Part of King Henry VI.* has repreſented

"*What ſhould I ſay?*† his deeds exceed all ſpeech."

This phraſe is introduced on almoſt every occaſion by that writer, when he means to be eloquent. Holinſhed, and not Hall, was Shakſpeare's hiſtorian (as has been already obſerved); this therefore is an additional proof that this play was not our author's.

——*Shakspeare in his* Macbeth *always uses* Hecate *as a diſſyllable*; *and therefore could not have been the author of the other piece.*] By ſimilar reaſoning we might infer that Shakſpeare was not author of *The Tempeſt*; for in this play *Stephăno* is properly accented, but erroneouſly [*Stephāno*] in *The Merchant of Venice*; and that becauſe *Prosper* occurs in one ſcene, and Proſpero in another, that both ſcenes were not of Shakſpeare's compoſition. The ſame might be ſaid of *Antony and Cleopatra*, in which both Enobarbe and Enobarbus are found. This argument alſo might lead us to imagine that part of the *Iliad* which paſſes under the name of Mr. Pope, was not in reality tranſlated by him; becauſe in one book we have Idōmeneus, Meriones, and Cebriones, and in another Idōmen, Merion, and Cebrion. Moſt certainly, both Shakſpeare and Pope occaſionally accommodated their proper names to the ſtructure of their verſes. The abbreviation—*Hecat'* is therefore no proof of our author's ignorance that *Hecate* was uſually a triſyllable. STEEVENS.

† *What ſhould I ſay?*] In page 611 of Mr. Malone's edition of *King Richard III.* Vol. VI. this very phraſe occurs:

"*What ſhall I ſay* more than I have inferr'd?" STEEVENS.

this Edmund Mortimer, not as put to death, or kept in captivity to the time of his death, by Owen Glendower, (who himſelf died in the ſecond year of *King Henry V.*) but as a *ſtate* priſoner, who died in the Tower in the reign of *King Henry VI.* in the preſence of this very Duke of York, who was then only Richard Plantagenet.*

2. A correct ſtatement of the iſſue of King Edward the Third, and of the title of Edmund Mortimer to the crown, is given in *The Firſt Part of King Henry VI.* But in *The Firſt Part of the Contention*, &c. we find a very incorrect and falſe ſtatement of Edward's iſſue, and of the title of Mortimer, whoſe father, Roger Mortimer, the author of that piece ignorantly calls the *fifth ſon* of that monarch. Thoſe two plays therefore could not have been the work of one hand.

On all theſe grounds it appears to me clear, that neither Shakſpeare, nor the author of *The Firſt Part of the Contention*, &c. or *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, &c. could have been the author of *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.*

It is obſervable that in *The* Second *and* Third *Part of King Henry VI.* many thoughts and many modes of expreſſion are found, which likewiſe occur in Shakſpeare's other dramas: but in the *Firſt* Part I recollect but one marked expreſſion, that is alſo found in one of his undiſputed performances:

"As I am ſick with *working of my thoughts.*"

So, in *King Henry V.*:

"*Work, work your thoughts*, and therein ſee a ſiege."

But ſurely this is too ſlight a circumſtance to overturn all the other arguments that have now been urged to prove this play not the production of our author. The co-incidence might be accidental, for it is a co-incidence not of thought but of language;—or the expreſſion might have remained in his mind in conſequence of his having often ſeen this play; (we know that he has borrowed many other expreſſions from preceding writers;)—or laſtly, this might have been one of the very few lines that he wrote on reviſing this piece; which, however few they were, might, with other reaſons, have induced the firſt publiſhers of his works in folio to print it with the *ſecond* and *third* part, and to aſcribe it to Shakſpeare.

Before I quit this part of the ſubject, it may be proper to mention one other circumſtance that renders it very improbable that Shakſpeare ſhould have been the author of *The* Firſt *Part of K. Henry VI.* In this play, though one ſcene is entirely in rhyme, there are very few rhymes diſperſed through the piece, and no

* See *The First Part of King Henry VI.* Vol. XIII. p. 73, and *The Second Part*, p. 239.

alternate rhymes; both of which abound in our author's undiſputed *early* plays. This obſervation indeed may likewiſe be extended to the *ſecond* and *third* part of theſe hiſtorical dramas; and perhaps it may be urged, that if this argument has any weight, it will prove that he had no hand in the compoſition of thoſe plays. But there being no alternate rhymes in thoſe two plays may be accounted for, by recollecting that in 1591, Shakſpeare had not written his *Venus and Adonis*, or his *Rape of Lucrece*; the meaſures of which perhaps inſenſibly led him to employ a ſimilar kind of metre occaſionally in the dramas that he wrote ſhortly after he had compoſed thoſe poems. The paucity of regular rhymes muſt be accounted for differently. My ſolution is, that working up the materials which were furniſhed by a preceding writer, he naturally followed his mode: and in the original plays from which theſe two were formed very few rhymes are found. Nearly the ſame argument will apply to the *firſt* part; for its date alſo, were that piece Shakſpeare's, would account for the want of alternate rhymes. The paucity of regular rhymes indeed cannot be accounted for by ſaying that here too our author was following the track of another poet; but the ſolution is unneceſſary; for from the beginning to the end of that play, except perhaps in ſome ſcenes of the fourth Act, there is not a ſingle print of the footſteps of Shakſpeare.

I have already obſerved, that it is highly improbable that *The Firſt Part of the Contention of the Two Houſes of York and Lancaſter*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke*, &c. printed in 1600, were written by the author of *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.* By whom theſe two plays were written, it is not here neceſſary to inquire; it is ſufficient, if probable reaſons can be produced for ſuppoſing this two-part piece not to have been the compoſition of Shakſpeare, but the work of ſome preceding writer, on which he formed thoſe two plays which appear in the firſt folio edition of his works, comprehending a period of twenty-ſix years, from the time of Henry's marriage to that of his death.

II. I now therefore proceed to ſtate my opinion concerning *The* Second and Third *Part of King Henry VI.*

"A book entituled, *The Firſt Part of the Contention of the Two famous Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter, with the Death of the good Duke Humphrie, and the Baniſhment and Deathe of the Duke of Yorke, and the tragical Ende of the proud Cardinal of Wincheſter, with the notable Rebellion of Jack Cade, and the Duke of Yorke's firſt Claime unto the Crown*, was entered at Stationers' Hall, by Thomas Millington, March 12, 1593-4. This play, however, (on which *The* Second *Part of King Henry VI.* is formed) was not then printed; nor was *The true*

Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the Death of good King Henry the Sixt, &c. on which Shakſpeare's *Third* Part *of King Henry VI.* is founded) entered at Stationers' Hall at the ſame time; but they were both printed for T. Millington in 1600.*

The firſt thing that ſtrikes us in this entry is, that *the name of Shakſpeare is not mentioned*; nor, when the two plays were publiſhed in 1600, did the printer aſcribe them to our author in the title-page, (though his reputation was then at the higheſt,) as ſurely he would have done, had they been his compoſitions.

In a ſubſequent edition indeed of the ſame pieces, printed by one Pavier, without date, but in reality in 1619, after our great poet's death, the name of Shakſpeare appears; but this was a bookſeller's trick, founded upon our author's celebrity; on his having new-modelled theſe plays; and on the proprietors of the Globe and Blackfriars' theatre not having publiſhed Shakſpeare's *Second and Third Parts of King Henry VI.* The very ſame deception was practiſed with reſpect to *King John*. The old play (written perhaps by the ſame perſon who was the author of *The Contention of the Two famous Houſes* &c.) was printed in 1591, like that piece, *anonymouſly*. In 1611, (Shakſpeare's *King John*, founded on the ſame ſtory, having been probably often acted and admired,) the old piece in two parts was reprinted; and, in order to deceive the purchaſer, was ſaid in the title-page to be written by *W. Sh.* A ſubſequent printer in 1622 grew more bold, and affixed Shakſpeare's name to it at full length.

It is obſervable that Millington, the bookſeller, by whom *The firſt Part of the Contention of the Two famous Houſes*, &c. was entered at Stationers' Hall, in 1593-4, and for whom that piece and *The Tragedie of the Duke of York*, &c. were printed in 1600, was not the proprietor of any one of Shakſpeare's undiſputed plays, except *King Henry V.* of which he publiſhed a *ſpurious* copy, that, I think, muſt have been imperfectly taken down in ſhort hand in the play-houſe.

The next obſervable circumſtance, with reſpect to theſe two quarto plays, is, that they are ſaid, in their title-pages, to have been "ſundry times acted by the earle of Pembrooke his ſervantes." *Titus Andronicus* and *The* old *Taming of a Shrew*, were acted by the ſame company of comedians; but not *one* of our author's plays is ſaid, in its title-page, to have been acted by any but the Lord Chamberlain's, or the Queen's, or

* They were probably printed in 1600, becauſe Shakſpeare's alterations of them were then popular, as *King Lear and his Three Daughters* was printed in 1605, becauſe our author's play was probably at that time firſt produced.

King's ſervants.* This circumſtance alone, in my opinion, might almoſt decide the queſtion.

This much appears on the firſt ſuperficial view of theſe pieces; but the paſſage quoted by Mr. Tyrwhitt from an old pamphlet, entitled Greene's *Groatſworth of Witte*, &c. affords a ſtill more deciſive ſupport to the hypotheſis that I am endeavouring to maintain; which, indeed, that pamphlet firſt ſuggeſted to me. As this paſſage is the chief hinge of my argument, though it has already been printed in a preceding page, it is neceſſary to lay it again before the reader.—"Yes," ſays the writer, Robert Greene, (addreſſing himſelf, as Mr. Tyrwhitt conjectures with great probability, to his poetical friend, George Peele,) "truſt them [the players] not; for there is an upſtart crowe BEAUTIFIED WITH OUR FEATHERS, that with his *tygres heart wrapt in a player's hide* ſuppoſes hee is as well able to bombaſte out a blank verſe as the beſt of you; and being an abſolute *Johannes fac totum*, is, in his own conceit, the only *Shake-ſcene* in a country."—"O tyger's heart, wrapt in a woman's hide!" is a line of the old quarto play, entitled *The firſt Part of the Contention of the two Houſes*, &c.

That Shakſpeare was here alluded to, cannot, I think, be doubted. But what does the writer mean by calling him "*a crow beautified with our feathers?*" My ſolution is, that GREENE and PEELE were the joint authors of the two quarto plays, entitled *The firſt Part of the Contention of the Two famous Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke*, &c. or that Greene was the author of one, and Peele of the other. Greene's pamphlet, from whence the foregoing paſſage is extracted, was written recently before his death, which happened in September, 1592. How long he and Peele had been dramatick writers, is not preciſely aſcertained. Peele took the degree of Maſter of Arts at Oxford, in 1579: Greene took the ſame degree in Cambridge, in 1583. Each of them has left four or five plays, and they wrote ſeveral others, which have not been publiſhed. The earlieſt of Peele's printed pieces, *The Arraignment of Paris*, appeared in 1584; and one of Greene's pamphlets was printed in 1583. Between that year and 1591 it is highly probable that the two plays in queſtion were written. I ſuſpect they were produced in 1588 or 1589. We have undoubted proofs that Shakſpeare was not above working on the materials of other men. His *Taming of the Shrew*, his *King John*, and other

* The firſt edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597, is ſaid in its title-page to have been acted "By the right honourable the L. of Hunſdon his ſervants."
STEEVENS.

plays, render any arguments on that point unneceſſary. Having therefore, probably not long before the year 1592, when Greene wrote his *Dying Exhortation to a Friend*, new-modelled and amplified theſe two pieces, and produced on the ſtage what, in the folio edition of his works, are called *The* Second *and* Third *Parts of King Henry VI.* and having acquired conſiderable reputation by them, Greene could not conceal the mortification that he felt at his own fame and that of his aſſociate, both of them old and admired play-wrights, being eclipſed by a new *upſtart* writer, (for ſo he calls our great poet,) who had then firſt, perhaps, attracted the notice of the publick by exhibiting two plays, formed upon old dramas written by them, conſiderably enlarged and improved. He therefore, in direct terms, charges him with having acted like the crow in the fable, *beautified himſelf with their feathers*; in other words, with having acquired fame *furtivis coloribus*, by new-modelling a work originally produced by them: and wiſhing to depreciate our author, he very naturally quotes a line from one of the pieces which Shakſpeare had thus *re-written*; a proceeding which the authors of the original plays conſidered as an invaſion both of their literary property and character. This line, with many others, Shakſpeare adopted without any alteration. The very term that Greene uſes—"to *bombaſt* out a blank verſe," exactly correſponds with what has been now ſuggeſted. This new poet, ſays he, knows as well as any man how to *amplify* and ſwell out a blank verſe. *Bumbaſt* was a ſoft ſtuff of a looſe texture, by which garments were rendered more ſwelling and protuberant.

Several years after the death of Boiardo, Franceſco Berni undertook to new-verſify Boiardo's poem, entitled ORLANDO INNAMORATO. "Berni (as Baretti obſerves) was not ſatisfied with merely making the verſification of that poem better; he interſperſed it with many ſtanzas of his own, and changed almoſt all the beginnings of the cantos, introducing each of them with ſome moral reflection ariſing from the canto foregoing." What Berni did to Boiardo's poem after the death of its author, and more, I ſuppoſe Shakſpeare to have done to *The Firſt Part of the Contention of the Two Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke*, &c. in the life time of Greene and Peele, their literary parents; and this *Rifacimento* (as the Italians call it) of theſe two plays I ſuppoſe to have been executed by Shakſpeare, and exhibited at the Globe or Blackfriars theatre, in the year 1591.

I have ſaid Shakſpeare did what Berni did, and more. He did not content himſelf with writing new beginnings to the acts;

he new-verſified, he new-modelled, he tranſpoſed many of the parts, and greatly amplified and improved the whole. Several lines, however, and even whole ſpeeches which he thought ſufficiently poliſhed, he accepted, and introduced into his own work, without any, or with very ſlight, alterations.

In the preſent edition, all thoſe lines which he adopted without any alteration, are printed in the uſual manner; thoſe ſpeeches which he altered or expanded, are diſtinguiſhed by inverted commas; and to all the lines entirely compoſed by himſelf, aſteriſks are prefixed. The total number of lines in our author's *Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.* is SIX THOUSAND AND FORTY-THREE: of theſe, as I conceive, 1771 lines were written by ſome author who preceded Shakſpeare; 2373 were formed by him on the foundation laid by his predeceſſors; and 1899 lines were entirely his own compoſition.

That the reader may have the whole of the ſubject before him, I ſhall here tranſcribe the fourth ſcene of the fourth Act of *The* Third *Part of King Henry VI.* (which happens to be a ſhort one,) together with the correſponding ſcene in the original play; and alſo a ſpeech of Queen Margaret, in the fifth Act, with the original ſpeech on which it is formed. The firſt ſpecimen will ſerve to ſhow the method taken by Shakſpeare, where he only new-poliſhed the language of the old play, rejecting ſome part of the dialogue, and making ſome ſlight additions to the part which he retained; the ſecond is a ſtriking proof of his facility and vigour of compoſition, which has happily expanded a thought comprized originally in a very ſhort ſpeech, into thirty-ſeven lines, none of which appear feeble or ſuperfluous.

THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARDE DUKE OF YORKE, *&c.* Sign. F. 4. edit. 1600.

Enter the Queene, and the Lord Rivers.

Riv. Tell me, good madam,
Why is your grace ſo paſſionate of late.
Queene. Why, brother Rivers, heare you not the news
Of that ſucceſs king Edward had of late?
Riv. What? loſſe of ſome pitcht battaile againſt Warwick?
Tuſh; fear not, fair queen, but caſt theſe cares aſide.
King Edwards noble minde his honours doth diſplay;
And Warwicke may loſe, though then he got the day.
Queene. If that were all, my griefes were at an end;
But greater troubles will, I feare, befall.
Riv. What? is he taken priſoner by the foe,
To the danger of his royal perſon then?

Queene. I, there's my griefe; king Edward is ſurpriſde,
And led away as priſoner unto Yorke.
Riv. The newes is paſſing ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe;
Yet comfort yourſelfe, for Edward hath more friends
Than Lancaſter at this time muſt perceive,—
That ſome will ſet him in his throne againe.
Queene. God grant they may! but gentle brother, come,
And let me leane upon thine arm a while,
Until I come unto the ſanctuarie;
There to preſerve the fruit within my womb,
King Edwards ſeed, true heir to Englands crowne. [*Exeunt.*

KING HENRY VI. PART III. ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Enter the QUEEN *and* RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this ſudden change?
Queen. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?
Riv. What, loſs of ſome pitch'd battle againſt Warwick?
Queen. No, but the loſs of his own royal perſon.
Riv. Then is my ſovereign ſlain?
Queen. Ay, almoſt ſlain, for he is taken priſoner;
Either betray'd by falſhood of his guard,
Or by his foe ſurpriz'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to underſtand,
Is new committed to the biſhop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.
Riv. Theſe news, I muſt confeſs, are full of grief:
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may loſe, that now hath won the day.
Queen. Till then, fair hope muſt hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from deſpair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle paſſion,
And bear with mildneſs my misfortune's croſs;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And ſtop the riſing of blood-ſucking ſighs,
Left with my ſighs or tears I blaſt or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the Engliſh crown.
Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?
Queen. I am informed, that he comes towards London
To ſet the crown once more on Henry's head:
Gueſs thou the reſt; king Edward's friends muſt down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For truſt not him that once hath broken faith,)

I'll hence forthwith unto the ſanctuary,
To ſave at leaſt the heir of Edward's right;
There ſhall I reſt ſecure from force, and fraud,
Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
If Warwick take us, we are ſure to die. [*Exeunt.*

THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARDE DUKE OF YORKE, *&c.* Sign. G. 4. edit. 1600.

Enter the Queene, Prince Edward, Oxford, Somerſet, with drumme and ſouldiers.

Queen. Welcome to England, my loving friends of France;
And welcome Somerſet and Oxford too.
Once more have we ſpread our ſailes abroad;
And though our tackling be almoſt conſumde,
And Warwicke as our main-maſt overthrowne,
Yet, warlike lordes, raiſe you that ſturdie poſt,
That bears the ſailes to bring us unto reſt;
And Ned and I, as willing pilots ſhould,
For once with careful mindes guide on the ſterne,
To bear us thorough that dangerous gulfe,
That heretofore hath ſwallowed up our friendes.

KING HENRY VI. PART III. ACT V. SCENE IV.

March. Enter Queen MARGARET, *Prince* EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, *and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wiſe men ne'er ſit and wail their loſs,
But cheerly ſeek how to redreſs their harms.
What though the maſt be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding anchor loſt,
And half our ſailors ſwallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot ſtill: Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the ſea,
And give more ſtrength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ſhip ſplits on the rock,
Which induſtry and courage might have ſav'd?
Ah, what a ſhame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; What of that?
And Montague our top-maſt; What of him?
Our ſlaughter'd friends the tackles; What of theſe?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?

And Somerſet another goodly maſt?
The friends of France our ſhrouds and tacklings?
And, though unſkilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the ſkilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to ſit and weep;
But keep our courſe, though the rough wind ſay—no,
From ſhelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves, as ſpeak them fair.
And what is Edward, but a ruthleſs ſea?
What Clarence, but a quick-ſand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All theſe the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can ſwim; alas, 'tis but a while:
Tread on the ſand; why, there you quickly ſink:
Beſtride the rock; the tide will waſh you off,
Or elſe you famiſh, that's a threefold death.
This ſpeak I, lords, to let you underſtand,
In caſe ſome one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthleſs waves, with ſands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childiſh weakneſs to lament, or fear.*

If the reader wiſhes to compare *The Firſt Part of the Contention of the Two Houſes*, &c. with *The* Second *Part of King Henry VI.* which was formed upon it, he will find various paſſages quoted from the elder drama in the notes on that play. The two celebrated ſcenes, in which the dead body of the Duke of Gloſter is deſcribed, and the death of Cardinal Beaufort is repreſented, may be worth examining with this view; and will ſufficiently aſcertain how our author proceeded in new-modelling that play; with what expreſſion, animation, and ſplendour of colouring, he filled up the outline that had been ſkétched by a preceding writer.†

Shakſpeare having thus given celebrity to theſe two old dramas, by altering and writing ſeveral parts of them over again, the bookſeller, Millington, in 1593-4, to avail himſelf of the popularity of the new and admired poet, got, perhaps from Peele, who was then living, or from the author, whoever he was, or from ſome of the comedians belonging to the Earl of Pembroke,

* Compare alſo the account of the death of the Duke of York (p. 50) and King Henry's ſoliloquy (p. 79) with the old play as quoted in the notes.---Sometimes our author new-verſified the old, without the addition of any new matter. See p. 152, n. 7.

† See Vol. XIII. p. 289, n. 6; and p. 304, n. 8. Compare alſo Clifford's ſpeech to the rebels in p. 354, Buckingham's addreſs to King Henry in p. 234, and Iden's ſpeech in p. 363, with the old play, as quoted in the notes.

the *original* play on which *The* Second *Part of King Henry VI.* was founded; and entered it on the Stationers' books, certainly with an intention to publiſh it. Why it did not then appear, cannot be now aſcertained. But both that, and the other piece on which *The* Third *Part of King Henry VI.* was formed, was printed by the ſame bookſeller in 1600, either with a view to lead the common reader to ſuppoſe that he ſhould purchaſe two plays *as altered* and new-modelled by Shakſpeare, or, without any ſuch fraudulent intention, to derive a profit from the exhibition of a work that ſo great a writer had thought proper to retouch, and form into thoſe dramas which for ſeveral years before 1600 had without doubt been performed with conſiderable applauſe. In the ſame manner *The* old *Taming of a Shrew*, on which our author formed a play, had been entered at Stationers' Hall in 1594, and was printed in 1607,* without doubt with a view to paſs it on the publick as the production of Shakſpeare.

When William Pavier republiſhed *The Contention of the Two Houſes*, &c. in 1619,† he omitted the words in the original title-page,—"*as it was acted by the earl of Pembrooke his ſervantes*;"—juſt as, on the republication of *King John* in two parts, in 1611, the words,—"*as it was acted in the honourable city of London*,"—were omitted; becauſe the omitted words in both caſes marked the reſpective pieces not to be the production of Shakſpeare.‡ And as in *King John* the letters *W. Sh.* were added in 1611 to deceive the purchaſer, ſo in the republication of *The Whole Contention* &c. Pavier, having diſmiſſed the words above mentioned, inſerted theſe: "*Newly* CORRECTED *and* ENLARGED *by William Shakſpeare*;" knowing that theſe pieces had been made the ground work of two other plays; that they had in fact been *corrected* and *enlarged*, (though not in that copy which Pavier printed, which is a mere republication from the edition of 1600,) and exhibited under the titles of *The* Second *and* Third *Part of King Henry VI.*; and hoping that this new edition of the *original* plays would paſs for thoſe *altered* and *augmented* by Shakſpeare, which were then unpubliſhed.

If Shakſpeare had originally written theſe three plays of *King Henry VI.* would they not probably have been found by the book-

* Alſo, as it has lately been diſcovered, by Cuthbert Burbie, in 1596. REED.

† Pavier's edition has no date, but it is aſcertained to have been printed in 1619, by the ſignatures; the *laſt* of which is Q. The play of *Pericles* was printed in 1619, for the ſame bookſeller, and its *firſt* ſignature is R. The undated copy, therefore, of *The Whole Contention* &c. and *Pericles*, muſt have been printed at the ſame time.

‡ See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II. article, *King John*.

ſeller in the ſame MS? Would not the three parts have been procured, whether ſurreptitiouſly or otherwiſe, *all together?* Would they not in that MS. have borne the titles of *The* Firſt *and* Second *and* Third *Part of King Henry VI.?* And would not the bookſeller have entered them on the Stationers' books, and publiſhed ſuch of them as he did publiſh, under thoſe titles, and *with the name of Shakſpeare?* On the other hand, if that which is now diſtinguiſhed by the name of *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.* but which I ſuppoſe in thoſe times was only called "*The Hiſtorical Play of King Henry VI.*" if this was the production of ſome old dramatiſt, if it had appeared on the ſtage ſome years before 1591, (as from Naſhe's mention of it ſeems to be implied,) perhaps in 1587 or 1588, if its popularity was in 1594 in its wane, and the attention of the publick was entirely taken up by Shakſpeare's alteration of two other plays which had likewiſe appeared before 1591, would not the ſuperior popularity of theſe two pieces, altered by ſuch a poet, attract the notice of the bookſellers? and finding themſelves unable to procure them from the theatre, would they not gladly ſeize on the *originals* on which this new and admired writer had worked, and publiſh them as ſoon as they could, neglecting entirely the preceding old play, or *Firſt Part of King Henry VI.* (as it is now called,) which Shakſpeare had not embelliſhed with his pen?—Such, as we have ſeen, was actually the proceſs; for Thomas Millington, neglecting entirely *The Firſt Part of King Henry VI.* entered the ORIGINAL of *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* at Stationers' Hall in 1593-4, and publiſhed the ORIGINALS of both that and *The Third Part* in 1600. When Heminge and Condell printed theſe three pieces in folio, they were neceſſarily obliged to name the old play of *King Henry VI.* the *firſt* part, to diſtinguiſh it from the two following hiſtorical dramas, founded on a later period of the ſame king's reign.

Having examined ſuch external evidence as time has left us concerning theſe two plays, now denominated *The* Second *and* Third *Parts of King Henry VI.* let us ſee whether we cannot by internal marks aſcertain how far Shakſpeare was concerned in their compoſition.

It has long been a received opinion that the two quarto plays, one of which was publiſhed under the title of *The Firſt Part of the Contention of the Two Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter,* &c. and the other under the title of *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke,* &c. were ſpurious and imperfect copies of Shakſpeare's *Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.*; and many paſſages have been quoted in the notes to the late editions of Shakſpeare, as containing merely the various readings of the quartos and the folio; the paſſages being ſuppoſed to be in ſub-

ſtance the ſame, only variouſly exhibited in different copies. The variations have been accounted for, by ſuppoſing that the imperfect and ſpurious copies (as they were called) were taken down either by an unſkilful ſhort-hand writer, or by ſome auditor who picked up "during the repreſentation what the time would permit, then filled up ſome of his omiſſions at a ſecond or third hearing, and when he had by this method formed ſomething like a play, ſent it to the printer." To this opinion, I with others for a long time ſubſcribed: two of Heywood's pieces furniſhing indubitable proofs that plays in the time of our author were ſometimes imperfectly copied during the repreſentation, by the ear, or by ſhort-hand writers.* But a minute examination of the two pieces in queſtion, and a careful compariſon of them with Shakſpeare's *Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.* have convinced me that this could not have been the caſe with reſpect to them. No fraudulent copyiſt or ſhort-hand writer would invent circumſtances *totally different* from thoſe which appear in Shakſpeare's new-modelled draughts as exhibited in the firſt folio; or inſert *whole ſpeeches*, of which ſcarcely a trace is found in that edition. In the courſe of the foregoing notes many of theſe have been particularly pointed out. I ſhall now bring into one point of view all thoſe internal circumſtances which prove in my apprehenſion deciſively, that the quarto plays were not ſpurious and imperfect copies of Shakſpeare's pieces, but elder dramas on which he formed his *Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.*

1. In ſome places a ſpeech in one of theſe quartos conſiſts of ten or twelve lines. In Shakſpeare's folio the ſame ſpeech conſiſts of perhaps only half the number.† A copyiſt by the ear, or an unſkilful ſhort-hand writer, might mutilate and exhibit a poet's thoughts or expreſſions imperfectly; but would he dilate and amplify them, or introduce totally new matter? Aſſuredly he would not.

2. Some circumſtances are mentioned in the old quarto plays, of which there is not the leaſt trace in the folio; and many minute variations are found between them and the folio, that prove the pieces in quarto to have been original and diſtinct compoſitions.

In the laſt Act of *The Firſt Part of the Contention*, &c. the Duke of Buckingham after the battle of Saint Albans, is brought in wounded, and carried to his tent; but in Shakſpeare's play he is not introduced on the ſtage after that battle.

See p. 214.

† See Vol. XIII. p. 202; n. 7; p. 236, n. 4; p. 373, n. 3;—alſo p. 149, n. 3; p. 176, n. 3, of the preſent volume.

In one of the *original* ſcenes between Jack Cade and his followers, which Shakſpeare has made the ſeventh ſcene of the fourth Act of his *Second Part of King Henry VI.* Dick Butcher drags a ſerjeant, that is, a catch-pole, on the ſtage, and a dialogue conſiſting of ſeventeen lines paſſes between Cade, &c. at the concluſion of which it is determined that the ſerjeant ſhall be "brain'd with his own mace." Of this not one word appears in our author's play.* In the ſame piece Jack Cade, hearing that a knight, called Sir Humphrey Stafford, was coming at the head of an army againſt him, to put himſelf on a par with him makes himſelf a knight; and finding that Stafford's brother was alſo a knight, he dubs Dick Butcher alſo. But in Shakſpeare's play the latter circumſtance is omitted.

In the old play Somerſet goes out immediately after he is appointed regent of France. In Shakſpeare's *Second Part of King Henry VI.* he continues on the ſtage with Henry to the end of the ſcene, (Act I. ſc. iii.) and the King addreſſes him as they go out.

In the old play, the Ducheſs of Gloſter enters with Hume, Bolingbroke, and Margery Jourdain, and after ſome converſation with them, tells them that while they perform their rites, ſhe will go to the top of an adjoining tower, and there write down ſuch anſwers as the ſpirits, that they are to raiſe, ſhall give to her queſtions. But in Shakſpeare's play, Hume, *Southwell*, (who is not introduced in the elder drama) and Bolingbroke, &c. enter without the Ducheſs; and after ſome converſation the Ducheſs appears above, (that is, on the tower,) and encourages them to proceed.†

In Shakſpeare's play, when the Duke of York enters, and finds the Ducheſs of Gloſter, &c. and her co-adjutors performing their magick rites, (Vol. XIII. p. 221,) the Duke ſeizes the paper in which the anſwers of the ſpirit to certain queſtions are written down, and reads them aloud. In the old play the anſwers are not here recited by York; but in a ſubſequent ſcene Buckingham reads them to the King; (ſee p. 221, n. 7; and p. 234, n. 1,) and this is one of the many tranſpoſitions that Shakſpeare made in new-modelling theſe pieces, of which I ſhall ſpeak more fully hereafter.

In the old play, when the King pronounces ſentence on the Ducheſs of Gloſter, he particularly mentions the mode of her penance; and the ſentence is pronounced in proſe: "Stand forth dame Eleanor Cobham, Ducheſs of Gloſter, and hear the ſentence pronounced againſt thee for theſe treaſons that thou haſt

* See Vol. XIII. p. 352, n. 4; and *The First Part of the Contention* &c. 1600, ſign. G 3.

† See Vol. XIII. p. 216, n. 8.

committed againſt us, our ſtate and peers. Firſt, for thy haynous crimes thou ſhalt *two* daies in London do penance *barefoot in the ſtreets, with a white ſheete about thy bodie, and a wax taper burning in thy hand:* that done, thou ſhalt be baniſhed for ever into the Iſle of Man, there to end thy wretched daies; and this is our ſentence irrevocable.—Away with her." But in Shakſpeare's play, (p. 243,) the King pronounces ſentence in *verſe* againſt the Ducheſs *and her confederates* at the ſame time; and only ſays in general, that "after *three* days open penance, ſhe ſhall be baniſhed to the Iſle of Man."

In Shakſpeare's play, (p. 274,) when the Duke of York undertakes to ſubdue the Iriſh rebels, if he be furniſhed with a ſufficient army, *Suffolk* ſays, that he "will ſee that charge performed." But in the old play the Queen enjoins *the Duke of Buckingham* to attend to this buſineſs, and he accepts the office.

In our author's play Jack Cade is deſcribed as a *clothier*, in the old play he is "the *dyer* of Aſhford." In the ſame piece, when the King and Somerſet appear at Kenelworth, a dialogue paſſes between them and the Queen, of which not one word is preſerved in the correſponding ſcene in *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* (p. 357.) In the old play, Buckingham ſtates to the King the grounds on which York had taken up arms; but in Shakſpeare's piece, (p. 373,) York himſelf aſſigns his reaſons for his conduct.

In the old play near the concluſion, young Clifford when he is preparing to carry off the dead body of his father, is aſſaulted by Richard, and after putting him to flight, he makes a ſpeech conſiſting of four lines. But in Shakſpeare's play, (p. 389,) there is no combat between them, nor is Richard introduced in that ſcene. The four lines therefore above mentioned are neceſſarily omitted.

In the old play the Queen drops her glove, and finding the Ducheſs of Gloſter makes no attempt to take it up, ſhe gives her a box on the ear:

"Give me my *glove*; *why*, minion, can you not *ſee?*"

But in Shakſpeare's play, (p. 210,) the Queen drops not a glove, but a *fan:*

"Give me my *fan: What*, minion, can you not?"

In Shakſpeare's *Second Part of King Henry VI.* (p. 311,) Suffolk diſcovers himſelf to the Captain who had ſeized him, by ſhowing his *George*. In the old play he announces his quality by a *ring*, a ſeal-ring we may ſuppoſe, exhibiting his arms. In the ſame ſcene of Shakſpeare's play, he obſerves that the Captain threatens more—

"Than *Bargulus*, the ſtrong *Illyrian* pyrate."

But in the elder drama Suffolk ſays, he—

" Threatens more plagues than mighty *Abradas*,
" The great *Macedonian* pirate."

In the ſame ſcene of the original play the Captain threatens to *ſink* Suffolk's ſhip; but no ſuch menace is found in Shakſpeare's play.

In *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke*, &c. Richard (afterwards Duke of Gloſter,) informs Warwick that his *father* the Earl of Saliſbury was killed in an action which he deſcribes, and which in fact took place at Ferrybridge in Yorkſhire. But Shakſpeare in his *Third Part of King Henry VI.* (p. 73,) formed upon the piece above mentioned, has rightly deviated from it, and for *father* ſubſtituted *brother*, it being the natural brother of Warwick, (the baſtard ſon of Saliſbury,) that fell at Ferrybridge. The Earl of Saliſbury, Warwick's father, was beheaded at Pomfret.

In the ſame old play a ſon is introduced who has killed his father, and afterwards a father who has killed his ſon. King Henry, who is on the ſtage, ſays not a word till they have both appeared, and ſpoken; he then pronounces a ſpeech of ſeven lines. But in Shakſpeare's play (p. 85,) this ſpeech is enlarged, and two ſpeeches formed on it; the firſt of which the King ſpeaks after the ſon has appeared, and the other after the entry of the father.

In our author's play, (p. 134,) after Edward's marriage with Lady Grey, his brothers enter, and converſe on that event. The King, Queen, &c. then join them, and Edward aſks Clarence how he approves his choice. In the elder play there is no previous dialogue between Gloſter and Clarence; but the ſcene opens with the entry of the King, &c. who deſires the opinion of his brothers on his recent marriage.

In our author's play (p. 116,) the following line is found:

" And ſet the *murderous Machiavel* to ſchool."

This line in *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke*, &c. ſtood thus:

" And ſet the *aſpiring Catiline* to ſchool."

Catiline was the perſon that would naturally occur to Peele or Greene, as the moſt ſplendid *claſſical* example of inordinate ambition; but Shakſpeare, who was more converſant with Engliſh books, ſubſtituted Machiavel, whoſe name was in ſuch frequent uſe in his time that it became a ſpecifick term for a conſummate politician;* and accordingly he makes his hoſt in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, when he means to boaſt of his own ſhrewdneſs, exclaim, " Am I ſubtle? am I a *Machiavel?*"

Many other variations beſide thoſe already mentioned might

* See Vol. XIII. p. 169, n. 7.

be pointed out; but that I may not weary the reader, I will only refer in a note to the moſt ſtriking diverſities that are found between Shakſpeare's *Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.* and the elder dramas printed in quarto.*

The ſuppoſition of imperfect or ſpurious copies cannot account for ſuch numerous variations in the *circumſtances* of theſe pieces; (not to inſiſt at preſent on the *language* in which they are clothed;) ſo that we are compelled (as I have already obſerved) to maintain, either that Shakſpeare wrote *two* plays on the ſtory which forms his *Second Part of King Henry VI.* a haſty ſketch, and an entirely diſtinct and more finiſhed performance; or elſe we muſt acknowledge that he formed that piece on a foundation laid by another writer, that is, upon the quarto copy of *The Firſt Part of the Contention of the Two Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, &c —and the ſame argument preciſely applies to *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* which is founded on *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, &c. printed in quarto, 1600.

Let us now advert to the *Reſemblances* that are found in theſe pieces as exhibited in the folio, to paſſages in our author's undiſputed plays; and alſo to the *Inconſiſtencies* that may be traced between them; and, if I do not deceive myſelf, both the one and the other will add conſiderable ſupport to the foregoing obſervations.

In our author's genuine plays, he frequently borrows from himſelf, the ſame thoughts being found in nearly the ſame expreſſions in different pieces. In *The* Second *and* Third *Part of King Henry VI.* as in other dramas, theſe coincidencies with his other works may be found;† and this was one of the circumſtances that once weighed much in my mind, and convinced me of their authenticity. But a collation of theſe plays with the old pieces on which they are founded, has ſhewn me the fallacy by which I was deceived: for the paſſages of theſe two parts of *King Henry VI.* which correſpond with others in our author's undiſputed plays, exiſt *only* in the *folio* copy, and not in the *quarto*; in other words, in thoſe parts of theſe new-modelled

* See *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* p. 202, n. 7; p. 214, n. 6; p. 217, n. 1; p. 220, n. 6; p. 242, n. 3; p. 265, n. 1; p. 272, n. 5; p. 277, n. 5; p. 309, n. 8; p. 311, n. 2; p. 317, n. 3; p. 352, n. 5; p. 358, n. 4; p. 373, n. 2 and 3; p. 394, n. 1.——*Third Part of King Henry VI.* p. 10, n. 9; p. 13, n. 5; p. 16, n. 2; p. 23, n. 6; p. 25, n. 9; p. 27, n. 2; p. 64, n. 2; p. 73, n. 3; p. 77, n. 1; p. 83, n. 4; p. 117, n. 5; p. 123, n. 5; p. 134, n. 8; p. 142, n. 7; p. 143, n. 8 and 9; p. 146, n. 6; p. 149, n. 3; p. 165, n. 3; p. 184, n. 3.

† See *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* p. 187, n. 6; p. 207, n. 3; p. 299, n. 5; p. 306, n. 2; p. 320, n. 6; p. 353, n. 5; p. 395, n. 4.—— *Third Part*, p. 80, n. 6; p. 100, n. 6; p. 188, n. 9; p. 193, n. 2.

pieces, which were of Shakſpeare's writing, and not in the originals by another hand, on which he worked. This, I believe, will be found invariably the caſe, except in three inſtances.

The firſt is, "You have no children, butchers;" which is, it muſt be acknowledged, in *The true Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke*, &c. 1600; (as well as in *The* Third *Part of King Henry VI.*) and is alſo introduced with a ſlight variation in *Macbeth.**

Another inſtance is found in *King John*. That king, when charged with the death of his nephew, aſks—

"Think you, I bear the ſhears of deſtiny?
"Have I commandment on the pulſe of life?"

which bears a ſtriking reſemblance to the words of Cardinal Beaufort in *The Firſt Part of the Contention of the Two Houſes*, &c. which Shakſpeare has introduced in his *Second Part of King Henry VI:*

"—— Died he not in his bed?
"Can I make men live whe'r they will or no?"

The third inſtance is found in *The true Tragedy of Richarde Duke of Yorke*, &c. In that piece are the following lines, which Shakſpeare adopted with a very ſlight variation, and inſerted in his *Third Part of King Henry VI:*

"—— doves will peck in reſcue of their brood.—
"Unreaſonable creatures feed their young;
"And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
"Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
"Who hath not ſeen them even with thoſe ſame wings
"Which they have ſometimes uſed in fearful flight,
"Make war with him that climb'd unto their neſt,
"Offering their own lives in their young's defence?"

So, in our author's *Macbeth:*

"—— the poor wren—
"The moſt diminutive of birds, will fight,
"Her young ones in the neſt, againſt the owl."

But whoever recollects the various thoughts that Shakſpeare has borrowed from preceding writers, will not be ſurprized that in a *ſimilar* ſituation, in *Macbeth*, and *King John*, he ſhould have uſed the expreſſions of an old dramatiſt, with whoſe writings he had been particularly converſant; expreſſions too, which he had before embodied in former plays: nor can, I think, theſe three inſtances much diminiſh the force of the foregoing obſervation. That it may have its full weight, I have in the preſent edition diſtinguiſhed by aſteriſks all the lines in *The Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI.* of which there is no trace in the

* See p. 197 of this volume, and Vol. X. 249, n. 7.

the old quarto plays, and which therefore I ſuppoſe to have been written by Shakſpeare. Though this has not been effected without much trouble, yet, if it ſhall tend to ſettle this long-agitated queſtion, I ſhall not conſider my labour as wholly thrown away.

Perhaps a ſimilar coincidency in *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.* may be urged in oppoſition to my hypotheſis relative to that play. "Lean famine, quartering ſteel, and climbing fire," are in that piece called the attendants on the brave Lord Talbot; as, in Shakſpeare's *King Henry V.* "famine, ſword, and fire, are leaſh'd in like hounds, crouching under the martial Henry for employment." If this image had proceeded from our author's imagination, this coincidency might perhaps countenance the ſuppoſition that he had ſome hand at leaſt in that ſcene of *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.* where theſe attendants on war are perſonified. But that is not the caſe; for the fact is, that Shakſpeare was furniſhed with this imagery by a paſſage in Holinſhed, as the author of the old play of *King Henry VI.* was by Hall's Chronicle: "The Goddeſſe of warre, called Bellonas—hath theſe three hand-maides ever of neceſſitie attendyng on her, *bloud, fyre,* and *famine.**"

In our preſent inquiry, it is undoubtedly a very ſtriking circumſtance that *almoſt* all the paſſages in *The Second* and *Third Part of King Henry VI* which reſemble others in Shakſpeare's undiſputed plays, are not found in the original pieces in quarto, but in his *Rifacimento* publiſhed in folio. As theſe *Reſemblances* to his other plays, and a peculiar Shakſpearian phraſeology, aſcertain a *conſiderable portion* of theſe diſputed dramas to be the production of Shakſpeare, ſo on the other hand certain paſſages which are *diſcordant* (in matters of fact) from his other plays, are proved by this *diſcordancy*, not to have been compoſed by him; and theſe diſcordant paſſages, being found in the original quarto plays, prove that thoſe pieces were compoſed by another writer.

Thus, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* (p. 105,) Sir John Grey is ſaid to have loſt "his life in quarrel of the houſe of *York*;" and King Edward ſtating the claim of his widow, whom he afterwards married, mentions, that his lands after the battle of Saint Albans, (February 17, 1460-1,) "were ſeized on by the conqueror. Whereas, in fact, they were ſeized on by Edward himſelf after the battle of Towton, (in which he was conqueror,) March 29, 1461. The conqueror at the ſecond battle of Saint Albans, the battle here meant, was Queen Margaret. This ſtatement was taken from the old quarto play; and, from careleſsneſs was adopted by Shakſpeare without any material alteration. But at a ſubſequent period when he wrote his

* Hall's *Chron.* Henry VI. fol. xxix.

King Richard III. he was under a neceſſity of carefully examining the Engliſh chronicles; and in that play, Act I. ſc. iii. he has repreſented this matter truly as it was:

" In all which time, you, and your huſband Grey,
" Were *factious for the houſe of Lancaſter*;—
" (And, Rivers, ſo were you;)—Was not your huſband
" In Margaret's battle at Saint Albans ſlain?"

It is called "Margaret's battle," becauſe ſhe was there victorious.

An equally deciſive circumſtance is furniſhed by the ſame play. In *The* Third *Part of King Henry VI.* (p. 131,) Warwick propoſes to marry his *eldeſt* daughter (*Iſabella*) to Edward Prince of Wales, and the propoſal is accepted by Edward; and in a ſubſequent ſcene Clarence ſays, he will marry the *younger* daughter (*Anne*). In theſe particulars Shakſpeare has implicitly followed the elder drama. But the fact is, that the Prince of Wales married Anne the *younger* daughter of the Earl of Warwick, and the Duke of Clarence married the *elder*, Iſabella. Though the author of *The true Tragedie of the Duke of Yorke*, &c. was here inaccurate, and though Shakſpeare too negligently followed his ſteps,—when he wrote his *King Richard III.* he had gained better information; for there Lady Anne is rightly repreſented as the widow of the Prince of Wales, and the *youngeſt* daughter of the Earl of Warwick:

" Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
" And leave the world to me to buſtle in.
" For then I'll marry Warwick's *youngeſt* daughter;
" What though I kill'd her huſband, and her father," &c.

i. e. Edward Prince of Wales, and King Henry VI.

King Richard III. Act I. ſc. i.

I have ſaid that certain paſſages in *The Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.* are aſcertained to be Shakſpeare's by a peculiar phraſeology. This peculiar phraſeology, without a ſingle exception, diſtinguiſhes ſuch parts of theſe plays as are found in the folio, and not in the *elder* quarto dramas, of which the phraſeology, as well as the verſification, is of a different colour. This obſervation applies not only to the new original matter produced by Shakſpeare, but to his alteration of the old. Our author in his undoubted compoſitions has fallen into an inaccuracy, of which I do not recollect a ſimilar inſtance in the works of any other dramatiſt. When he has occaſion to quote the ſame paper twice, (not from memory, but *verbatim*,) from negligence he does not always attend to the words of the paper which he has occaſion to quote, but makes one of the perſons of the drama recite them with variations, though he holds the very paper

quoted before his eyes. Thus, in *All's well that ends well,* Act V. ſc. iii. Helena ſays :

" —— here's your letter ; This it ſays :
" *When from my finger you can get this ring,*
" *And are by me with child,*"—

Yet, as I have obſerved in Vol. V. p. 327, n. 6. Helena in Act III. ſc. ii. *reads* this very letter aloud, and there the words are different, and in plain proſe : " When thou canſt get the ring from my finger, which never ſhall come off, and ſhow me a child begotten of thy body," &c. In like manner, in the firſt ſcene of *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* Suffolk preſents to the Duke of Gloſter, protector of the realm, the articles of peace concluded between France and England. The protector begins to read the articles, but when he has proceeded no further than theſe words,—" Item, that the *dutchy* of Anjou and the *county* of Maine ſhall be releaſed and delivered to the king her father,"—he is ſuddenly taken ill, and rendered incapable of proceeding : on which the Biſhop of Wincheſter is called upon to read the remainder of the paper. He accordingly reads the whole of the article, of which the Duke of Gloſter had only read a part : " Item, *It is further agreed between them,* that *the dutchies of Anjou and Maine* ſhall be releaſed and delivered *over* to the king her father, and ſhe ſent," &c. Now though Maine in our old chronicles is ſometimes called a county, and ſometimes a dutchy, yet words cannot thus change their form under the eyes of two readers : nor do they in the original play, entitled, *The Firſt Part of the Contention of the Two Houſes,* &c. for there the article as recited by the protector correſponds with that recited by the Biſhop, without the moſt minute variation. " Item, It is further agreed between them, that the *dutchies of Anjou and of Maine* ſhall be releaſed and delivered *over* to the king her father, and ſhe ſent," &c. Thus in the old play ſays the Duke, and ſo ſays the Cardinal after him. This one circumſtance, in my apprehenſion, is of ſuch weight, that though it ſtood alone, it might decide the preſent queſtion. Our author has fallen into a ſimilar inaccuracy in the fourth ſcene of the ſame Act, where the Duke of York recites from a paper the queſtions that had been put to the Spirit, relative to the Duke of Suffolk, Somerſet, &c.*

Many minute marks of Shakſpeare's hands may be traced in ſuch parts of the old plays as he has new-modelled. I at preſent recollect one that muſt ſtrike every reader who is converſant with his writings. He very frequently uſes adjectives adverbially ; and this kind of phraſeology, if not peculiar to him, is found more frequently in his writings than thoſe of any of his contem-

* See Vol. XIII. p. 222, n. 8.

poraries. Thus—" I am myſelf *indifferent* honeſt;"—" as *diſhonourable* ragged as an old faced ancient;"—" *equal* ravenous;"—" leaves them *inviſible*;" &c.* In *The true Tragedie of the Duke of Yorke*, &c. the King, having determined to marry Lady Grey, injoins his brothers to uſe her *honourably*. But in Shakſpeare's play the words are,—" uſe her *honourable*." So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

" Young man, thou could'ſt not die more *honourable*."

In like manner, in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* we find this line:

" Is either ſlain, or wounded *dangerous*."

but in the old play the words are—" wounded *dangerouſly*."

In the ſame play the word *handkerchief* is uſed; but in the correſponding ſcene in *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* (p. 51,) Shakſpeare has ſubſtituted the northern term *napkin*, which occurs ſo often in his works, in its room.†

The next circumſtance to which I wiſh to call the attention of thoſe who do not think the preſent inveſtigation wholly incurious, is, the *Tranſpoſitions* that are found in theſe plays. In the preceding notes I have frequently obſerved that not only ſeveral lines, but ſometimes whole ſcenes,‡ were tranſpoſed by Shakſpeare.

In p. 50, 51, a Meſſenger, giving an account of the death of the Duke of York, ſays:

" Environed he was with many foes;
" And ſtood againſt them, as the hope of Troy
" Againſt the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
" But Hercules himſelf muſt yield to odds;"—

When this paſſage was printed, not finding any trace of the laſt three lines in the correſponding part of the old play, I marked them inadvertently as Shakſpeare's original compoſition; but I afterwards found that he had borrowed them from a ſubſequent ſcene on a quite different ſubject, in which Henry, taking leave of Warwick, ſays to him—

" Farewell my Hector, and *my Troy's true hope!*"

and the laſt line, " But Hercules," &c. is ſpoken by Warwick near the concluſion of the piece, after he is mortally wounded in the battle of Barnet.

So, in *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, &c. after the Duke has ſlain Clifford, he ſays—

" *Now, Lancaſter, ſit ſure:*—thy ſinews ſhrink."

Shakſpeare has not made uſe of that line in that place, but

* See Vol. VIII. p. 551, n. 5; and p. 176, n. 6; Vol. VI. p. 318, n. 9.

† In *Othello* both the words—*napkin*, and *handkerchief*, may be found. STEEVENS.

‡ See p. 152, n. 5; p. 160, n. 5; p. 166, n. 4.

availed himſelf of it afterwards, where Edward brings forth Warwick wounded; *King Henry VI.* P. III. Act V. ſc. ii:

"*Now*, Montague, *ſit faſt*: I ſeek for thee," &c.

Many other tranſpoſitions may be traced in theſe plays, to which I ſhall only refer in a note.*

Such tranſpoſitions as I have noticed, could never have ariſen from any careleſſneſs or inaccuracy of tranſcribers or copyiſts; and therefore are to be added to the many other circumſtances which prove that *The Second and Third Parts of K. Henry VI.* as exhibited in the folio, were formed from the materials of a preceding writer.

It is alſo obſervable, that many lines are *repeated* in Shakſpeare's *Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.*† but no ſuch repetitions are found in the old quarto plays. The repetition undoubtedly aroſe from Shakſpeare's not always following his original ſtrictly, but introducing expreſſions which had ſtruck him in other parts of the old plays; and afterwards, forgetting that he had before uſed ſuch expreſſions, he ſuffered them to remain in their original places alſo.

Another proof that Shakſpeare was not the author of *The Contention of the Two Houſes*, &c. is furniſhed by the inconſiſtencies into which he has fallen, by ſometimes adhering to, and ſometimes deviating from, his original: an inaccuracy which may be ſometimes obſerved in his undiſputed plays.

One of the moſt remarkable inſtances of this kind of inconſiſtency is found in *The Second Part of King Henry VI.* p. 336, where he makes Henry ſay:

"I'll ſend ſome holy biſhop to intreat," &c.

a circumſtance which he took from Holinſhed's *Chronicle*; whereas in the old play no mention is made of a biſhop on this occaſion. The King there ſays, he will himſelf come and parley with the rebels, and in the mean time he orders Clifford and Buckingham to gather an army. In a ſubſequent ſcene, however, Shakſpeare forgot the new matter which he had introduced in the former; and *Clifford* and *Buckingham* only parley with Cade, &c. *conformably to the old play.*‡

In *Romeo and Juliet* he has fallen into a ſimilar inaccuracy. In the poem on which that tragedy is founded, Romeo, in his interview with the Friar, after ſentence of baniſhment has been

* See Vol. XIII. p. 299, n. 4; p. 327, n. 8; p. 379, n. 3;—and p. 146, n. 6; p. 182, n. 8 and 9; p. 189, n. 1, of the preſent volume.

† See alſo p. 79, n. 4; p. 102, n. 2; p. 120, n. 8; p. 126, n. 2.

‡ See Vol. XIII. p. 219, n. 4;—and p. 123, n. 5; p. 126, n. 2, of the preſent volume.

pronounced againſt him, is deſcribed as paſſionately lamenting his fate in the following terms:

" Firſt *nature* did he blame, *the author of his life*,
" In which his joys had been ſo ſcant, and ſorrows aye ſo rife;
" The time and place of *birth* he fiercely did reprove;
" He cryed out with open mouth againſt *the ſtars above*.
" On *fortune* eke he *rail'd*," &c.

The Friar afterwards reproves him for want of patience. In forming the correſponding ſcene Shakſpeare has *omitted* Romeo's invective againſt his fate, but inadvertently copied the Friar's remonſtrance *as it lay before him*:

" Why *rail'ſt* thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?"

If the following ſhould be conſidered as a trifling circumſtance, let it be remembered, that circumſtances which, ſeparately conſidered, may appear unimportant, ſometimes acquire ſtrength, when united to other proofs of more efficacy: in my opinion, however, what I ſhall now mention is a circumſtance of conſiderable weight. It is obſervable that the prieſt concerned with Eleanor Cobham, Ducheſs of Gloceſter, in certain pretended operations of magick, for which ſhe was tried, is called by Hall, John *Hum*. So is he named in *The Firſt Part of the Contention of the Two Houſes of Yorke*, &c. the original, as I ſuppoſe, of *The* Second *Part of King Henry VI.* Our author probably thinking the name harſh or ridiculous, ſoftened it to *Hume*; and by that name this prieſt is called in *his* play printed in folio. But in Holinſhed he is named *Hun*; and ſo undoubtedly, or perhaps for ſoftneſs, *Hune*; he would have been called in the original quarto play juſt mentioned, if Shakſpeare had been the author of it; for Holinſhed and not Hall was his guide, as I have ſhown inconteſtably in a note on *King Henry V.* Vol. XII. p. 292. But Hall was undoubtedly the hiſtorian who had been conſulted by the original writer of *The Contention of the Two Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*; as appears from his having taken a line from thence, " That *Alexander Iden, an eſquire of Kent*,*" and from the ſcene in which Cardinal Beaufort is exhibited on his death-bed. One part of the particular deſcription of the Cardinal's death and dying words, in the old quarto play, is founded on a paſſage in Hall, which Holinſhed, though in general a ſervile copyiſt of the former chronicler, has omitted. The paſſage is this: " Dr. John Baker, his pryvie counſailer and hys chapellayn, wrote, that lying on his death-bed he [Cardinal Beaufort] ſaid theſe words: ' Why ſhould I dye, havyng ſo much ryches? If

* See Hall, Henry V. fol. lxxix. Holinſhed ſays, " a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Iden, awaited ſo his time," &c.

the whole realme would ſave my lyfe, I am able either by pollicie to get it, or by riches to bye it. Fye! will not death be hyered, nor will money do nothynge?" From this the writer of the old play formed theſe lines:

" O death, if thou wilt let me live
" But one whole year, I'll give thee as much gold
" As will purchaſe ſuch another iſland."

which Shakſpeare new-modelled thus:

" If thou be'ſt death, I'll give thee England's treaſure,
" Enough to purchaſe ſuch another iſland,
" So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain."

If Shakſpeare had been the author of *The Firſt Part of the Contention*, &c. finding in his Holinſhed the name *Hun*, he would either have preſerved it, or ſoftened it to *Hune*. Working on the old play, where he found the name of *Hum*, which ſounded ridiculous to his ear, he changed it to *Hume*. But whoever the original writer of the old play was, having uſed the name of *Hum*, he muſt have formed his play on Hall's Chronicle, where *alone* that name is found. Shakſpeare therefore having made Holinſhed, and not Hall, his guide, could not have been the writer of it.

It may be remarked, that by the alteration of this prieſt's name, he has deſtroyed a rhyme intended by the author of the original play, where Sir John begins a ſoliloquy with this jingling line:

" Now, Sir John *Hum*, no word but *mum*:
" Seal up your lips, for you muſt ſilent be."

which Shakſpeare has altered thus:

" —— But how now, Sir John *Hume*?
" Seal up your lips, and give no words but *mum*."

Lines rhyming in the middle and end, ſimilar to that above quoted, are often found in our old Engliſh plays, (previous to the time of Shakſpeare,) and are generally put into the mouths of prieſts and friars.

It has already been obſerved, that in the original play on which *The* Second *Part of King Henry VI.* is founded, " *Abradas*, the *Macedonian* pirate," is mentioned. This hero does not appear in Shakſpeare's new-modelled play, " *Bargulus*, the ſtrong *Illyrian* pirate," being introduced in his room. *Abradas* is ſpoken of (as Mr. Steevens has remarked) by Robert Greene, the very perſon whom I ſuppoſe to have been one of the joint authors of the original plays, in a pamphlet, entitled *Penelope's Web*, 1589:—" *Abradas*, the great *Macedonean pirate*, thought every one had a letter of mart that bare fayres in the ocean." Of this pirate or his achievements, however celebrated he may

have been, I have not found the ſlighteſt trace in *any book* whatſoever, except that above quoted: a ſingular circumſtance, which appears to me ſtrongly to confirm my hypotheſis on the preſent ſubject; and to ſupport my interpretation of Greene's words in his *Groatſworth of Witte*, in a former part of the preſent diſquiſition.

However this may be, there are certainly very good grounds for believing that *The Firſt Part of the Contention of the Two Houſes of York and Lancaſter*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, were written by the author or authors of the old *King John*, printed in 1591.

In *The true Tragedie* &c. we find the following lines:

" *Let England be true within itſelf,*
" We need not France, nor any alliance with her."

The firſt of theſe lines is found, with a very minute variation, in the old *King John*, where it runs thus:

" Let England *live but* true within itſelf,—."

Nor is this the only coincidence. In the deſervedly admired ſcene in which Cardinal Beaufort's death is repreſented, in the original play, (as well as in Shakſpeare's *Second Part of King Henry VI.*) he is called upon to hold up his hand, as a proof of his confidence in God:

" Lord Cardinal,
" If thou dieſt aſſured of heavenly bliſſe,
" Hold up thy hand, and make ſome ſign to us.
[*The Cardinal dies.*
" O ſee, he dies, and makes no ſign at all:
" O God, forgive his ſoule!"

I quote from the original play.—It is remarkable that a ſimilar proof is demanded in the old play of *King John* alſo, when that king is expiring:

" Then, good my lord, if you forgive them all,
" Lift up your hand, in token you forgive."

Again:

" ——in token of thy faith,
" And ſigne thou dieſt the ſervant of the Lord,
" Lift up thy hand, that we may witneſſe here
" Thou dieſt the ſervant of our Saviour Chriſt.—
" Now joy betide thy ſoul!"

This circumſtance appears to me to add conſiderable ſupport to my conjecture.

One point only remains. It may be aſked, if *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.* was not written by Shakſpeare, why did Heminge and Condell print it with the reſt of his works? The only way that I can account for their having done ſo, is by ſuppoſing, either that their memory at the end of thirty years was not accurate concerning our author's pieces, as appears indeed

evidently from their omitting *Troilus and Creſſida*, which was not recollected by them, till the whole of the firſt folio, and even the table of contents, (which is always the laſt work of the preſs,) had been printed; or, that they imagined the inſertion of this hiſtorical drama was neceſſary to underſtanding the two pieces that follow it; or laſtly, that Shakſpeare, for the advantage of his own theatre, having written a few lines in *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.* after his own *Second* and *Third* Part had been played, they conceived this a ſufficient warrant for attributing it, along with the others, to him, in the general collection of his works. If Shakſpeare was the author of any part of this play, perhaps the ſecond and the following ſcenes of the fourth Act were his; which are for the moſt part written in rhyme, and appear to me ſomewhat of a different complexion from the reſt of the play. Nor is this the only inſtance of their proceeding on this ground; for is it poſſible to conceive that they could have any other reaſon for giving *Titus Andronicus* a place in their edition of Shakſpeare's works, than his having written twenty or thirty lines in that piece, or having retouched a few verſes of it; if indeed he did ſo much?

Shakſpeare's referring in the Epilogue to *King Henry V.* which was produced in 1599, to theſe three parts of *King Henry VI.* of which the firſt, by whom ſoever it was written, appears from the teſtimony of a contemporary to have been exhibited with great applauſe;* and the two latter having been, as I conceive, eight years before new-modelled and almoſt re-written by our author, we may be confident were performed with the moſt brilliant ſucceſs; his ſupplicating the favour of the audience to his new play of *King Henry V.* "*for the ſake*" of theſe old and *popular* dramas, which were ſo cloſely connected with it, and in the compoſition of which, as they had for many years been exhibited, he had ſo conſiderable a ſhare; the connection between the laſt ſcene of *King Henry VI.* and the firſt ſcene of *King Richard III.* the Shakſpearian diction, verſification, and figures, by which *The Second* and *Third Part of K. Henry VI.* are diſtinguiſhed; "the eaſineſs of expreſſion and the fluency of numbers," which, it is acknowledged, are found here, and were poſſeſſed by no other author of that age; all theſe circumſtances are accounted for by the theory now ſtated, and all objections † that have been founded upon them, in my apprehenſion, vaniſh away.

On the other hand, the entry on the Stationers' books of the

* See p. 231 of this Diſſertation.

† See theſe ſeveral objections ſtated by Dr. Johnſon in the notes at the end of *The Third Part of King Henry VI.*

old play, entitled *The Firſt Part of the Contention of the Two Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, &c. without the name of the author; that piece, and *The true of Tragedie of Richarde Duke of Yorke*, &c. being printed in 1600, anonymouſly; their being founded on the Chronicle of *Hall*, who was not Shakſpeare's hiſtorian, and repreſented by the ſervants of Lord Pembroke, by whom none of his uncontеſted dramas were repreſented; the colour, diction, and verſification of theſe old plays, the various circumſtances, lines and ſpeeches, that are found in them, and not in our author's new-modification of them, as publiſhed in folio by his original editors; the reſemblances that have been noticed between his other works and ſuch parts of theſe dramas as are *only* exhibited in their folio edition; the diſcordances (in matters of fact) between certain parts of the old plays printed in quarto, and Shakſpeare's undoubted performances; the tranſpoſitions that he has made in theſe pieces; the repetitions; and the peculiar Shakſpearian inaccuracies, and phraſeology, which may be traced in the folio, and not in the old quarto plays; theſe and other circumſtances, which have been ſtated in the foregoing pages, form, when united, ſuch a body of argument and proofs, in ſupport of my hypotheſis, as appears to me, (though I will not venture to aſſert that "the probation bears no hinge or loop to hang a doubt on,") to lead directly to the door of *truth*.

It it obſervable that ſeveral portions of the Engliſh Hiſtory had been dramatized *before* the time of Shakſpeare. Thus, we have *King John* in two parts, by an anonymous writer; *Edward I.* by George Peele; *Edward II.* by Chriſtopher Marlowe; *Edward III.* anonymous; *Henry IV.* containing the depoſition of *Richard II.* and the acceſſion of *Henry* to the crown, anonymous;* *Henry V.* and *Richard III.* both by anonymous authors.† Is it not then highly probable, that the *whole* of the ſtory of *Henry VI.* had alſo been brought upon the ſcene? and that the firſt of the plays now in queſtion, formerly (as I believe) called *The Hiſtorical Play of King Henry VI.* and now named *The* Firſt *Part of King Henry VI.* as well as *The Firſt Part of the Contention of the Two Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, &c. (which three pieces comprehend the entire reign of that King from his birth to his death,) were the compoſition of ſome of the authors, who had produced the hiſtorical dramas above enumerated?

In conſequence of an haſty and inconſiderate opinion formed by Mr. Pope, without any minute examination of the ſubject,

* See the Prolegomena to *King Richard II.* Vol. XI.

† Entered on the Stationers' books in 1594.

King John in two parts, printed in 1591, and *The* old *Taming of the Shrew*, which was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1594, and printed in 1607, paſſed for half a century for the compoſition of Shakſpeare. Further inquiries have ſhown that they were the productions of earlier writers; and perhaps a more profound inveſtigation of this ſubject than I have been able to make, may hereafter prove deciſively, that the *firſt* of the three *Henries* printed in folio, and both the parts of *The Whole Contention of the Two famous Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, as exhibited in quarto, and printed in 1600, ought to be claſſed in the ſame predicament with the two old plays above mentioned. For my own part, if it ſhould ever be thought proper to reprint the old dramas on which Shakſpeare founded ſome of his plays, which were publiſhed in two volumes a few years ago, I have no doubt that *The Firſt Part of the Contention of the Two Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter*, &c. and *The true Tragedie of the Duke of Yorke*, &c. ſhould be added to the number.

Gildon ſomewhere ſays, that "in a converſation between Shakſpeare and Ben Jonſon, Ben aſked him the reaſon why he wrote his hiſtorical plays." Our author (we are told) replied, that "finding the nation generally very ignorant of hiſtory, he wrote them in order to inſtruct the people in that particular." This anecdote, like many other traditional ſtories, ſtands on a very weak foundation; or to ſpeak more juſtly, it is certainly a fiction. The malignant Ben does indeed, in his *Devil's an Aſs*, 1616, ſneer at our author's hiſtorical pieces, which for twenty years preceding had been in high reputation, and probably were *then* the only hiſtorical dramas that had poſſeſſion of the theatre; but from the liſt above given, it is clear that Shakſpeare was not the *firſt* who dramatized our old chronicles; and that the principal events of the Engliſh Hiſtory were familiar to the ears of his audience, before he commenced a writer for the ſtage:* though undoubtedly

* This point is eſtabliſhed not only by the liſt referred to, but by a paſſage in a pamphlet already quoted, entitled *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil*, written by Thomas Naſhe, quarto, 1592: "Whereas the afternoone being the eldeſt time of the day, wherein men that are their own maſters (as gentlemen of the Court, the Innes of court, and the number of captaines and ſoldiers about London) do wholly beſtow themſelves upon pleaſure, and that pleaſure they divide (how virtuouſly it ſkilles not,) into gaming, following of harlots, drinking, or *seeing a play*; is it not then better, ſince of foure extreames all the world cannot keepe them but they will chooſe one, that they ſhould betake them to the laſt, which is *Playes?* Nay, what if I prove playes to be no extreame, but a rare exerciſe of vertue? Firſt, for the *ſubject* of them; *for the most part it is borrowed* out of our English Chronicles, wherein our fore-fathers' valiant actes, that have been long buried in ruſtie braſſe, and worme eaten bookes, are revived, and they themſelves raiſed from the grave of oblivion, and brought to plead their aged honours in open preſence;

at this day, whatever knowledge of our annals is diſperſed among the people, is derived from the frequent exhibition of our author's hiſtorical plays.

He certainly did not conſider writing on fables that had already been formed into dramas, as any derogation from his fame; if indeed fame was ever an object of his thoughts. We know that plays on the ſubjects of *Meaſure for Meaſure, The Taming of the Shrew, The Merchant of Venice, King John, King Richard II. King Henry IV. King Henry V. King Richard III. King Lear, Antony and Cleopatra,* and, I ſtrongly ſuſpect, on thoſe of *Hamlet, Timon of Athens, and Julius Cæſar,** exiſted before he commenced a dramatick author; and perhaps in proceſs of time it may be found, that many of the fables of his *other* plays alſo had been unſkilfully treated, and produced upon the ſtage, by preceding writers.

Such are the only lights that I am able to throw on this very dark ſubject. The arguments which I have ſtated have entirely ſatisfied my own mind; whether they are entitled to bring conviction to the minds of others, I ſhall not preſume to determine. I produce them, however, with the more confidence, as they have the approbation of one who has given ſuch deciſive proofs of his taſte and knowledge, by aſcertaining the extent of *Shakſpeare's learning,* that I have no doubt his thoughts on the preſent queſtion alſo, will have that weight with the publick to

than which, what can be a ſharper reproofe to theſe degenerate days of ours?"

After an elogium on the brave Lord Talbot, and on the actor who had perſonated him in a popular play of that time, "before ten thouſand ſpectators at the leaſt;" (which has already been printed in a former page,) and after obſerving "what a glorious thing it is to have King Henry the Fifth repreſented on the ſtage, leading the French king priſoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin to ſwear fealty,"—the writer adds theſe words:

"In playes, all coulenages, all cunning drifts, over-guilded with outward holineſſe, all ſtratagems of warre, all the canker-wormes that breed in the ruſt of peace, are moſt lively anatomiſed. They ſhow the ill ſucceſſe of treaſon, the fall of haſty climbers, *the wretched end of uſurpers, the miſerie of civil diſſention,* and how juſt God is evermore in puniſhing *murder.* And to prove every one of theſe allegations, could I propound the circumſtances *of this play and that,* if I meant to handle this theame otherwiſe than *obiter.*"

It is highly probable that the words, "*the miſerie of civil diſſention,*" allude to the very plays which are the ſubjects of the preſent diſquiſition, *The First Part of the Contention of the Two Houſes* &c. and *The True Tragedy of Richarde Duke of Yorke*; as, by "the wretched end of *Uſurpers,*" and the juſtice of God in "*puniſhing murder,*" old plays on the ſubject of *King Richard III.* and that of *Hamlet,* prior to thoſe of Shakſpeare, were, I believe, alluded to.

* See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays,* Vol. II.

which they are undoubtedly entitled. It is almoſt unneceſſary to add, that I mean my friend Dr. Farmer; who many years ago delivered it as his opinion, that theſe plays were not written *originally* by Shakſpeare.* MALONE.

* Mr. Theobald's and Dr. Warburton's idea on which the foregoing Diſſertation is founded, had received countenance from the opinion of Dr. Farmer. Mr. Malone, with much labour and ingenuity, has given ſupport to the ſentiments of theſe gentlemen; but, in my judgment, if he proves any thing, it is a poſition hazarded by me long ago; viz. that our author had as much hand in the preſent dramas, as in ſeveral others that paſs under his name; for, as I obſerved in Mr. Malone's *Attempt to aſcertain* &c. article, *Macbeth*) "a time may arrive, in which it will become evident, from books and manuſcripts yet undiſcovered and unexamined, that Shakſpeare did not attempt a ſingle play on any ſubject, till the effect of the ſame ſtory, or at leaſt the ruling incidents in it, had been tried on the ſtage, and familiarized to his audience;"—a conjecture which in ſome inſtances has been already confirmed.

Of the firſt part of theſe three Hiſtories, however, it is aſſerted, that in colour of ſtyle, &c. it bears no reſemblance to the other works of our author. As I think, among the notes on that piece, I have advanced ſome proofs to the contrary, in this place I ſhall be content to add, that it as ſtrongly reſembles the latter dramas of Shakſpeare, as the *Dream* of Raphael reſembles his *Tranſfiguration*. Between the firſt and laſt performances of great maſters, there is often but a ſmall, if any, degree of reſemblance. Sir Joſhua Reynolds ſtudied under Hudſon, and at firſt imitated his manner; but is a trace of the almoſt forgotten maſter diſcoverable in the mature and applauded works of the pupil? STEEVENS.

KING RICHARD III.*

* Life and Death of King Richard III.] This tragedy, though it is called the Life and Death of this Prince, comprizes, at moſt, but the laſt eight years of his time; for it opens with George Duke of Clarence being clapped up in the Tower, which happened in the beginning of the year 1477; and cloſes with the death of Richard at Boſworth field, which battle was fought on the 22d of Auguſt, in the year 1485. Theobald.

It appears that ſeveral dramas on the preſent ſubject had been written before Shakſpeare attempted it. See the notes at the concluſion of this play, which was firſt entered at Stationers' Hall by Andrew Wiſe, Oct. 20, 1597, under the title of *The Tragedie of King Richard the Third, with the Death of the Duke of Clarence.* Before this, viz. Aug. 15th, 1586, was entered, *A tragical Report of King Richard the Third, a Ballad.* It may be neceſſary to remark that the words, *ſong, ballad, enterlude* and *play,* were often ſynonymouſly uſed. Steevens.

This play was written, I imagine, in the ſame year in which it was firſt printed,—1597. *The Legend of King Richard III.* by Francis Seagars, was printed in the firſt edition of *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates,* 1559, and in that of 1575, and 1587, but Shakſpeare does not appear to be indebted to it. In a ſubſequent edition of that book printed in 1610, the old legend was omitted, and a new one inſerted, by Richard Niccols, who has very freely copied the play before us. In 1597, when this tragedy was publiſhed, Niccols, as Mr. Warton has obſerved, was but thirteen years old. *Hiſt. of Poetry,* Vol. III. p. 267.

The real length of time in this piece is fourteen years; (not eight years, as Mr. Theobald ſuppoſed:) for the ſecond ſcene commences with the funeral of King Henry VI. who, according to the received account, was murdered on the 21ſt of May, 1471. The impriſonment of Clarence, which is repreſented previouſly in the firſt ſcene, did not in fact take place till 1477-8.

It has been ſince obſerved to me by Mr. Elderton, (who is of opinion that Richard was charged with this murder by the Lancaſtrian hiſtorians without any foundation,) that "it appears on the face of the publick accounts allowed in the exchequer for the maintenance of King Henry and his numerous attendants in the Tower, that he lived to the 12th of June, which was twenty-two days after the time aſſigned for his pretended aſſaſſination; was expoſed to the publick view in St. Paul's for ſome days, and interred at Chertſey with much ſolemnity, and at no inconſiderable expence." Malone.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

King Edward *the Fourth.*

Edward, *Prince of* Wales, *afterwards K.* Edward V. } *Sons to the King.*
Richard, *Duke of York,* }

George, *Duke of* Clarence, }
Richard, *Duke of* Gloſter, *afterwards King* Richard III. } *Brothers to the King.*

A young Son of Clarence.

Henry, *Earl of* Richmond, *afterwards K.* Henry VII.

Cardinal Bourchier, *Archbiſhop of Canterbury.*

Thomas Rotheram, *Archbiſhop of* York, John Morton, *Biſhop of* Ely.

Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Norfolk: *Earl of* Surrey, *his Son.*

Earl Rivers, *Brother to King* Edward's *Queen:*

Marquis of Dorſet, *and Lord* Grey, *her Sons.*

Earl of Oxford. *Lord* Haſtings. *Lord* Stanley. *Lord* Lovel.

Sir Thomas Vaughan. *Sir* Richard Ratcliff.

Sir William Cateſby. *Sir* James Tyrrel.

Sir James Blount. *Sir* Walter Herbert.

Sir Robert Brakenbury, *Lieutenant of the* Tower.

Chriſtopher Urſwick, *a Prieſt. Another Prieſt.*

Lord Mayor of London. *Sheriff of* Wiltſhire.

Elizabeth, *Queen of King* Edward IV.

Margaret, *Widow of King* Henry VI.

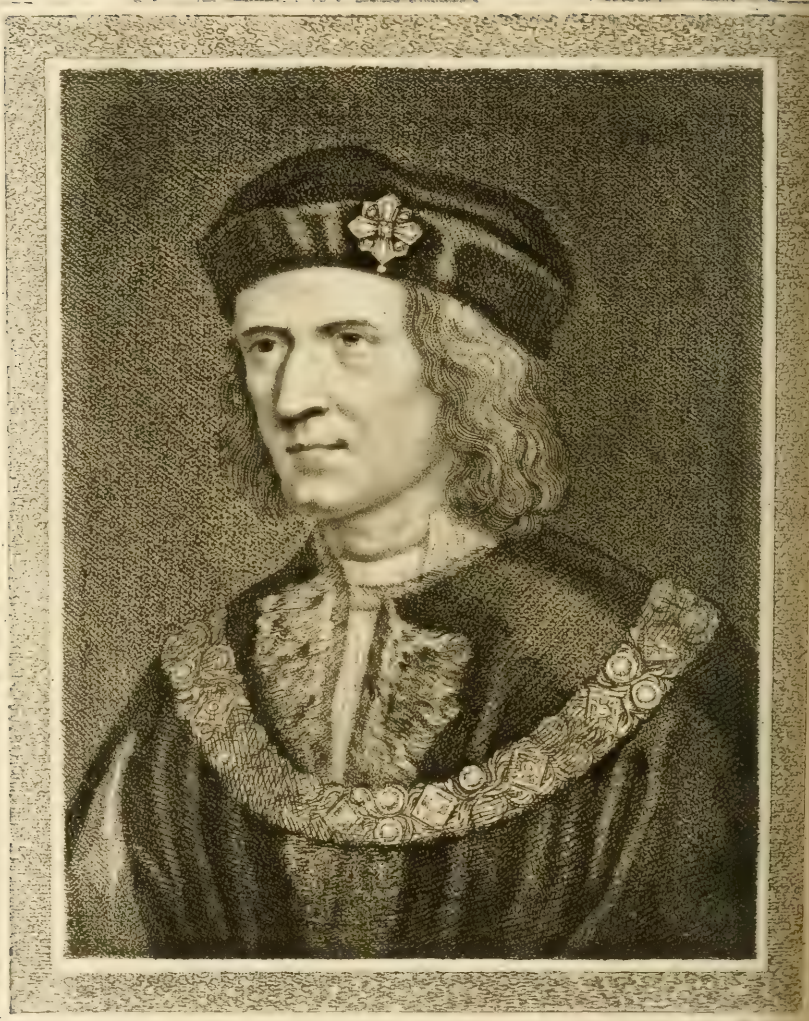
Ducheſs of York, *Mother to King* Edward IV. Clarence, *and* Gloſter.

Lady Anne, *Widow of* Edward *Prince of* Wales, *Son to King* Henry VI.; *afterwards married to the Duke of* Gloſter.

A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Purſuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Murderers, Meſſengers, Ghoſts, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE, England.



G. N. Gardiner Sculp.

KING RICHARD III.

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

KING RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

London. *A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now is the winter of our diſcontent [1]
Made glorious ſummer by this ſun of York;[2]

[1] ——*the* winter *of our diſcontent*—] Thus, in Sidney's *Aſtrophel and Stella:*

"Gone in the *winter* of my miſerie." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*this ſun of York;*] Alluding to the cognizance of Edward IV. which was *a ſun,* in memory of the *three ſuns,* which are ſaid to have appeared at the battle which he gained over the Lancaſtrians at Mortimer's Croſs.

So, in Drayton's *Miſeries of Queen Margaret:*

"Three *ſuns* were ſeen that inſtant to appear,
"Which ſoon again ſhut themſelves up in one;
"Ready to buckle as the armies were,
"Which this brave duke took to himſelf alone:" &c.

Again, in the 22d Song of the *Polyolbion:*

"And thankful to high heaven which of his cauſe had care,
"Three *ſuns* for his device ſtill in his enſign bare."

Such phœnomena, if we may believe tradition, were formerly not uncommon. In the Wrighte's Play in the *Cheſter Collection,* MS. Harl. 1013. the ſame circumſtance is introduced as attending on a more ſolemn event:

And all the clouds, that lowr'd upon our houſe,
In the deep boſom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our bruiſed arms[3] hung up for monuments;
Our ſtern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful meaſures.
Grim-viſag'd war hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now,—inſtead of mounting barbed ſteeds,[4]

" That day was ſeene veramente
" *Three ſonnes* in the firmament,
" And wonderly together went
" And torned into one." STEEVENS.

See p. 48, n. 6. MALONE.

[3] *Now are our brows bound with* victorious wreaths;
Our bruiſed arms &c.] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
" Made glorious by his manly chivalry,
" *With bruiſed arms and wreaths of victory.*"
MALONE.

[4] *Our ſtern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,*
Our dreadful marches to delightful meaſures.
Grim-viſag'd war hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now,—inſtead of mounting barbed ſteeds, &c.] So, in *The tragical Life and Death of King Richard the Third*, which is one of the metrical monologues in a collection entitled, *The Mirrour of Magiſtrates*. The firſt edition of it appeared in 1559, but the lines quoted on the preſent as well as future occaſions throughout this play, are not found in any copy before that of 1610, ſo that the author was more probably indebted to Shakſpeare, than Shakſpeare to him:

" —— the battles fought in field before
" Were turn'd to meetings of ſweet amitie;
" The war-god's thund'ring cannons' dreadful rore,
" And rattling drum-ſounds' warlike harmonie,
" To ſweet-tun'd noiſe of pleaſing minſtrelſie.

" God Mars laid by his launce, and tooke his lute,
" And turn'd his rugged frownes to ſmiling lookes;
" Inſtead of crimſon fields, warre's fatal fruit,
" He bath'd his limbes in Cypris warbling brookes,
" And ſet his thoughts upon her wanton lookes."
STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare ſeems to have had the following paſſage from Lyly's

To fright the ſouls of fearful adverſaries,—
He capers[5] nimbly in a lady's chamber,

Alexander and Campaſpe, 1584, before him, when he wrote theſe lines: "Is the warlike ſound of drum and trump turn'd to the ſoft noiſe of lyre and *lute?* The neighing of *barbed ſteeds*, whoſe loudneſs filled the air with terror, and whoſe breaths dimned the ſun with ſmoak, converted to delicate tunes and amorous glances?" &c. REED.

——*delightful* meaſures.] A *meaſure* was, ſtrictly ſpeaking, a court dance of a ſtately turn, though the word is ſometimes employed to expreſs dances in general.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"We'll meaſure them a *meaſure*, and be gone."

See Vol. VII. p. 154, n. 9. STEEVENS.

——barbed *ſteeds*,] i. e. ſteeds capariſoned in a warlike manner. I. Haywarde, in his *Life and Raigne of King Henry IV.* 1599, ſays,—"*The duke of Hereford, came to the barriers, mounted upon a white courſer*, barbed *with blew and green velvet*," &c.

Again, in Jarvis Markham's *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1607: "—armed in a black armour, curiouſly damaſk'd with interwinding wreaths of cypreſs and ewe, his *barbe* upon his horſe, all of black abroſetta, cut in broken hoopes upon curled cypreſs."

Again, in *The Second Part of King Edward IV.* by Heywood, 1626:

"With *barbed* horſe, and valiant armed foot."

Barbed, however, may be no more than a corruption of *barded*. Equus *bardatus*, in the Latin of the middle ages, was a horſe adorned with military trappings. I have met with the word *barded* many times in our ancient chronicles and romances. An inſtance or two may ſuffice. "They mounted him ſurely upon a good and mighty courſer, well *barded*," &c.

Hiſt. of Helyas Knight of the Swanne, bl. l. no date.

Again, in Barrett's *Alvearie*, or *Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580:

"*Bardes* or trappers of horſes." *Phaleræ*, Lat.

Again, Holinſhed ſpeaking of the preparations for the battle of Agincourt: "—to the intent that if the *barded* horſes ran fiercely upon them," &c. Again, from p. 802, we learn, that *bards* and *trappers* had the ſame meaning. STEEVENS.

See "A *Barbed* horſe," and "*Bardes*," in Minſheu's DICT. 1617, the latter of which he defines "*horſe-trappings*."

MALONE.

[5] *He* capers—] War *capers*. This is poetical, though a little

To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I,—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,[6]
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionable,
That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them;—

harsh; if it be York that capers, the antecedent is at such a distance, that it is almost forgotten. JOHNSON.

[6] *Cheated of feature by* dissembling *nature,*] By *dissembling* is not meant *hypocritical* nature, that pretends one thing and does another: but nature that puts together things of a dissimilar kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body. WARBURTON.

Dissembling is here put very licentiously for *fraudful, deceitful.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson hath certainly mistaken, and Dr. Warburton rightly explained the word *dissembling*; as is evident from the following extract: "Whyle thinges stoode in this case, and that the manner of addyng was sometime too short and sometime too long, els *dissembled* and let slip together." Arthur Golding's translation of *Julius Solinus*, 1587. HENLEY.

I once thought that Dr. Johnson's interpretation was the true one. *Dissimulation* necessarily includes *fraud*, and this might have been sufficient to induce Shakspeare to use the two words as synonymous, though fraud certainly may exist without dissimulation. But the following lines in the old *King John*, 1591, which our author must have carefully read, were perhaps in his thoughts, and seem rather in favour of Dr. Warburton's interpretation:

"Can *nature* so *dissemble* in her frame,
"To make the one so like as like may be,
"And in the other print no character
"To challenge any mark of true descent?"

Feature is used here, as in other pieces of the same age, for *beauty* in general. See note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act II. sc. v. MALONE.

Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to paſs away the time;
Unleſs to ſpy my ſhadow in the ſun,
And deſcant on mine own deformity;[7]
And therefore,—ſince I cannot prove a lover,[8]
To entertain theſe fair well-ſpoken days,[9]—
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleaſures[1] of theſe days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,[2]

[7] *And* deſcant *on mine own deformity :*] *Deſcant* is a term in muſick, ſignifying in general that kind of harmony wherein one part is broken and formed into a kind of paraphraſe on the other. The propriety and elegance of the above figure, without ſuch an idea of the nature of *deſcant,* could not be diſcerned.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

That this is the original meaning of the term, is certain. But I believe the word is here uſed in its ſecondary and colloquial ſenſe, without any reference to muſick. MALONE.

[8] *And therefore, ſince I cannot prove a lover,*] Shakſpeare very diligently inculcates, that the wickedneſs of Richard proceeded from his deformity, from the envy that roſe at the compariſon of his own perſon with others, and which incited him to diſturb the pleaſures that he could not partake. JOHNSON.

[9] *To entertain theſe fair well-ſpoken* days,] I am ſtrongly inclined to think that the poet wrote—theſe fair well-ſpoken *dames,* and that the word *days* was caught by the compoſitor's eye glancing on a ſubſequent line. So, in the quarto copy of this play, printed in 1612, Signat. I :

" I, my lord, but I had rather kill two *deep* enemies.
" *King.* Why, there thou haſt it; two *deep* enemies."

In the original copy, printed in 1597, the firſt line is right : " —— *kill two enemies.*" MALONE.

[1] *And* hate *the idle pleaſures* —] Perhaps we might read :
And bate *the idle pleaſures* ———. JOHNSON.

[2] —— inductions *dangerous,*] Preparations for miſchief. The *induction* is preparatory to the action of the play. JOHNSON.

Marſton has put this line, with little variation, into the mouth of Fame :

" Plots ha' you laid ? *inductions* dangerous ?"

STEEVENS.

By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
To ſet my brother Clarence, and the king,
In deadly hate the one againſt the other:
And, if king Edward be as true and juſt,[3]
As I am ſubtle, falſe, and treacherous,
This day ſhould Clarence cloſely be mew'd up;
About a prophecy, which ſays—that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer ſhall be.
Dive, thoughts, down to my ſoul! here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, *guarded, and* BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard,
That waits upon your grace?

CLAR. His majeſty,
Tendering my perſon's ſafety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

GLO. Upon what cauſe?

CLAR. Becauſe my name is—George.

GLO. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours;
He ſhould, for that, commit your godfathers:——
O, belike, his majeſty hath ſome intent,
That you ſhall be new chriſten'd in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

CLAR. Yea, Richard, when I know; for, I proteſt,
As yet I do not: But, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams;[4]

[3] —— *Edward be as* true and juſt,] The meaning is, if Edward keeps his word. JOHNSON.

May not this mean—If Edward hold his natural diſpoſition and be true to that? M. MASON.

[4] *He hearkens after prophecies, and dreams*;] From Holin-

S.Harding Del.

GEORGE DUKE of CLARENCE.

Henry VI. Part III.

From a Drawing in the British Museum.

Pub. April 20. 1793. by E.& S.Harding.

And from the croſs-row plucks the letter G,
And ſays—a wizard told him, that by G
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,[5]
It follows in his thought, that I am he:
Theſe, as I learn, and ſuch like toys[6] as theſe,
Have mov'd his highneſs to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women:—
'Tis not the king, that ſends you to the Tower;
My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis ſhe,
That tempers him to this extremity.[7]

ſhed: "Some have reported that the cauſe of this nobleman's death roſe of a fooliſh prophecie, which was, that after king Edward ſhould raign one whoſe firſt letter of his name ſhould be a G; wherewith the king and the queene were ſore troubled, and began to conceive a grievous grudge againſt this duke, and could not be in quiet till they had brought him to his end." Philip de Comines, a contemporary hiſtorian, ſays that the Engliſh at that time were never unfurniſhed with ſome prophecy or other, by which they accounted for every event. MALONE.

[5] *And, for my name of George begins with G,* &c.] So, in Niccols's *Tragical Life and Death of Richard III:*

"By that blind riddle of the letter G,
"*George* loſt his life; it took effect in me."

STEEVENS.

[6] —— *toys* —] Fancies, freaks of imagination. JOHNSON.

So, in *Hamlet,* Act I. ſc. iv:

"The very place puts *toys* of deſperation,
"Without more motive, into every brain." REED.

[7] *That* tempers *him to this extremity.*] I have collated the original quarto publiſhed in 1597, *verbatim* with that of 1598. In the firſt copy this line ſtands thus:

That *tempers* him to *this extremity.*

and ſo undoubtedly we ſhould read. To *temper* is to mould, to faſhion. So, in *Titus Andronicus:*

"Now will I to that old Andronicus;
"And *temper* him, with all the art I have,
"To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths."

Was it not ſhe, and that good man of worſhip,
Antony Woodeville, her brother there,[8]
That made him ſend lord Haſtings to the Tower;
From whence this preſent day he is deliver'd?
We are not ſafe, Clarence, we are not ſafe.

Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man ſecure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and miſtreſs Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble ſuppliant
Lord Haſtings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining[9] to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what,—I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herſelf,[1]
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty goſſips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beſeech your graces both to pardon me;
His majeſty hath ſtraitly given in charge,

In the quarto, 1598, *tempts* was corruptly printed inſtead of *tempers*. The metre being then defective, the editor of the folio ſupplied the defect by reading—

That *tempts* him to this *harſh* extremity. Malone.

[8] —— *her brother* there,] *There* is in this place, according to our author's uſual practice, a diſſyllable. Malone.

Having no faith (as I have too often been obliged to ſay) in this diſſyllabical pronunciation of the adverb—*there*, it is neceſſary I ſhould add that *Woodeville* is really a triſyllable, and is ſtill ſo pronounced by a gentleman of that name. Steevens.

[9] *Humbly complaining* &c.] I think theſe two lines might be better given to Clarence. Johnson.

[1] *The jealous o'er worn widow, and herſelf,*] That is, the Queen and Shore. Johnson.

That no man ſhall have private conference,
Of what degree ſo ever, with his brother.

Glo. Even ſo? an pleaſe your worſhip, Brakenbury,
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeak no treaſon, man;—We ſay, the king
Is wiſe, and virtuous; and his noble queen
Well ſtruck in years;[2] fair, and not jealous:—
We ſay, that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip,
A bonny eye, a paſſing pleaſing tongue;
And the queen's kindred[3] are made gentlefolks:
How ſay you, ſir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myſelf have nought to do.

Glo. Naught to do with miſtreſs Shore? I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were beſt to do it ſecretly, alone.[4]

[2] *Well* ſtruck *in years*;] This odd expreſſion in our language was preceded by others as uncouth though of a ſimilar kind. Thus, in Arthur Hall's tranſlation of the firſt Book of Homer's *Iliad*, 1581:

"In Grea's forme, the good handmaid, nowe wel *ystept* in yeares."

Again:

"*Well* ſhot *in years he ſeem'd*," &c.
Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. V. c. vi.

The meaning of neither is very obvious; but as Mr. Warton has obſerved in his Eſſay on *The Fairy Queen*, by an imperceptible progreſſion from one kindred ſenſe to another, words at length obtain a meaning entirely foreign to their original etymology. Steevens.

[3] *And the queen's kindred*—] The old copies harſhly and unneceſſarily read—

And that *the queen's* &c. Steevens.

[4] —— *alone.*] Surely the adjective—*alone*, is an interpolation,

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave:—Would'st thou betray me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and, withal,
Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects,[5] and must obey.

as what the Duke is talking of, is seldom undertaken before witnesses. Besides, this word deranges the metre, which, without it, would be regular:—for instance:

Were best to do it secretly.
What one,
My lord?
Her husband, knave:—Would'st thou betray me?

STEEVENS.

[5] ——*the queen's* abjects,] That is, not the queen's *subjects*, whom she might protect, but her *abjects*, whom she drives away.

JOHNSON.

So, in *The Case is altered. How? Ask Dalio and Milo*, 1604:

"This ougly object, or rather *abject* of nature."

HENDERSON.

I cannot approve of Johnson's explanation. Gloster forms a substantive from the adjective *abject*, and uses it to express a lower degree of submission than is implied by the word *subject*, which otherwise he would naturally have made use of. The Queen's *abjects*, means the most servile of her subjects, who must of course obey all her commands; which would not be the case of those whom she had driven away from her.

In a preceding page Gloster had said of Shore's wife—

"——I think, it is our way,
"If we will keep in favour with the king,
"To be her men, and wear her livery."

The idea is the same in both places, though the expression differs.—In Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Puntarvolo says to Swift:

"I'll make thee stoop, thou *abject!*" M. MASON.

This substantive was not of Shakspeare's formation. We meet with it in *Psalm* xxxv. 15: "—yea the very *abjects* came together against me unawares, making mouths at me, and ceased not."

Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatſoever you will employ me in,—
Were it, to call king Edward's widow—ſiſter,[6]—
I will perform it to enfranchiſe you.
Mean time, this deep diſgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaſeth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your impriſonment ſhall not be long;
I will deliver you, or elſe lie for you:[7]
Mean time, have patience.

Clar. I muſt perforce;[8] farewell.

[*Exeunt* Clarence, Brakenbury, *and Guard.*

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of the 21ſt Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*:

"Whither? rogue! *abject!* wilt thou bear from us
"That bow propos'd?"

Again, in the ſame author's verſion of Homer's *Hymn to Venus*:

"That thou wilt never let me live to be
"An *abject*, after ſo divine degree
"Taken in fortune;—" Steevens.

[6] *Were it to call king Edward's widow—ſiſter,*] This is a very covert and ſubtle manner of inſinuating treaſon. The natural expreſſion would have been, *were it to call king Edward's* wife, *ſiſter.* I will ſolicit for you, though it ſhould be at the expence of ſo much degradation and conſtraint, as to own the low-born wife of King Edward for a ſiſter. But by ſlipping, as it were caſually, *widow,* into the place of *wife,* he tempts Clarence with an oblique propoſal to kill the King. Johnson.

King Edward's widow is, I believe, only an expreſſion of contempt, meaning the *widow Grey,* whom Edward had choſen for his queen. Gloſter has already called her, *the jealous o'erworn widow.* Steevens.

[7] —— lie *for you:*] He means to be *impriſoned* in your ſtead. To *lie* was anciently to *reſide,* as appears by many inſtances in theſe volumes. Reed.

[8] *I muſt perforce;*] Alluding to the proverb, "Patience perforce, is a medicine for a mad dog." Steevens.

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou ſhalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy ſoul to heaven,
If heaven will take the preſent at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Haſtings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Haſt. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordſhip brook'd impriſonment?

Haſt. With patience, noble lord, as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and ſo ſhall Clarence too;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him, as you.

Haſt. More pity, that the eagle ſhould be mew'd,[8]
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Haſt. No news ſo bad abroad, as this at home;—
The king is ſickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his phyſicians fear him mightily.

[8] ——*ſhould be* mew'd,] A *mew* was the place of confinement where a hawk was kept till he had moulted. So, in *Albumazar*:

"Stand forth, transform'd Antonio, fully *mew'd*
"From brown foal feathers of dull yeomanry,
"To the glorious bloom of gentry." STEEVENS.

Glo. Now, by Saint Paul,[9] this news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet[1] long,
And over-much conſum'd his royal perſon;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.[2]

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit* Hastings.
He cannot live, I hope; and muſt not die,
Till George be pack'd with poſthorſe up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well ſteel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to buſtle in!
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngeſt daughter:[3]
What though I kill'd her huſband, and her father?
The readieſt way to make the wench amends,
Is—to become her huſband, and her father:
The which will I; not all ſo much for love,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marrying her, which I muſt reach unto.
But yet I run before my horſe to market:
Clarence ſtill breathes; Edward ſtill lives, and reigns;
When they are gone, then muſt I count my gains.
[*Exit.*

[9] *Now, by Saint Paul,*] The folio reads:
Now, by Saint John,——. Steevens.

[1] —— *an evil diet*—] i. e. a bad regimen. Steevens.

[2] *He is.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer very properly completes this broken verſe, by reading—
He is, my lord. Steevens.

[3] —— *Warwick's* youngeſt *daughter*:] See p. 131, n. 4. Steevens.

SCENE II.

The ſame. Another Street.

Enter the Corpſe of King HENRY *the Sixth, borne in an open Coffin, Gentlemen bearing Halberds, to guard it; and Lady* ANNE *as mourner.*

ANNE. Set down, ſet down your honourable load,—
If honour may be ſhrouded in a hearſe,—
Whilſt I a while obſequiouſly lament [4]
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaſter.—
Poor key-cold [5] figure of a holy king!
Pale aſhes of the houſe of Lancaſter!
Thou bloodleſs remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invocate thy ghoſt,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy ſlaughter'd ſon,
Stabb'd by the ſelf-ſame hand that made theſe wounds!

[4] —— obſequiouſly *lament*—] *Obſequious*, in this inſtance, means *funereal*. So, in *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. ii:
"To do *obſequious* ſorrow." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *key-cold*—] A key, on account of the coldneſs of the metal of which it is compoſed, was anciently employed to ſtop any flight bleeding. The epithet is common to many old writers; among the reſt, it is uſed by Decker in his *Satiromaſtix*, 1602:
"—It is beſt you hide your head, for fear your wiſe brains take *key-cold*."
Again, in *The Country Girl*, by T. B. 1647:
"The *key-cold* figure of a man." STEEVENS.
Again, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:
"And then in *key-cold* Lucrece' bleeding ſtream
"He falls——." MALONE.

S. Harding Del.

ANNE WIDOW of EDWARD PRINCE of WALES
SON to HENRY, VI.
AFTERWARDS MARRIED to the DUKE of GLOSTER.

... a drawing in the British Museum

Lo, in theſe windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpleſs balm of my poor eyes:—
O, curſed be the hand that made theſe holes!
Curſed the heart, that had the heart to do it!
Curſed the blood, that let this blood from hence!
More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wiſh to adders, ſpiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whoſe ugly and unnatural aſpect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappineſs![6]
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miſerable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—
Come, now, toward Chertſey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
And, ſtill as you are weary of the weight,
Reſt you, whiles I lament king Henry's corſe.

[*The Bearers take up the Corpſe, and advance.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corſe, and ſet it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
To ſtop devoted charitable deeds?

[6] —— *to his* unhappineſs!] i. e. diſpoſition to miſchief. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "Dreamed of *unhappineſs*, and waked herſelf with laughing." STEEVENS

See Vol. VI. p. 55, n. 2; and *Comedy of Errors*, Act IV. ſc. iv. MALONE.

Glo. Villains, ſet down the corſe; or, by Saint Paul,
I'll make a corſe of him that diſobeys.[7]

1 *Gent.* My lord, ſtand back, and let the coffin paſs.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! ſtand thou when I command:
Advance thy halberd higher than my breaſt,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll ſtrike thee to my foot,
And ſpurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldneſs.
[*The Bearers ſet down the Coffin.*

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful miniſter of hell!
Thou had'ſt but power over his mortal body,
His ſoul thou canſt not have; therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet ſaint, for charity, be not ſo curſt.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's ſake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou haſt made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with curſing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries:[8]—

[7] *I'll make a corſe of him that diſobeys.*] So, in *Hamlet*:
"I'll make a ghoſt of him that lets me." Johnson.

[8] —— pattern *of thy butcheries*;] *Pattern* is *inſtance*, or *example*. Johnson.

So, in The Legend of Lord Haſtings, *Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1587:
"By this my *pattern*, all ye peers, beware." Malone.

Holinſhed ſays: "The dead corps on the Aſcenſion even was conveied with billes and glaives pompouſlie (if you will call that a funeral pompe) from the Tower to the church of ſaint Paule, and there laid on a heire or coffen bare-faced; the ſame in the

O, gentlemen, ſee, ſee! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afreſh![9]—
Bluſh, bluſh, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy preſence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge moſt unnatural.——
O God, which this blood mad'ſt, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'ſt, revenge his death!

preſence of the beholders did bleed; where it reſted the ſpace of one whole daie. From thenſe he was carried to the Black-friers, and bled there likewiſe;" &c. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*ſee! dead Henry's wounds*
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afreſh!] It is a tradition very generally received, that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was ſo much believed by Sir Kenelm Digby, that he has endeavoured to explain the reaſon. JOHNSON.

So, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

" The more I found his name, the more he bleeds:
" This blood condemns me, and in guſhing forth
" Speaks as it falls, and aſks me why I did it."

Again, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

" The captain will allay an old concluſion often approved; that at the murderer's ſight the blood revives again and boils afreſh; and every wound has a condemning voice to cry out guilty againſt the murderer."

Again, in the 40th *Idea* of Drayton:

" If the vile actors of the heinous deed,
" Near the dead body happily be brought,
" Oft thath been prov'd the breathleſs corps will *bleed*."

See alſo the 7th article in the tenth Booke of Thomas Lupton's *Notable Thinges*, 4to. bl. l. no date, p. 255, &c.

Mr. Tollet obſerves, that this opinion ſeems to be derived from the ancient Swedes, or Northern nations from whom we deſcend; for they practiſed this method of trial in dubious caſes, as appears from Pitt's *Atlas*, in Sweden, p. 20. STEEVENS.

See alſo *Demonologie*, 4to. 1608, p. 79; and *Goulart's Admirable and Memorable Hiſtories*, tranſlated by Grimeſton, 4to. 1607, p. 422. REED.

Either, heaven, with lightning ſtrike the murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou doſt ſwallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, bleſſings for curſes.

Anne. Villain, thou know'ſt no law of God nor man;
No beaſt ſo fierce, but knows ſome touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beaſt.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are ſo angry.—
Vouchſafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of theſe ſuppoſed evils, to give me leave,
By circumſtance, but to acquit myſelf.

Anne. Vouchſafe, diffus'd infection of a man,[1]
For theſe known evils, but to give me leave,
By circumſtance, to curſe thy curſed ſelf.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leiſure to excuſe myſelf.

[1] *Vouchſafe,* diffus'd *infection of a man,*] I believe, *diffus'd* in this place ſignifies *irregular, uncouth*; ſuch is its meaning in other paſſages of Shakſpeare. JOHNSON.

Diffus'd infection of a man may mean, thou that art as dangerous as a peſtilence, that infects the air by its diffuſion. *Diffus'd* may, however, mean *irregular*. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*:

" —— ruſh at once
" With ſome *diffuſed* ſong."

Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617:

" I have ſeen an Engliſh gentleman ſo *defuſed* in his ſutes; his doublet being for the weare of Caſtile, his hoſe for Venice," &c. STEEVENS.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canſt make
No excuſe current, but to hang thyſelf.

Glo. By ſuch deſpair, I ſhould accuſe myſelf.

Anne. And, by deſpairing, ſhalt thou ſtand excus'd;
For doing worthy vengeance on thyſelf,
That didſt unworthy ſlaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I ſlew them not?

Anne. Why then, they are not dead:[2]
But dead they are, and, deviliſh ſlave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your huſband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead; and ſlain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy ſoul's throat[3] thou lieſt; queen Margaret ſaw
Thy murderous faulchion ſmoking in his blood;
The which thou once didſt bend againſt her breaſt,
But that thy brothers beat aſide the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her ſland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt[4] upon my guiltleſs ſhoulders.

Anne. Thou waſt provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries:
Didſt thou not kill this king?

[2] *Why then, they are not dead:*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads: *Then ſay, they are not ſlain.* Malone.

[3] —— *thy* ſoul's *throat* —] The folio—thy *foul* throat. Steevens.

[4] *That laid their guilt* —] The crime of my brothers. He has juſt charged the murder of Lady Anne's huſband upon Edward. Johnson.

Glo. I grant ye.[5]

Anne. Doſt grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too,
Thou may'ſt be damned for that wicked deed!
O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.[6]

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou ſhalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that holp to ſend him thither;
For he was fitter for that place, than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place elſe, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.[7]

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lieſt!

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope ſo.

[5] *I grant* ye.] Read, to perfect the meaſure: *I grant ye,* yea. Ritson.

One of the quartos, inſtead of—*ye,* reads—*yea.* Steevens.

[6] *O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.*
Glo. *The fitter for the King of heaven* &c.] So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre,* 1609:

" I'll do't: but yet ſhe is a goodly creature.
" *Dion.* The fitter then the gods ſhould have her."

Steevens.

[7] *Some dungeon.*] As moſt of the meaſure throughout this ſcene is regular, I cannot help ſuſpecting that our author originally wrote:

Some dungeon, perhaps.
Your bed-chamber. Steevens.

Glo. I know ſo.—But, gentle lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall ſomewhat into a ſlower method;[8]—
Is not the cauſer of the timeleſs deaths
Of theſe Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou waſt the cauſe, and moſt accurs'd effect.[9]

Glo. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my ſleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your ſweet boſom.

[8] —— *a* flower *method*;] As *quick* was uſed for *ſpritely*, ſo *ſlower* was put for *ſerious*. In the next ſcene Lord Grey deſires the Queen to—

" —— cheer his grace with *quick* and merry words."

Steevens.

[9] *Thou waſt the cauſe, and moſt accurs'd effect.*] *Effect*, for executioner. He aſks, was not the *cauſer* as ill as the *executioner?* She anſwers, Thou waſt both. But, for *cauſer*, uſing the word *cauſe*, this led her to the word *effect*, for *execution*, or *executioner*. But the Oxford editor, troubling himſelf with nothing of this, will make a fine oratorical period of it:

Thou waſt the cauſe, and moſt accurs'd the *effect.*

Warburton.

I cannot but be rather of Sir T. Hanmer's opinion than Dr. Warburton's, becauſe *effect* is uſed immediately in its common ſenſe, in anſwer to this line. Johnson.

I believe the obvious ſenſe is the true one. So, in *The Yorkſhire Tragedy*, 1608:

" —— thou art the *cauſe*,
" *Effect*, quality, property; thou, thou."

Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: " I have read the *cauſe* of his *effects* in Galen."

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II:

" Both *cauſe*, *effect*, beginning, and the end,
" Are all in me." Steevens.

Our author, I think, in another place uſes *effect*, for *efficient* cauſe. Malone.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
Theſe nails ſhould rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. Theſe eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck,
You ſhould not blemiſh it, if I ſtood by:
As all the world is cheered by the ſun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'erſhade thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curſe not thyſelf, fair creature; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel moſt unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel juſt and reaſonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my huſband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy huſband,
Did it to help thee to a better huſband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The ſelf-ſame name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: [*She ſpits at him.*] Why doſt thou ſpit at me?

Anne. 'Would it were mortal poiſon, for thy ſake!

Glo. Never came poiſon from ſo ſweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poiſon on a fouler toad.
Out of my ſight! thou doſt infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, ſweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. 'Would they were baſiliſks, to ſtrike thee dead![1]

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;
For now they kill me with a living death.[2]

[1] *'Would they were* baſiliſks, *to ſtrike thee dead!*] "Among the ſerpents the *Baſiliſke* doth infecte and kill people with his looke." *Summary of Secret Wonders,* &c. bl. l. by John Alday, no date. Steevens.

So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"Make me not ſighted like the baſiliſk;
"I have look'd on thouſands, who have ſped the better
"By my regard, but kill'd none ſo."

See alſo, *King Henry VI.* P. II. Vol. XIII. p. 281, n. 1. Malone.

In *Cornucopia,* &c. 1596, Sign. B. 4: "The eye of the *Baſiliſke* is ſo odious to man, that it fleeth man before he come nere him, even by looking upon him." Reed.

[2] —— *they kill me with a* living death.] In imitation of this paſſage, and, I ſuppoſe, of a thouſand more, Pope writes:

"————a *living death* I bear,
"Says Dapperwit, and ſunk beſide his chair."

Johnson.

The ſame conceit occurs in *The trimming of Thomas Naſh,* 1597: "How happy the rat, caught in a trap, and there *dies a living death?*"

Again, in Phineas Fletcher's, *Locuſts,* or *Apollyoniſts,* 4to. 1627:

"*It lives, yet's death:* it pleaſes full of paine;
"Monſter! ah who, who can thy beeing faigne?
"Thou ſhapeleſſe ſhape, *live death,* paine pleaſing, ſervile raigne." Steevens.

So, in Watſon's Sonnets, printed about 1580:

"Love is a ſowre delight, a ſugred griefe,
"A *living death,* an ever-dying life."

We have again the ſame expreſſion in *Venus and Adonis:*

Thoſe eyes of thine from mine have drawn ſalt tears,
Sham'd their aſpects with ſtore of childiſh drops:
Theſe eyes, which never ſhed remorſeful tear,[3]—
Not, when my father[4] York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-fac'd Clifford ſhook his ſword at him:
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the ſad ſtory of my father's death;
And twenty times made pauſe, to ſob, and weep,
That all the ſtanders-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedaſh'd with rain: in that ſad time,
My manly eyes did ſcorn an humble tear;[5]
And what theſe ſorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.
I never ſu'd to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn ſweet ſoothing word;[6]

" For I have heard it [love] is a *life in death,*
" That laughs and weeps, and all but with a breath."
MALONE.

[3] *Theſe eyes, which never* &c.] The twelve following beautiful lines added after the firſt editions. POPE.

They were added with many more. JOHNSON.

[4] Not, *when my father*—] The old copies read—*No*, when, &c. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. I am not ſure that it is neceſſary.

This doubt derives ſtrength from a ſubſequent paſſage:

" *Duch.* I hope he is much grown ſince laſt I ſaw him.
" *Q. Eliz.* But I hear, *no.*" MALONE.

[5] *My manly eyes did ſcorn* &c.] Here is an apparent reference to *King Henry VI.* P. III. Act II. ſc. i. See p. 52, n. 5.
STEEVENS.

[6] ——*ſweet* ſoothing *word*;] Thus the quarto, 1598. The folio has—ſweet *ſmoothing* word. MALONE.

Smooth is, probably, the true reading. So again, p. 301, line ult:

" Smile in men's faces, *ſmooth,* deceive, and cog."

See alſo, *Pericles,* Act I. ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
My proud heart ſues, and prompts my tongue to ſpeak. [*She looks ſcornfully at him.*
Teach not thy lip ſuch ſcorn; for it was made
For kiſſing, lady, not for ſuch contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this ſharp-pointed ſword;
Which if thou pleaſe to hide in this true breaſt,
And let the ſoul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly ſtroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[*He lays his Breaſt open; ſhe offers at it with his Sword.*
Nay, do not pauſe; for I did kill king Henry;—
But 'twas thy beauty [7] that provoked me.
Nay, now deſpatch; 'twas I that ſtabb'd young Edward;—
[*She again offers at his Breaſt.*
But 'twas thy heavenly face that ſet me on.
[*She lets fall the Sword.*
Take up the ſword again, or take up me.

Anne. Ariſe, diſſembler: though I wiſh thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myſelf, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and, even with the word,
This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths ſhalt thou be acceſſary.

[7] *But 'twas thy beauty*—] Shakſpeare countenances the obſervation, that no woman can ever be offended with the mention of her beauty. Johnson.

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in
My tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are falſe.

Glo. Then man
Was never true.[8]

Anne. Well, well, put up your ſword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That ſhall you know
Hereafter.

Glo. But ſhall I live in hope?

Anne. All men,
I hope, live ſo.

Glo. Vouchſafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take, is not to give.
[*She puts on the Ring.*

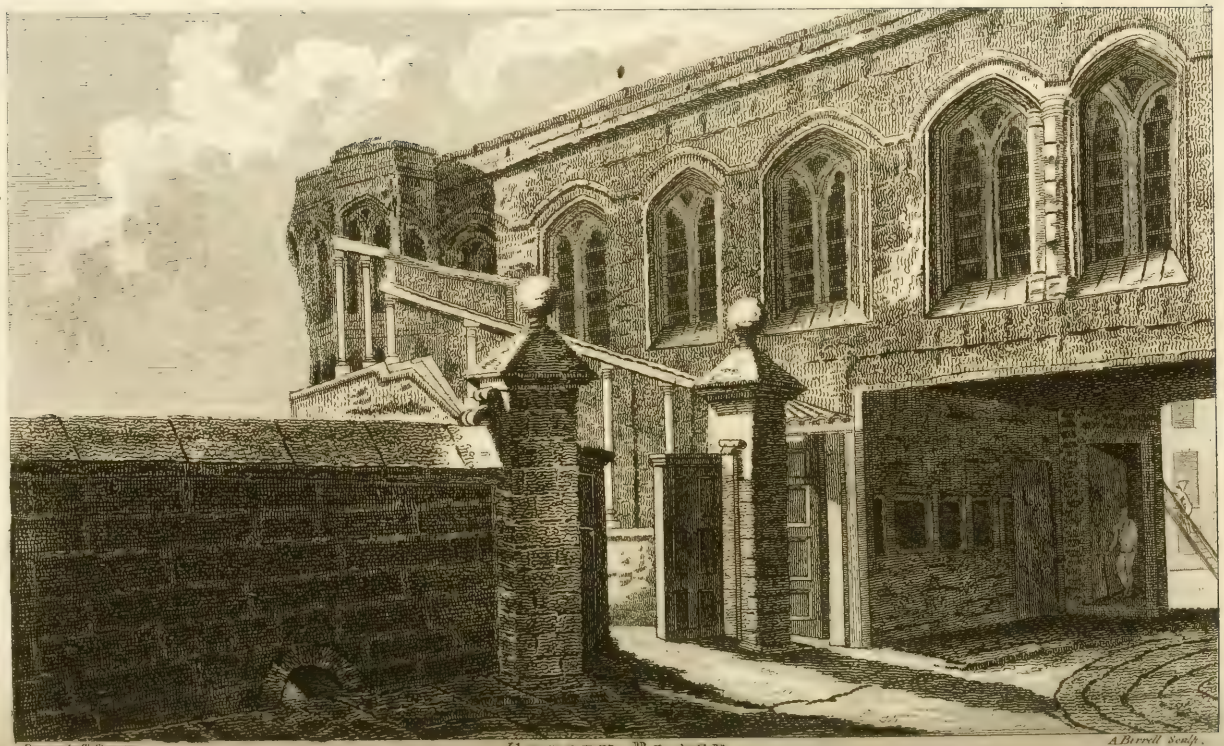
Glo. Look, how this ring encompaſſeth thy finger,
Even ſo thy breaſt encloſeth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted ſervant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doſt confirm his happineſs for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may pleaſe you leave theſe ſad deſigns
To him that hath more cauſe[9] to be a mourner,

[8] *Then man*
Was never true.] Old copy—
Then never man was true.
For the ſake of meaſure, I have hazarded this ſlight tranſpoſition. Steevens.

[9] —— more *cauſe*—] The folio—*moſt* cauſe. Steevens.



Drawn by T. Thornton

A. Birrell Sculp.

CROSBY PLACE

"And presently repair to Crosby-place." King Richard III. Act. I. scene II. &c

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And presently repair to Crosby-place:[1]
Where—after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,—
I will with all expedient duty [2] see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.[3]

[*Exeunt Lady* Anne, Tressel, *and* Berkley.

[1] —— Crosby-*place*:] A house near Bishopsgate Street, belonging to the Duke of Gloster. Johnson.

Crosby-Place is now *Crosby*-square in Bishopsgate Street; part of the house is yet remaining, and is a meeting place for a presbyterian congregation. Sir J. Hawkins.

This magnificent house was built in the year 1466, by Sir John Crosby, grocer and woolman. He died in 1475. The ancient hall of this fabrick is still remaining, though divided by an additional floor, and incumbered by modern galleries, having been converted into a place of worship for Antinomians, &c. The upper part of it is now the warehouse of an eminent Packer.

Sir J. Crosby's tomb is in the neighbouring church of St. Helen the Great. Steevens.

[2] —— *with all* expedient *duty* —] See Vol. XI. p. 41, n. 6. Malone.

[3] *Imagine I have said farewell already.*] Cibber, who altered *King Richard III.* for the stage, was so thoroughly convinced of the ridiculousness and improbability of this scene, that he thought himself obliged to make Tressel say:

When future chronicles shall speak of this,
They will be thought romance, not history.

Thus also, in *Twelfth-Night*, where Fabian observing the

Glo. Take up the corſe, ſirs.

Gent. Towards Chertſey, noble lord?

Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt the reſt, with the Corſe.*

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her,—but I will not keep her long.
What! I, that kill'd her huſband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremeſt hate;
With curſes in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witneſs of her hatred by;
With God, her conſcience, and theſe bars againſt me,
And I no friends to back my ſuit withal,
But the plain devil, and diſſembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing!

conduct of Malvolio, ſays: "If this were played upon a ſtage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction."

From an account of our late unſucceſsful embaſſy to the Emperor of China, we learn, indeed, that a ſcene of equal abſurdity was repreſented in a theatre at Tien-ſing: "One of the dramas, particularly, attracted the attention of thoſe who recollected ſcenes, ſomewhat ſimilar, upon the Engliſh ſtage. The piece repreſented an Emperor of China and his Empreſs living in ſupreme felicity, when, on a ſudden, his ſubjects revolt, a civil war enſues, battles are fought, and at laſt the arch-rebel, who was a general of cavalry, overcomes his ſovereign, kills him with his own hand, and routs the imperial army. The captive Empreſs then appears upon the ſtage in all the agonies of deſpair, naturally reſulting from the loſs of her huſband and of her dignity, as well as the apprehenſion for that of her honour. Whilſt ſhe is tearing her hair, and rending the ſkies with her complaints, the conqueror enters, approaches her with reſpect, addreſſes her in a gentle tone, ſoothes her ſorrows with his compaſſion, talks of love and adoration, and like Richard the Third, with Lady Anne in Shakſpeare, prevails in leſs than half an hour, on the Chineſe Princeſs to dry up her tears, to forget her deceaſed conſort, and yield to a conſoling wooer." Steevens.

Ha!
Hath ſhe forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I ſome three months ſince,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewkſbury?[4]
A ſweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,[5]
Young, valiant, wiſe, and, no doubt, right royal,[6]—
The ſpacious world cannot again afford:
And will ſhe yet abaſe her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this ſweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?

[4] ——*whom I, ſome three months ſince,*
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewkſbury?] Here we have the exact time of this ſcene aſcertained, namely Auguſt 1471. King Edward, however, is in the ſecond Act introduced dying. That King died in April 1483; ſo there is an interval between this and the next Act of almoſt twelve years. Clarence, who is repreſented in the preceding ſcene as committed to the Tower before the burial of King Henry VI. was in fact not confined nor put to death till ſeven years afterwards, March, 1477-8. MALONE.

[5] *Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,*] i. e. when nature was in a prodigal or laviſh mood. WARBURTON.

[6] ——*and, no doubt, right royal,*] Of the degree of royalty belonging to Henry the Sixth there could be *no doubt*, nor could Richard have mentioned it with any ſuch heſitation; he could not indeed very properly allow him *royalty*. I believe we ſhould read:

——*and, no doubt, right* loyal.

That is, *true to her bed*. He enumerates the reaſons for which ſhe ſhould love him. He was *young, wiſe, and valiant*; theſe were apparent and indiſputable excellencies. He then mentions another not leſs likely to endear him to his wife, but which he had leſs opportunity of knowing with certainty, *and, no doubt, right* loyal. JOHNSON.

Richard is not ſpeaking of King Henry, but of Edward his ſon, whom he means to repreſent as *full of all the noble properties of a king*. *No doubt, right royal,* may, however, be ironically ſpoken, alluding to the incontinence of Margaret, his mother. STEEVENS.

On me, whoſe all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt, and am misſhapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier.[7]
I do miſtake my perſon all this while:
Upon my life, ſhe finds, although I cannot,
Myſelf to be a marvellous proper man.[8]
I'll be at charges for a looking-glaſs;
And entertain a ſcore or two of tailors,
To ſtudy faſhions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myſelf,
I will maintain it with ſome little coſt.
But, firſt, I'll turn yon' fellow in his grave;[9]
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair ſun, till I have bought a glaſs,
That I may ſee my ſhadow as I paſs. [*Exit.*

[7] ——*a beggarly* denier,] A *denier* is the twelfth part of a French ſous, and appears to have been the uſual requeſt of a *beggar*. So, in *The Cunning Northerne Beggar*, bl. l. an ancient ballad:

"For ſtill will I cry, good your worſhip, good ſir,
"Beſtow one poor *denier*, Sir." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*a* marvellous proper *man*.] *Marvellous* is here uſed adverbially. *Proper* in old language was *handſome*. See Vol. VII. p. 248, n. 1. MALONE.

[9] ——*I'll turn yon' fellow* in *his grave*;] *In* is here uſed for *into*. Thus, in Chapman's verſion of the 24th *Iliad*:

"————— Mercurie ſhall guide
"His paſſage, till the prince be neare. And (he gone)
let him ride
"Reſolv'd, ev'n *in* Achilles tent." STEEVENS.

S. Harding delin. Clamp Sculp.

LORD RIVERS

From a Manuscript in Lambeth Library.

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH, *Lord* RIVERS, *and Lord* GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt, his majeſty
Will ſoon recover his accuſtom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worſe:
Therefore, for God's ſake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Grey. No other harm, but loſs of ſuch a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loſs of ſuch a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bleſs'd you with a goodly ſon,
To be your comforter, when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah, he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the truſt of Richard Gloſter,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he ſhall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:[1]
But ſo it muſt be, if the king miſcarry.

[1] *It is* determin'd, *not* concluded *yet:*] *Determin'd* ſignifies the final concluſion of the will: *concluded,* what cannot be altered by reaſon of ſome act, conſequent on the final judgment. WARBURTON.

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.[2]

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan. God make your majeſty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The counteſs Richmond,[3] good my lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will ſcarcely ſay—amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithſtanding ſhe's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, aſſur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beſeech you, either not believe
The envious ſlanders of her falſe accuſers;
Or, if ſhe be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakneſs, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward ſickneſs, and no grounded malice.

[2] *Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.*] [Old copies—*Derby.*] This is a blunder of inadvertence, which has run through the whole chain of impreſſions. It could not well be original in Shakſpeare, who was moſt minutely intimate with his hiſtory, and the intermarriages of the nobility. The perſon here called Derby, was Thomas Lord Stanley, Lord Steward of King Edward the Fourth's houſhold. But this Thomas Lord Stanley was not created Earl of Derby till after the acceſſion of Henry the Seventh; and accordingly, afterwards, in the fourth and fifth Acts of this play, before the battle of Boſworth-field, he is every where called Lord Stanley. This ſufficiently juſtifies the change I have made in his title. THEOBALD.

[3] *The counteſs Richmond,*] Margaret, daughter to John Beaufort, firſt Duke of Somerſet. After the death of her firſt huſband, Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, half-brother to King Henry VI. by whom ſhe had only one ſon, afterwards King Henry VII. ſhe married firſt *Sir Henry Stafford, uncle to Humphrey Duke of Buckingham.* MALONE.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from viſiting his majeſty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace ſpeaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he deſires to make atonement
Between the duke of Gloſter and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And ſent to warn them[4] to his royal preſence.

Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well!—But that will never be;—
I fear, our happineſs is at the height.

Enter Gloster, Hastings, *and* Dorset.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it:—
Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forſooth, am ſtern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with ſuch diſſentious rumours.
Becauſe I cannot flatter, and ſpeak fair,
Smile in men's faces, ſmooth, deceive, and cog,

[4] —— *to* warn *them*—] i. e. to *ſummon*. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"They mean to *warn* us at Philippi here." Steevens.

Duck with French nods and apiſh courteſy,[5]
I muſt be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his ſimple truth muſt be abus'd
By ſilken, ſly, inſinuating Jacks?[6]

Grey. To whom in all this preſence ſpeaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that haſt nor honeſty, nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,—
Whom God preſerve better than you would wiſh!—
Cannot be quiet ſcarce a breathing-while,
But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints.[7]

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloſter, you miſtake the matter:
The king, of his own royal diſpoſition,

[5] ——————*ſpeak fair,*
Smile in men's faces, ſmooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French *nods and apiſh courteſy,*] An importation of artificial manners ſeems to have afforded our ancient poets a never failing topick of invective. So, in *A tragical Diſcourſe of the Hapleſſe Man's Life,* by Churchyard, 1593:

"We make a legge, and kiſſe the hand withall,
"(A *French* deuice, nay ſure a Spaniſh tricke)
"And ſpeake in print, and ſay loe at your call
"I will remaine your owne both dead and quicke.
"A courtier ſo can give a lobbe a licke,
"And dreſs a dolt in motley for a while,
"And ſo in fleeue at ſilly woodcocke ſmile."

Steevens.

[6] —— *inſinuating* Jacks?] See Vol. VI. p. 18, n. 8. Malone.

[7] —— *with* lewd *complaints.*] *Lewd,* in the preſent inſtance, ſignifies *rude, ignorant*; from the Anglo-Saxon *Lacwede,* a *Laick.* Chaucer often uſes the word *lewd,* both for a *laick* and an *ignorant* perſon. See Ruddiman's Gloſſary to Gawin Douglas's tranſlation of the *Æneid.* Steevens.

And not provok'd by any ſuitor elſe;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
That in your outward action ſhows itſelf,
Againſt my children, brothers, and myſelf,
Makes him,to ſend; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will,[8] and ſo remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell;—The world is grown ſo bad,
That wrens may prey[9] where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,[1]
There's many a gentle perſon made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloſter;
You envy my advancement, and my friends;
God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:
Our brother is impriſon'd by your means,
Myſelf diſgrac'd, and the nobility

[8] —— *of your ill-will,* &c.] This line is reſtored from the firſt edition. Pope.

By the firſt edition Mr. Pope, as appears from his *Table of Editions,* means the quarto of 1598. But that and the ſubſequent quartos read—and *to* remove. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. The folio has only—

"Makes him to ſend, that he may learn the ground—."

Here clearly a line was omitted: yet had there been no quarto copy, it would have been thought hardy to ſupply the omiſſion: but of all the errors of the preſs omiſſion is the moſt frequent; and it is a great miſtake to ſuppoſe that theſe *lacunæ* exiſt only in the imagination of editors and commentators. Malone.

[9] —— may *prey*—] The quarto 1598, and the folio read—*make* prey. The correction, which all the modern editors have adopted, is taken from the quarto, 1602. Malone.

[1] *Since every* Jack *became a gentleman,*] This proverbial expreſſion at once demonſtrates the origin of the term *Jack* ſo often uſed by Shakſpeare. It means one of the very loweſt claſs of people, among whom this name is of the moſt common and familiar kind. Douce.

Held in contempt; while great promotions
Are daily given, to enoble thoſe
That ſcarce, ſome two days ſince, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him, that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incenſe his majeſty
Againſt the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earneſt advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me ſhameful injury,
Falſely to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cauſe
Of my lord Haſtings' late impriſonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for——

Glo. She may, lord Rivers?—why, who knows not ſo?
She may do more, ſir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſert.
What may ſhe not? She may,—ay, marry, may ſhe,—

Riv. What, marry, may ſhe?

Glo. What, marry, may ſhe? marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handſome ſtripling too:
I wis, your grandam had a worſer match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloſter, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majeſty,
Of thoſe groſs taunts I often have endur'd.
I had rather be a country ſervant-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition—

Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well ſpoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 *Murd.* Tut, tut, my lord, we will not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers; be aſſur'd,
We go to uſe our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-ſtones, when fools' eyes drop tears:[7]
I like you, lads;—about your buſineſs ſtraight;
Go, go, deſpatch.

1 *Murd.* We will, my noble lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Room in the Tower.

Enter Clarence *and* Brakenbury.

Brak. Why looks your grace ſo heavily to-day?

Clar. O, I have paſs'd a miſerable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly ſights,[8]
That, as I am a chriſtian faithful man,[9]
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night,

[7] *Your eyes drop mill-ſtones, when fools' eyes drop tears:*] This, I believe, is a proverbial expreſſion. It is uſed again in the tragedy of *Cæſar and Pompey*, 1607:

"Men's eyes muſt *mill-ſtones* drop, when fools ſhed tears."

Steevens.

[8] *So full of fearful dreams, of ugly ſights,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1598:

"So full of ugly ſights, of ghaſtly dreams." Malone.

[9] ——*faithful man,*] Not an infidel. Johnson.

Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;[1]
And, in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought, that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears![2]

[1] —— *to Burgundy*;] Clarence was desirous to assist his sister Margaret against the French King, who invaded her jointure-lands after the death of her husband, Charles Duke of Burgundy, who was killed at the siege of Nancy, in January 1476-7. Isabel the wife of Clarence being then dead, (taken off by poison, administered by the Duke of Gloster, as it has been conjectured,) he wished to have married Mary the daughter and heir of the Duke of Burgundy; but the match was opposed by Edward, who hoped to have obtained her for his brother-in-law, Lord Rivers; and this circumstance has been suggested as the principal cause of the breach between Edward and Clarence. Mary of Burgundy however chose a husband for herself, having married in August, 1477, Maximilian, son of the Emperor Frederick. Malone.

[2] *What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!*] See Mr. Warton's note on Milton's *Lycidas*, v. 157. Milton's *Poems*, second edit. 1791. Steevens.

What fights of ugly death[3] within mine eyes!
Methought, I ſaw a thouſand fearful wrecks;
A thouſand men, that fiſhes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Ineſtimable ſtones, unvalued jewels,[4]
All ſcatter'd in the bottom of the ſea,
Some lay in dead men's ſkulls; and, in thoſe holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in ſcorn of eyes,) reflecting gems,
That woo'd the ſlimy bottom[5] of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay ſcatter'd by.

Brak. Had you ſuch leiſure in the time of death,
To gaze upon theſe ſecrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I ſtrive
To yield the ghoſt: but ſtill the envious flood
Kept in my ſoul,[6] and would not let it forth
To ſeek the empty, vaſt, and wand'ring air;[7]

[3] *What fights of ugly death* —] Thus the folio. The quarto has—What ugly fights of death. Malone.

[4] *Ineſtimable ſtones,* unvalued *jewels.*] *Unvalued* is here uſed for *invaluable.* So, in Lovelace's *Poſthumous Poems,* 1659:

" —— the *unvalu'd* robe the wore,
" Made infinite lay lovers to adore." Malone.

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the firſt *Iliad:*

" ———————— to buy,
" For preſents of *unvalued* price, his daughter's libertie."

Again, in the 15th *Iliad:*

" Still ſhaking Jove's *unvalewed* ſhield,—." Steevens.

[5] *That* woo'd *the ſlimy bottom* —] By ſeeming to gaze upon it; or, as we now ſay, to *ogle* it. Johnson.

[6] Kept *in my ſoul,*] Thus the quarto. The folio—*Stopt* in. Malone.

[7] *To ſeek the empty, vaſt, and wand'ring air;*] Perhaps we ſhould point thus:

To ſeek the empty vaſt, and wand'ring air.

that is, to ſeek the immenſe vacuity. *Vaſt* is uſed by our author as a ſubſtantive in other places. See Vol. IX. p. 214, n. 3.

But ſmother'd it within my panting bulk,[8]
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the ſea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this ſore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O, then began the tempeſt to my ſoul!
I paſs'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman[9] which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The firſt that there did greet my ſtranger ſoul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
Who cry'd aloud,—*What ſcourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford falſe Clarence?
And ſo he vaniſh'd: Then came wand'ring by
A ſhadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood;[1] and he ſhriek'd out aloud,—

Seek is the reading of the quarto, 1598; the folio has *find.* Malone.

——*empty,* vaſt, *and wand'ring air*;] *Vaſt,* is *waſte, deſolate—vaſtum per inane.* Steevens.

[8] ——*within my panting* bulk,] *Bulk* is often uſed by Shakſpeare and his contemporaries for *body.* So again, in *Hamlet:*

"——it did ſeem to ſhatter all his *bulk,*
"And end his being." Malone.

Bouke is uſed for the *trunk of the body,* by Chaucer in the *Knighte's Tale,* 2748:

"The clotered blood, for any leche-craft,
"Corrumpeth, and is in his *bouke* ylaft."

Bouk (i. e. *bulk*) is from the Saxon buce, *venter.* Steevens.

[9] ——grim *ferryman*—] The folio reads—*four* ferryman. Steevens.

[1] ——*with bright hair*
Dabbled in blood;] Lee has tranſplanted this image into his *Mithridates,* Act IV. ſc. i:

"I ſlept; but oh, a dream ſo full of terror,
"The pale, the trembling midnight raviſher
"Ne'er ſaw, when cold Lucretia's mourning ſhadow

Clarence is come,—falſe, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,[2]—
That ſtabb'd me in the field by Tewkſbury ;—
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments !—
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me,[3] and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noiſe,
I trembling wak'd, and, for a ſeaſon after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell ;
Such terrible impreſſion made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you ;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury, I have done theſe things,—
That now give evidence againſt my ſoul,—
For Edward's ſake ; and, ſee, how he requites me !—

" His curtains drew, and laſh'd him in his eyes
" With her *bright treſſes, dabbled in her blood.*"
STEEVENS.

[2] —— fleeting, *perjur'd Clarence,*] *Fleeting* is the ſame as *changing ſides.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra :*
" —— now the *fleeting* moon
" No planet is of mine."
Clarence broke his oath with the Earl of Warwick, and joined the army of his brother King Edward IV. See p. 178.
STEEVENS.

[3] —— *a legion of foul fiends*
Environ'd me, &c.] Milton ſeems to have thought on this paſſage where he is deſcribing the midnight ſufferings of *Our Saviour,* in the 4th Book of *Paradiſe Regain'd :*
" —— nor yet ſtay'd the terror there,
" Infernal ghoſts, and helliſh furies, round
" Environ'd thee, ſome howl'd, ſome yell'd, ſome ſhriek'd—." STEEVENS.

O God! if my deep prayers cannot appeaſe thee,[4]
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my miſdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O, ſpare my guiltleſs wife,[5] and my poor children!—
I pray thee, gentle keeper, ſtay by me;[6]
My ſoul is heavy, and I fain would ſleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good reſt!—

[Clarence *repoſes himſelf on a Chair.*

Sorrow breaks ſeaſons,[7] and repoſing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;[8]

[4] *O God! if my deep prayers* &c.] The four following lines have been added ſince the firſt edition. Pope.

They are found in the folio, but not in the quarto. Malone.

[5] —— *my guiltleſs wife,*] The wife of Clarence died before he was apprehended and confined in the Tower. See p. 322. n. 1. Malone.

[6] *I pray thee, gentle keeper,* &c.] So the quarto, 1598. The folio reads:

"Keeper, I pr'ythee, ſit by me a while." Malone.

[7] *Sorrow breaks ſeaſons,* &c.] In the common editions the Keeper is made to hold the dialogue with Clarence till this line. And here Brakenbury enters, pronouncing theſe words; which ſeem to me a reflection naturally reſulting from the foregoing converſation, and therefore continued to be ſpoken by the ſame perſon, as it is accordingly in the firſt edition. Pope.

The Keeper introduced in the quarto 1598, was, in fact, Brakenbury, who was Lieutenant of the Tower. There can be no doubt therefore that the text, which is regulated according to the quarto, is right. Malone.

[8] *Princes have but their titles for their glories,*
An outward honour for an inward toil;] The firſt line may be underſtood in this ſenſe, *The glories of princes are nothing more than empty titles:* but it would more impreſs the purpoſe of the ſpeaker, and correſpond better with the following lines, if it were read:

Princes have but their titles for their troubles. Johnson.

And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of reſtleſs cares:[9]
So that, between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the Two Murderers.

1 *Murd.* Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'ſt thou, fellow? and how cam'ſt thou hither?

1 *Murd.* I would ſpeak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What, ſo brief?

2 *Murd.* O, ſir, 'tis better to be brief than tedious:—
Let him ſee our commiſſion; talk no more.[1]

[*A Paper is delivered to* Brakenbury, *who reads it.*

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands:—
I will not reaſon what is meant hereby,
Becauſe I will be guiltleſs of the meaning.
Here are the keys;[2]—there ſits the duke aſleep:

[9] ——*for unfelt imaginations,*
They often feel a world of reſtleſs cares:] They often ſuffer real miſeries for *imaginary* and *unreal* gratifications. Johnson.

[1] *Let him ſee our commiſſion*; &c.] Thus the ſecond folio. Other copies, with meaſure equally defective—
"Show him our commiſſion, talk no more."
Steevens.

[2] *Here are the keys*; &c.] So the quarto, 1598. The folio reads:
"There lies the duke aſleep, and there the keys."
Malone.

I'll to the king; and ſignify to him,
That thus I have reſign'd to you my charge.

1 *Murd.* You may, ſir; 'tis a point of wiſdom:
Fare you well. [*Exit* Brakenbury.

2 *Murd.* What, ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleeps?

1 *Murd.* No; he'll ſay, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Murd.* When he wakes! why, fool, he ſhall never wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Murd.* Why, then he'll ſay, we ſtabb'd him ſleeping.

2 *Murd.* The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorſe in me.

1 *Murd.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Murd.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Murd.* I thought, thou had'ſt been reſolute.

2 *Murd.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murd.* I'll back to the duke of Gloſter, and tell him ſo.

2 *Murd.* Nay, I pr'ythee, ſtay a little: I hope, this holy humour of mine[3] will change; it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

[3] —— *this* holy *humour of mine*—] Thus the early quarto. The folio has—this *paſſionate* humour of mine, for which the modern editors have ſubſtituted *compaſſionate*, unneceſſarily. *Paſſionate*, though not ſo good an epithet as that which is furniſhed by the quarto, is ſufficiently intelligible. See Vol. X. p. 406, n 4.

The ſecond murderer's next ſpeech proves that *holy* was the author's word. The player editors probably changed it, as they did many others, on account of the Statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 21. A

1 *Murd.* How doſt thou feel thyſelf now?

2 *Murd.* 'Faith, ſome certain dregs of conſcience are yet within me.

1 *Murd.* Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Murd.* Come, he dies; I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murd.* Where's thy conſcience now?

2 *Murd.* In the duke of Gloſter's purſe.

1 *Murd.* So, when he opens his purſe to give us our reward, thy conſcience flies out.

2 *Murd.* 'Tis no matter; let it go; there's few, or none, will entertain it.

1 *Murd.* What, if it come to thee again?

2 *Murd.* I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing, it makes a man a coward; a man cannot ſteal, but it accuſeth him; a man cannot ſwear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'Tis a bluſhing ſhame-faced ſpirit, that mutinies in a man's boſom; it fills one full of obſtacles: it made me once reſtore a purſe of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to truſt to himſelf, and live without it.

1 *Murd.* 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, perſuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe

little lower, they, from the ſame apprehenſion, omitted the word, *faith.* Malone.

him not: he would infinuate with thee, but to make thee ſigh.[4]

1 *Murd.* I am ſtrong-fram'd,[5] he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall fellow,[6] that reſpects his reputation. Come, ſhall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him over the coſtard[7] with the hilts of thy ſword, and then throw him into the malmſey-butt, in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a ſop of him.

[4] *Take the devil in thy mind, and believe* him *not: he would infinuate with thee,* &c.] One villain ſays, *Conſcience* is at his elbows, perſuading him not to kill the duke. The other ſays, take the devil into thy nearer acquaintance, *into thy mind,* who will be a match for thy conſcience, and believe it not, *&c.* It is plain then, that *him* in both places in the text ſhould be *it,* namely, conſcience. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare ſo frequently uſes both theſe pronouns indiſcriminately, that no correction is neceſſary. STEEVENS.

In *The Merchant of Venice* we have a long *dialogue* between Launcelot, his *Conſcience,* and the Devil. But though conſcience were not here perſonified, Shakſpeare would have uſed *him* inſtead of *it.* He does ſo in almoſt every page of theſe plays. MALONE.

[5] *I am ſtrong* fram'd,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—I am ſtrong in *fraud.* MALONE.

[6] *Spoke like a tall fellow,*] The meaning of *tall,* in old Engliſh, is *ſtout, daring, fearleſs,* and *ſtrong.* JOHNSON.

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:*

"——— good ſoldiers, and *tall* fellows." STEEVENS.

[7] ——— *the* coſtard —] i. e. the head; a name adopted from an apple ſhaped like a man's head. So, in *Arden of Feverſham,* 1592:

"One and two rounds at his *coſtard.*"

Hence likewiſe the term—*coſtar*-monger. See Vol. VII. p. 56, n. 3. STEEVENS.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No, we'll reaſon[8] with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murd.* You ſhall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly doſt thou ſpeak!
Your eyes do menace me: Why look you pale?
Who ſent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murd. To, to, to,——

Clar. To murder me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You ſcarcely have the hearts to tell me ſo,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I ſhall be reconcil'd to him again.

[8] ——*we'll reaſon*—] We'll talk. Johnson.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"I *reaſon'd* with a Frenchman yeſterday." Steevens.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,[9]
To ſlay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuſe me?
What lawful queſt[1] have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter ſentence of poor Clarence' death?
Before I be convict by courſe of law,[2]
To threaten me with death is moſt unlawful.

[9] *Are you* call'd *forth from out a world of men,*] I think it may be better read:

Are ye cull'd *forth*———. Johnson.

The folio reads:

"Are you *drawn* forth *among* a world of men."

I adhere to the reading now in the text. So, in *Nobody and Somebody*, 1598:

"Art thou *call'd* forth amongſt a thouſand men
"To miniſter this ſoveraigne antidote?" Steevens.

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1598. Malone.

[1] *What lawful* queſt—] *Queſt* is *inqueſt* or jury. Johnson.

So, in *Hamlet:*

"——crowner's *queſt* law." Steevens.

[2] *Before I be convict* &c.] Shakſpeare has followed the current tale of his own time, in ſuppoſing that Clarence was impriſoned by Edward, and put to death by order of his brother Richard, without trial or condemnation. But the truth is, that he was tried and found guilty by his Peers, and a bill of attainder was afterwards paſſed againſt him. According to Sir Thomas More, his death was *commanded* by *Edward*; but he does not *aſſert* that the Duke of Gloſter was the inſtrument. Polydore Virgil ſays, though he talked with ſeveral perſons who lived at the time, he never could get any certain account of the motives that induced Edward to put his brother to death. See p. 322, n. 1. Malone.

I charge you, as you hope for any goodneſs,[3]
By Chriſt's dear blood ſhed for our grievous ſins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he, that hath commanded, is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vaſſal! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded,
That thou ſhalt do no murder; Wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that ſame vengeance doth he hurl on thee,
For falſe forſwearing, and for murder too:
Thou didſt receive the ſacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the houſe of Lancaſter.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didſt break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dſt the bowels of thy ſovereign's ſon.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou waſt ſworn to cheriſh and defend.

1 *Murd.* How canſt thou urge God's dreadful law to us,

[3] —— *as you hope* for any goodneſs,] The quarto reads:
"As you hope *to have redemption.*"
I have adopted the former words, for the ſake of introducing variety; the idea of *redemption* being comprized in the very next line. Steevens.

This arbitrary alteration was made, and the ſubſequent line was omitted, by the editors of the folio, to avoid the penalty of the Stat. 3. Jac. c. 21. Malone.

When thou haſt broke it in ſuch dear[4] degree?

Clar. Alas! for whoſe ſake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his ſake:
He ſends you not to murder me for this;
For in that ſin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you, that he doth it publickly;[5]
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawleſs courſe,
To cut off thoſe that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody miniſter,
When gallant-ſpringing, brave Plantagenet,[6]
That princely novice,[7] was ſtruck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to ſlaughter thee.

[4] —— *dear* —] This is a word of mere enforcement, and very frequently occurs, with different ſhades of meaning, in our author. So, in *Timon of Athens:*

"And ſtrain what other means is left unto us,
"In our *dear* peril." Steevens.

[5] *O, know you,* that *&c.*] The old copies—O, know you *yet,*—but we ſhould read—*that* inſtead of *yet.* In the MS. copy *that* would naturally have been written yt. Hence the miſtake, which I have corrected, by the advice of Dr. Farmer. Steevens.

[6] ——*ſpringing,—Plantagenet,*] Blooming Plantagenet; a prince in the *ſpring* of life. Johnson.

So, in Spenſer's *Shepherd's Calender,* 1579:

"That wouldeſt me my *ſpringing youth* to ſpill."
Malone.

When gallant, ſpringing.] This ſhould be printed as one word, I think;—*gallant-ſpringing.* Shakſpeare is fond of theſe compound epithets, in which the firſt adjective is to be conſidered as an adverb. So, in this play, he uſes *childiſh-fooliſh, ſenſeleſs-obſtinate,* and *mortal-ſtaring.* Tyrwhitt.

[7] —— *novice,*] Youth; one yet *new* to the world. Johnson.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for meed,[8] go back again,
And I will ſend you to my brother Gloſter;
Who ſhall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloſter hates you.[9]

Clar. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, ſo we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bleſs'd his three ſons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his ſoul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendſhip:
Bid Gloſter think on this, and he will weep.

[8] *If you are hir'd for* meed,] Thus the quarto 1597 and the folio. The quarto 1598, reads—If you *be* hired for *need*; which is likewiſe ſenſe: If it be *neceſſity* which induces you to commit this murder. Malone.

[9] ——*your brother Gloſter hates you.*] Mr. Walpole, ſome years ago, ſuggeſted from the Chronicle of Croyland, that the true cauſe of Gloſter's hatred to Clarence was, that Clarence was unwilling to ſhare with his brother that moiety of the eſtate of the great Earl of Warwick, to which Gloſter became entitled on his marriage with the younger ſiſter of the Ducheſs of Clarence, Lady Anne Neville, who had been betrothed to Edward Prince of Wales. This account of the matter is fully confirmed by a letter, dated Feb. 14, 1471-2, which has been lately publiſhed. *Paſton Letters*, Vol. II. p. 91: "Yeſterday the king, the queen, my lords of Clarence and Glouceſter, went to Shene to pardon; men ſay, not all in charity. The king entreateth my lord of Clarence for my lord of Glouceſter; and, as it is ſaid, he anſwereth, that he may well have my lady his ſiſter-in-law, but *they ſhall part no livelihood*, as he ſaith; ſo, what will fall, can I not ſay." Malone.

1 *Murd.* Ay, mill-ſtones ;[1] as he leſſon'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not ſlander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murd.* Right, as ſnow in harveſt.—Come, you deceive yourſelf ;
'Tis he that ſends us to deſtroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be ; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and ſwore, with ſobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Murd.* Why, ſo he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you muſt die, my lord.

Clar. Haſt thou that holy feeling in thy ſoul,
To counſel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own ſoul ſo blind,
That thou wilt war with God, by murdering me ?—
Ah, ſirs, conſider, he, that ſet you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What ſhall we do ?

Clar. Relent, and ſave your ſouls.[2]

1 *Murd.* Relent ! 'tis cowardly, and womaniſh.

Clar. Not to relent, is beaſtly, ſavage, deviliſh.—
Which of you, if you were a prince's ſon,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,—

[1] —— *he will weep.*
1 Murd. *Ay,* mill-ſtones ;] So, in Maſſinger's *City Madam :*
" —— He, good gentleman,
" Will weep when he hears how we are uſed.—
" Yes, *mill-ſtones.*" STEEVENS.

[2] —— *and ſave your ſouls.* &c.] The ſix following lines are not in the old edition. [i. e. the quarto.] POPE.

They are not neceſſary, but ſo forced in, that ſomething ſeems omitted to which theſe lines are the anſwer. JOHNSON.

To be ſo baited, ſcorn'd, and ſtormed at:
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen MARGARET, *behind.*

Q. Mar. And leſſen'd be that ſmall, God, I beſeech thee!
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeat, is due to me.

Glo. What? threat you me with telling of the king?
Tell him, and ſpare not: look, what I have ſaid[2]
I will avouch, in preſence of the king:
I dare adventure to be ſent to the Tower.[3]
'Tis time to ſpeak, my pains[4] are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil![5] I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dſt my huſband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor ſon, at Tewkſbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your huſband king,

[2] *Tell him, and ſpare not; look, what I have ſaid*—] This verſe I have reſtored from the old quartos. THEOBALD.

Here we have another proof of a line being paſſed over by the tranſcriber, or the compoſitor at the preſs, when the firſt folio was printed, for the ſubſequent line is not ſenſe without this. MALONE.

[3] *I dare adventure* to *be ſent to the Tower.*] Perhaps our author elliptically omitted the firſt—*to* in this line. So, in p. 315:

"To help thee curſe" &c. i. e. to curſe.

See alſo, p. 294, and p. 301. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *my pains*—] My labours; my toils. JOHNSON.

[5] Out, *devil!*] Mr. Lambe obſerves, in his notes on the ancient metrical hiſtory of *The Battle of Floddon Field*, that *out* is an interjection of abhorrence or contempt, moſt frequent in the mouths of the common people of the north. It occurs again in Act IV:

"——— *out* on ye, owls!" STEEVENS.

I was a pack-horſe in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adverſaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize[6] his blood, I ſpilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your huſband Grey,
Were factious for the houſe of Lancaſter;—
And, Rivers, ſo were you:—Was not your huſband
In Margaret's battle[7] at Saint Albans ſlain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain, and ſo ſtill thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forſake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forſwore himſelf,—Which Jeſu pardon!—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown;

[6] —— *royalize*—] i. e. to make royal. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"Who means to-morrow for to *royalize*
"The triumphs" &c. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *Was not your husband*
In Margaret's battle &c.] It is ſaid in *Henry VI.* that he died *in quarrel of the houſe of York.* JOHNSON.

The account here given is the true one. See this inconſiſtency accounted for in p. 105, and in the *Diſſertation* at the end of *The Third Part of King Henry VI.* p. 251. MALONE.

Margaret's *battle* is—Margaret's *army.* RITSON.

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

"What may the king's whole *battle* reach unto?"

STEEVENS.

And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God, my heart were flint like Edward's,
Or Edward's ſoft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childiſh-fooliſh for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for ſhame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloſter, in thoſe buſy days,
Which here you urge, to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king;[8]
So ſhould we you, if you ſhould be our king.

Glo. If I ſhould be?—I had rather be a pedlar:
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould enjoy, were you this country's king;
As little joy you may ſuppoſe in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am ſhe, and altogether joyleſs.
I can no longer hold me patient.— [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates,[9] that fall out

[8] —— *our* lawful *king*;] So the quarto 1598, and the ſubſequent quartos. The folio has—*ſovereign* king.

In this play the variations between the original copy in quarto, and the folio, are more numerous than, I believe, in any other of our author's pieces. The alterations, it is highly probable, were made, not by Shakſpeare, but by the players, many of them being very injudicious. The text has been formed out of the two copies, the folio, and the early quarto; from which the preceding editors have in every ſcene ſelected ſuch readings as appeared to them fit to be adopted. To enumerate every variation between the copies would encumber the page with little uſe. Malone.

[9] *Hear me, you wrangling pirates*, &c.] This ſcene of Margaret's imprecations is fine and artful. She prepares the audience, like another Caſſandra, for the following tragic revolutions. Warburton.

In ſharing that which you have pill'd from me:[1]
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like ſubjects;
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—
Ah, gentle villain,[2] do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'ſt thou in my ſight?[3]

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou haſt marr'd;
That will I make, before I let thee go.

Surely, the merits of this ſcene are inſufficient to excuſe its improbability. Margaret, bullying the court of England in the royal palace, is a circumſtance as abſurd as the courtſhip of Gloſter in a publick ſtreet. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *which you have* pill'd *from me*:] To *pill* is to pillage. So, in *The Martyr'd Soldier*, by Shirley, 1638:

"He has not *pill'd* the rich, nor flay'd the poor."

STEEVENS.

To *pill*, is literally, to take off the outſide or rind. Thus they ſay in Devonſhire, to *pill* an apple, rather than *pare* it; and Shirley uſes the word preciſely in this ſenſe. HENLEY.

[2] *Ah*, gentle *villain*,] We ſhould read:

——— ungentle *villain*.—— WARBURTON.

The meaning of *gentle* is not, as the commentator imagines, *tender* or *courteous*, but *high-born*. An oppoſition is meant between that and *villain*, which means at once a *wicked* and a *low-born wretch*. So before:

"Since ev'ry Jack is made a *gentleman*,
"There's many a *gentle* perſon made a Jack."

JOHNSON.

Gentle appears to me to be taken in its common acceptation, but to be uſed ironically. M. MASON.

[3] —— *what* mak'ſt *thou in my ſight*?] An obſolete expreſſion for—*what* doſt *thou in my ſight*. So, in *Othello*:

"Ancient, what *makes* he here?"

Margaret in her anſwer takes the word in its ordinary acceptation. MALONE.

So does Orlando, in *As you like it*:

"Now, ſir, what *make* you here?—
"Nothing: I am not taught to *make* any thing."

STEEVENS.

Glo. Wert thou not baniſhed on pain of death?[4]

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in baniſhment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A huſband, and a ſon, thou ow'ſt to me,—
And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:
This ſorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleaſures you uſurp, are mine.

Glo. The curſe my noble father laid on thee,—
When thou didſt crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy ſcorns drew'ſt rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'ſt the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultleſs blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curſes, then from bitterneſs of ſoul
Denounc'd againſt thee, are all fallen upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.[5]

Q. Eliz. So juſt is God, to right the innocent.[6]

Hast. O, 'twas the foulſt deed to ſlay that babe,
And the moſt mercileſs, that e'er was heard of.

[4] *Wert thou not baniſhed, on pain of death?*] Margaret fled into France after the battle of Hexham in 1464, and Edward ſoon afterwards iſſued a proclamation, prohibiting any of his ſubjects from aiding her to return, or harbouring her, ſhould ſhe attempt to reviſit England. She remained abroad til the 14th of April 1471, when ſhe landed at Weymouth. After the battle of Tewkſbury, in May 1471, ſhe was confined in the Tower, where ſhe continued a priſoner till 1475, when ſhe was ranſomed by her father Reignier, and removed to France, where ſhe died in 1482. The preſent ſcene is in 1477-8. Malone.

[5] —— *hath* plagu'd *thy bloody deed.*] So, in *King John*:

"That he's not only *plagued* for her ſin."

To *plague*, in ancient language, is to *puniſh*. Hence the ſcriptural term—"the *plagues* of Egypt." Steevens.

[6] *So juſt is God, to right the innocent.*] So, in *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

"How juſt is God, to right the innocent!" Ritson.

Riv. Tyrants themſelves wept when it was reported.

Dors. No man but prophecied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then preſent, wept to ſee it.[7]

Q. Mar. What! were you ſnarling all, before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York's dread curſe prevail ſo much with heaven,
That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
Their kingdom's loſs, my woful baniſhment,
Could all but anſwer for that peeviſh brat?[8]
Can curſes pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curſes!——
Though not by war, by ſurfeit die your king,[9]
As ours by murder, to make him a king!
Edward, thy ſon, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward, my ſon, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thyſelf a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched ſelf!

[7] *Northumberland, then preſent, wept to ſee it.*] Alluding to a ſcene in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

"What, weeping ripe, my lord Northumberland?"

STEEVENS.

[8] *Could all* but *anſwer for that peeviſh brat?*] This is the reading of all the editions, yet I have no doubt but we ought to read—

Could all not *anſwer for that peeviſh brat?*

The ſenſe ſeems to require this amendment; and there are no words ſo frequently miſtaken for each other as *not* and *but*.

M. MASON.

[9] —— *by ſurfeit die your king,*] Alluding to his luxurious life.

JOHNSON.

Long may'ſt thou live, to wail thy children's loſs;
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art ſtall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!—
Rivers,—and Dorſet,—you were ſtanders by,—
And ſo waſt thou, lord Haſtings,—when my ſon
Was ſtabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by ſome unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? ſtay, dog, for thou ſhalt hear me.
If heaven have any grievous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh upon thee,
O, let them keep it, till thy ſins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conſcience ſtill be-gnaw thy ſoul!
Thy friends ſuſpect for traitors while thou liv'ſt,
And take deep traitors for thy deareſt friends!
No ſleep cloſe up that deadly eye of thine,
Unleſs it be while ſome tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elviſh-mark'd,[1] abortive, rooting hog![2]

[1] —— *elviſh*-mark'd,] The common people in Scotland (as I learn from Kelly's *Proverbs*,) have ſtill an averſion to thoſe who have any natural defect or redundancy, as thinking them *mark'd* out for miſchief. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *rooting hog!*] The expreſſion is fine, alluding (in memory of her young ſon) to the ravage which Hogs make with the fineſt flowers, in gardens; and intimating that Elizabeth was to expect no other treatment for her ſons. WARBURTON.

Thou that waſt ſeal'd in thy nativity

She calls him *hog*, as an appellation more contemptuous than *boar*, as he is elſewhere termed from his enſigns armorial.

JOHNSON.

In *The Mirror for Magiſtrates* is the following *Complaint of Collingbourne, who was cruelly executed for making a rime*:

" For where I meant the king by name of hog,
" I only alluded to his badge the bore:
" To Lovel's name I added more,—our dog;
" Becauſe moſt dogs have borne that name of yore.
" Theſe metaphors I us'd with other more,
" As cat and rat, the half-names of the reſt,
" To hide the ſenſe that they ſo wrongly wreſt."

That *Lovel* was once the common name of a dog may be likewiſe known from a paſſage in *The Hiſtorie of Jacob and Eſau*, an interlude, 1568:

" Then come on at once, take my quiver and my bowe;
" Fette *lovell my hounde*, and my horne to blowe."

The rhyme for which Collingbourne ſuffered, was:

" A cat, a rat, and Lovel the dog,
" Rule all England under a hog." STEEVENS.

The rhyme of Collingbourne is thus preſerved in Heywood's *Hiſtory of Edward IV.* P. II:

" The cat, the rat, and Lovell our dog,
" Doe rule all England under a hog.
" The crooke backt boore the way hath found
" *To root our* roſes *from our ground.*
" *Both* flower *and* bud will he confound,
" Till king of beaſts the ſwine be crown'd:
" And then the dog, the cat, and rat,
" Shall in his trough feed and be fat."

The propriety of Dr. Warburton's note, notwithſtanding what Dr. Johnſon hath ſubjoined, is fully confirmed by this ſatire:

HENLEY.

The perſons levelled at by this rhyme were the King, Cateſby, Ratcliff, and Lovel, as appears in *The Complaint of Collingbourn:*

" Cateſbye was one whom I called a cat,
" A craftie lawyer catching all he could;
" The ſecond Ratcliffe, whom I named a rat,
" A cruel beaſt to gnaw on whom he ſhould:
" Lord Lovel barkt and byt whom Richard would,

The ſlave of nature,[3] and the ſon of hell!
Thou ſlander of thy mother's heavy womb!
Thou loathed iſſue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour![4] thou deteſted——

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

" Whom I therefore did rightly terme our dog,
" Wherewith to ryme I cald the king a hog."

MALONE.

[3] *The ſlave of nature,*] The expreſſion is ſtrong and noble, and alludes to the ancient cuſtom of maſters branding their profligate ſlaves; by which it is inſinuated that his miſhapen perſon was the mark that nature had ſet upon him to ſtigmatize his ill conditions. Shakſpeare expreſſes the ſame thought in *The Comedy of Errors*:

" *He is deformed, crooked,* &c.
" *Stigmatized in making,*——."

But as the ſpeaker riſes in her reſentment, ſhe expreſſes this contemptuous thought much more openly, and condemns him to a ſtill worſe ſtate of ſlavery:

" Sin, death, and hell, have ſet their *marks* on him."

Only, in the firſt line, her mention of his moral conditions inſinuates her reflections on his deformity: and, in the laſt, her mention of his deformity inſinuates her reflections on his moral condition: And thus he has taught her to ſcold in all the elegance of figure. WARBURTON.

Part of Dr. Warburton's note is confirm'd by a line in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, from which it appears he was acquainted with the practice of marking ſlaves:

" Worſe than a *ſlaviſh wipe*, or birth-hour's blot."

MALONE.

[4] *Thou* rag *of honour!* &c.] This word of contempt is uſed again in *Timon*:

" If thou wilt curſe, thy father, that poor *rag*,
" Muſt be the ſubject."

Again, in this play:

" Theſe over-weening *rags* of France." STEEVENS.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou had'ſt call'd me all theſe bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, ſo I did; but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curſe.

Glo. 'Tis done by me; and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curſe againſt yourſelf.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flouriſh of my fortune![5]
Why ſtrew'ſt thou ſugar on that bottled ſpider,[6]

[5] ——*flouriſh of my fortune!*] This expreſſion is likewiſe uſed by Maſſinger in *The Great Duke of Florence:*

" —— I allow theſe
" As *flouriſhings of fortune.*" STEEVENS.

[6] ——*bottled ſpider,*] A ſpider is called bottled, becauſe, like other inſects, he has a middle ſlender, and a belly protuberant. Richard's form and venom, made her liken him to a ſpider. JOHNSON.

A critick, who ſtyles himſelf " Robert Heron, *Eſquire,*" (though his title to *Eſquireſhip* is but ill ſupported by his language, " puppy, booby, wife-acre," &c. being the uſual diſtinctions he beſtows on authors who are not his favourites,) very gravely aſſures us that " a *bottled* ſpider is evidently a ſpider kept in a *bottle* long faſting, and of conſequence the more ſpiteful and venomous." May one aſk if the infuriation of our *Eſquire* originates from a ſimilar cauſe? Hath he newly eſcaped, like Aſmodeo, from the phial of ſome Highland ſorcerer, under whoſe diſcipline he had experienced the provocations of lenten impriſonment?—Mrs. Raſſald differs on *bottled gooſeberries,* and George Falkener warns us againſt *bottled children*; but it was reſerved for our *Eſquire* (every one knows who our *Eſquire* is) to diſcover that ſpiders, like ale, grow briſker from being *bottled,* and derive additional venom from being ſtarved.—It would be the intereſt of every writer to wiſh for an opponent like the *Eſquire Heron,* did not the general credit of letters oppoſe the production of ſuch another critick.—So far I am from wiſhing the lucubrations of our *Eſquire* to be forgotten, that I counſel thee, gentle reader, (and eſpecially, provided thou art a hypochondriac,) to peruſe, and (if thou canſt) to re-peruſe them, and finally to

Whoſe deadly web enſnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'ſt a knife to kill thyſelf.
The day will come, that thou ſhalt wiſh for me
To help thee curſe this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. Falſe-boding woman, end thy frantick curſe;
Leſt, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul ſhame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well ſerv'd, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To ſerve me well, you all ſhould do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my ſubjects:
O, ſerve me well, and teach yourſelves that duty.

Dor. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatick.

Q. Mar. Peace, maſter marquis, you are malapert:
Your fire-new ſtamp of honour is ſcarce current:[7]
O, that your young nobility could judge,
What 'twere to loſe it, and be miſerable!

thank me as thy purveyor of a laugh.—Every man ſhould court a freſh onſet from an adverſary, who, in the act of ridiculing others, expoſes himſelf to yet more obvious ridicule.

STEEVENS.

A *bottled ſpider* is a large, bloated, gloſſy ſpider; ſuppoſed to contain venom proportionate to its ſize. The expreſſion occurs again in Act IV:

"That *bottled ſpider*, that foul hunch-back'd toad."

RITSON.

[7] *Your fire-new ſtamp of honour is ſcarce current*;] Thomas Grey was created Marquis of Dorſet, A. D. 1476. PERCY.

The preſent ſcene, as has been already obſerved, is in 1477-8. MALONE.

They that ſtand high, have many blaſts to ſhake them;
And, if they fall, they daſh themſelves to pieces.

Glo. Good counſel, marry;—learn it, learn it, marquis.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more: But I was born ſo high,
Our aiery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and ſcorns the ſun.

Q. Mar. And turns the ſun to ſhade;—alas! alas!—
Witneſs my ſon, now in the ſhade of death;[8]
Whoſe bright out-ſhining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkneſs folded up.
Your aiery buildeth in our aiery's neſt:[9]—
O God, that ſee'ſt it, do not ſuffer it;
As it was won with blood, loſt be it ſo!

Buck. Peace, peace, for ſhame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor ſhame to me;

[8] *Witneſs my ſon*, &c.] Her diſtreſs cannot prevent her quibbling. It may be here remarked, that the introduction of Margaret in this place, is againſt all hiſtorical evidence. She was ranſomed and ſent to France ſoon after Tewkſbury fight, and there paſſed the remainder of her wretched life. RITSON.

Witneſs my ſon,] Thus the quarto of 1598, and the folio. The modern editors, after the quarto of 1612, read—*ſun*. MALONE.

[9] *Your* aiery *buildeth in our* aiery's *neſt*:] An *aiery* is a hawk's or an eagle's neſt. So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608:

"It is a ſubtle bird that breeds among the *aiery* of hawks."

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"His high-built *aiery* ſhall be drown'd in blood."

Again, in Maſſinger's *Maid of Honour*:

"One *aiery*, with proportion, ne'er diſclobes
"The eagle and the wren." STEEVENS.

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my ſhame,—
And in my ſhame ſtill live my ſorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I kiſs thy hand,
In ſign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befal thee, and thy noble houſe!
Thy garments are not ſpotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compaſs of my curſe.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curſes never paſs
The lips of thoſe that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they aſcend the ſky,
And there awake God's gentle-ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell,[1] have ſet their marks on him;
And all their miniſters attend on him.

Glo. What doth ſhe ſay, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I reſpect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What, doſt thou ſcorn me for my gentle counſel?

[1] *Sin, death, and hell,*] Poſſibly Milton took from hence the hint of his famous allegory. Blackstone.

Milton might as probably catch the hint from the following paſſage in Latimer's *Sermons*, 1584, fol. 79: "Here came in *death* and hell, *ſinne was their mother*. Therefore they muſt have ſuch animage as their mother ſinne would geue them."
Holt White.

And ſooth the devil that I warn thee from?
O, but remember this another day,
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow;
And ſay, poor Margaret was a prophetefs.—
Live each of you the ſubjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's![2] [*Exit.*

Hast. My hair doth ſtand on end to hear her curſes.

Riv. And ſo doth mine; I muſe, why ſhe's at liberty.[3]

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do ſome body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains;[4]—
God pardon them that are the cauſe thereof!

[2] *Live each of you the ſubjects to his hate,*
And he to yours, and all of you to God's!] It is evident from the conduct of Shakſpeare, that the houſe of Tudor retained all their Lancaſtrian prejudices, even in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In his play of *Richard the Third,* he ſeems to deduce the woes of the houſe of York from the curſes which Queen Margaret had vented againſt them; and he could not give that weight to her curſes, without ſuppoſing a right in her to utter them. Walpole.

[3] —— *I* muſe, why *ſhe's at liberty.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads:

" —— I *wonder* ſhe's at liberty. Steevens.

[4] *He is* frank'd *up to fatting for his pains;*] A *frank* is an old Engliſh word for a *hog ſty.* 'Tis poſſible he uſes this metaphor to Clarence, in alluſion to the creſt of the family of York, which was a *boar.* Whereto relate thoſe famous old verſes on Richard III:

Riv. A virtuous and a chriſtian-like concluſion,
To pray for them that have done ſcath to us.[5]

Glo. So do I ever, being well adviſ'd;—
For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myſelf. [*Aſide.*

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his majeſty doth call for you,—
And for your grace,—and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Cateſby, I come:—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. Madam, we will attend upon your grace.
[*Exeunt all but* Gloster.

"The cat, the rat, and Lovel the dog,"
"Rule all England under a *hog*."
He uſes the ſame metaphor in the laſt ſcene of Act IV. Pope.

A *frank* was not a common *hog-ſtye*, but the pen in which thoſe hogs were confined of whom *brawn* was to be made. Steevens.

From the manner in which the word is uſed in *King Henry IV.* a *frank* ſhould ſeem to mean a pen in which *any* hog is *fatted*. "Does the old boar feed in the old *frank?*" So alſo, as Mr. Bowle obſerves to me, in Holinſhed's *Deſcription of Britaine*, B. III. p. 1096: "The huſbandmen and farmers never *fraunke* them above three or four months, in which time he is dyeted with otes and peaſon, and lodged on the bare planches of an uneaſie coate."

"He feeds like a boar in a *frank*," as the ſame gentleman obſerves, is one of Ray's proverbial ſentences. Malone.

Mr. Bowle's chief inſtance will ſufficiently countenance my aſſertion: for what hogs, except thoſe deſigned for *brawn*, are ever purpoſely lodged "on the *bare planches of an uneaſy cote?*" Steevens.

[5] —— *done* ſcath *to us.*] *Scath* is harm, miſchief. So, in *Soliman and Perſeda*:

"Whom now that paltry iſland keeps from *ſcath*."

Again:

"Millions of men oppreſt with ruin and *ſcath*."
Steevens.

Glo. I do the wrong, and firſt begin to brawl.
The ſecret miſchiefs that I ſet abroach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence,—whom I, indeed, have laid in darkneſs,—
I do beweep to many ſimple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Haſtings, Buckingham;
And tell them—'tis the queen and her allies,
That ſtir the king againſt the duke my brother.
Now they believe it: and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey:
But then I ſigh, and, with a piece of ſcripture,
Tell them—that God bids us do good for evil:
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends, ſtol'n forth of holy writ;
And ſeem a ſaint, when moſt I play the devil.

Enter Two Murderers.

But ſoft, here come my executioners.—
How now, my hardy, ſtout reſolved mates?
Are you now going to deſpatch this thing?[6]

1 *Murd.* We are, my lord; and come to have the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me: [*Gives the Warrant.*
When you have done, repair to Croſby-place.
But, ſirs, be ſudden in the execution,

[6] —— *to deſpatch* this thing?] Seagars in his *Legend of Richard the Third*, ſpeaking of the *murder* of Gloſter's nephews, makes him ſay:

"What though he refuſed, yet be ſure you may,
"That other were as ready to take in hand *that thing.*"

The coincidence was, I believe, merely accidental.
Malone.

If two ſuch murderers as yourſelves came to you,—
Would not entreat for life?—
My friend, I ſpy ſome pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my ſide, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my diſtreſs.
A begging prince what beggar pities not?[3]

2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

[3] —— *what beggar pities not?*] I cannot but ſuſpect that the lines, which Mr. Pope obſerved not to be in the old edition, are now miſplaced, and ſhould be inſerted here, ſomewhat after this manner:

Clar. *A begging prince what beggar pities not?*
Vil. *A begging prince!*
Clar. *Which of you, if you were a prince's ſon,* &c.

Upon this provocation, the villain naturally ſtrikes him. JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope's note is not accurately ſtated. I believe this paſſage ſhould be regulated thus:

Clar. Relent and ſave your ſouls.
1. *Vil.* Relent! 'tis cowardly and womaniſh.
Clar. Not to relent is beaſtly, ſavage, deviliſh.
Which of you if you were a prince's ſon,
Being pent——
If two ſuch——
Would not entreat for life?
My friend, I ſpy——
O, if thine eye——
Come thou on my ſide, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my diſtreſs.
A begging prince what beggar pities not. TYRWHITT.

I think with Mr. Tyrwhitt that theſe lines have been inſerted in a wrong place. MALONE.

I have regulated the text according to Mr. Tyrwhitt's inſtruction. STEEVENS.

A begging prince what beggar pities not?] To this, in the quarto, the Murderer replies:

"I, thus and thus: if this will not ſerve
"I'll chop thee in the malmeſey but in the next roome."

and then ſtabs him. STEEVENS.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do, [*Stabs him.*
I'll drown you in the malmſey-butt within.
[*Exit, with the Body.*

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and deſperately deſpatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I waſh my hands
Of this moſt grievous guilty murder done!

Re-enter firſt Murderer.

1 *Murd.* How now? what mean'ſt thou, that thou help'ſt me not?
By heaven, the duke ſhall know how ſlack you have been.

2 *Murd.* I would he knew, that I had ſav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I ſay;
For I repent me that the duke is ſlain. [*Exit.*

1 *Murd.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—
Well, I'll go hide the body in ſome hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:
And when I have my meed, I will away;
For this will out, and then I muſt not ſtay. [*Exit.*

J. Parker sc.

KING EDWARD. IV.

Rich. III. Act. II. scene. I.

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ACT II. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King EDWARD, (*led in ſick,*) *Queen* ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, *and Others.*

K. Edw. Why, ſo:—now have I done a good day's work;—
You peers, continue this united league:
I every day expect an embaſſage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And more in peace[4] my ſoul ſhall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers, and Haſtings, take each other's hand;
Diſſemble not your hatred,[5] ſwear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my ſoul is purg'd from grudging hate;
And with my hand I ſeal my true heart's love.

Haſt. So thrive I, as I truly ſwear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king;
Leſt he, that is the ſupreme King of kings,

[4] *And* more *in peace*—] The folio—*more to* peace. The quarto—And *now* in peace—. STEEVENS.

[5] Diſſemble *not your hatred,*] i. e. do not gloſs it over. STEEVENS.

I ſuppoſe he means, Diveſt yourſelves of that concealed hatred which you have heretofore ſecretly borne to each other. Do not merely, ſays Edward, conceal and cover over your ſecret ill will to each other by a ſhow of love, but eradicate hatred altogether from your boſoms. MALONE.

Confound your hidden falſehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſwear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Haſtings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourſelf are not exempt in this,—
Nor your ſon Dorſet,—Buckingham, nor you;—
You have been factious one againſt the other.
Wife, love lord Haſtings, let him kiſs your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Haſtings;—I will never more remember
Our former hatred, So thrive I, and mine!

K. Edw. Dorſet, embrace him,—Haſtings, love lord marquis.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here proteſt,
Upon my part ſhall be inviolable.

Haſt. And ſo ſwear I. [*Embraces* Dorset.

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, ſeal thou this league
With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, [*To the* Queen.] but with all duteous love
Doth cheriſh you, and yours, God puniſh me
With hate in thoſe where I expect moſt love!
When I have moſt need to employ a friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love, to you, or yours.
[*Embracing* Rivers, *&c.*

K. Edw. A pleaſing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my ſickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloſter here,
To make the bleſſed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.[6]

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Good-morrow to my ſovereign king, and queen;
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have ſpent the day:—
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between theſe ſwelling wrong-incenſed peers.

Glo. A bleſſed labour, my moſt ſovereign liege.—
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmiſe,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,[7]
Have aught committed that is hardly borne

[6] ——*here comes the noble duke.*] So the quarto. The folio reads:

"And in good time
"Here comes Sir Richard Ratcliffe and the duke."

Malone.

[7] *If I unwittingly, or in my rage,*] So the quarto. Folio—*unwillingly*. This line and the preceding hemiſtick are printed in the old copies, as one line; a miſtake that has very frequently happened in the early editions of theſe plays. Mr. Pope, by whoſe licentious alterations our author's text was much corrupted, omitted the words—*or in my rage*; in which he has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors. Malone.

By any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me, to be at enmity;
I hate it, and deſire all good men's love.—
Firſt, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchaſe with my duteous ſervice;—
Of you, my noble couſin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us;—
Of you, lord Rivers,—and lord Grey, of you,—
That all without deſert have frown'd on me;[8]—
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.
I do not know[9] that Engliſhman alive,
With whom my ſoul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.

[8] ——*frown'd on me*;] I have followed the original copy in quarto. The folio adds—

"Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales, of you;—

The eldeſt ſon of Earl Rivers was Lord Scales; but there was no ſuch perſon as Lord Woodville. MALONE.

[9] *I do not know* &c.] Milton in his ΕΙΚΟΝΟΚΛΑΣΤΕΣ, has this obſervation: "The poets, and ſome Engliſh, have been in this point ſo mindful of decorum, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any perſon, than of a tyrant. I ſhall not inſtance an abſtruſe author, wherein the king might be leſs converſant, but one whom we well know was the cloſet companion of theſe his ſolitudes, William Shakſpeare; who introduced the perſon of Richard the Third, ſpeaking in as high a ſtrain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any paſſage in this book, and ſometimes to the ſame ſenſe and purpoſe with ſome words in this place; *I intended*, ſaith he, *not only to oblige my friends, but my enemies.* The like ſaith Richard, Act II. ſc. i:

"I do not know that Engliſhman alive,
"With whom my ſoul is any jot at odds,
"More than the infant that is born to-night;
"I thank my god for my humility."

Other ſtuff of this ſort may be read throughout the tragedy, wherein the poet uſed not much licence in departing from the truth of hiſtory, which delivers him a deep diſſembler, not of his affections only, but of religion." STEEVENS.

Q. Eliz. A holy-day ſhall this be kept hereafter:—
I would to God, all ſtrifes were well compounded.—
My ſovereign lord, I do beſeech your highneſs
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
To be ſo flouted in this royal preſence?
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?
[*They all ſtart.*
You do him injury, to ſcorn his corſe.

K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-ſeeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I ſo pale, lord Dorſet, as the reſt?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the preſence,
But his red colour hath forſook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your firſt order died,
And that a winged Mercury did bear;
Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,[1]
That came too lag to ſee him buried:—
God grant, that ſome, leſs noble, and leſs loyal,
Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,[2]

[1] *Some tardy cripple* &c.] This is an alluſion to a proverbial expreſſion which Drayton has verſified in the ſecond canto of *The Barons' Wars:*

"Ill news hath wings, and with the wind doth go;
"Comfort's a *cripple,* and comes ever ſlow."

STEEVENS.

[2] *Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,*] In *Macbeth* we have the ſame play on words:

"——the near in blood,
"The nearer bloody." STEEVENS.

Deſerve not worſe than wretched Clarence did,
And yet go current from ſuſpicion!

Enter STANLEY.

STAN. A boon, my ſovereign, for my ſervice done!

K. EDW. I pr'ythee, peace; my ſoul is full of ſorrow,

STAN. I will not riſe, unleſs your highneſs hear me.

K. EDW. Then ſay at once, what is it thou requeſt'ſt.

STAN. The forfeit,[3] ſovereign, of my ſervant's life;
Who ſlew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk.

K. EDW. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,[4]
And ſhall that tongue give pardon to a ſlave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
And yet his puniſhment was bitter death.
Who ſued to me for him?[5] who, in my wrath,

[3] *The forfeit,*] He means the *remiſſion* of the forfeit. JOHNSON.

[4] *Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,*] This lamentation is very tender and pathetick. The recollection of the good qualities of the dead is very natural, and no leſs naturally does the King endeavour to communicate the crime to others. JOHNSON.

[5] *Who ſued to me for him?* &c.] This pathetick ſpeech is founded on this ſlight hint in Sir Thomas More's *Hiſtory of Edward V.* inſerted by Holinſhed in his *Chronicle*: "Sure it is, that although king Edward were conſenting to his death, yet he much did both lament his infortunate chance, and repent his ſudden execution. Inſomuch that when any perſon ſued to him

Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?[6]
Who ſpoke of brotherhood? who ſpoke of love?
Who told me, how the poor ſoul did forſake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewkſbury,
When Oxford had me down, he reſcu'd me,
And ſaid, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments; and did give himſelf,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my mind.
But, when your carters, or your waiting-vaſſals,
Have done a drunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjuſtly too, muſt grant it you:—
But for my brother, not a man would ſpeak,—
Nor I (ungracious) ſpeak unto myſelf
For him, poor ſoul.—The proudeſt of you all
Have been beholden to him in his life;
Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
O God! I fear, thy juſtice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—

for the pardon of malefactors condemned to death, he would accuſtomablie ſay, and openly ſpeake, O infortunate brother, for whoſe life not one would make ſuite! openly and apparently meaning by ſuche words that by the means of ſome of the nobilitie he was deceived, and brought to his confuſion."

MALONE.

[6] —— *be* advis'd?] i. e. deliberate; conſider what I was about to do. So. in *The Letters of the Paſton Family*, Vol. II. p. 279: "Written in haſte with ſhort *adviſement*," &c. See alſo, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Vol. IV. p. 227, n. 5.

MALONE.

Come, Haſtings, help me to my cloſet.[7] O,
Poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, HASTINGS, RIVERS, DORSET, *and* GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of raſhneſs!—Mark'd you not,
How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence' death?
O! they did urge it ſtill unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,
To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter the Ducheſs of York,[8] *with a Son and Daughter of* Clarence.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep ſo oft? and beat your breaſt;
And cry—*O Clarence, my unhappy ſon!*

[7] *Come,* Haſtings, *help me to my cloſet.*] Haſtings was Lord Chamberlain to King Edward IV. MALONE.

[8] *Enter the Ducheſs of York,*] Cecily, daughter of Ralph Neville firſt Earl of Weſtmoreland, and widow of Richard Duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Wakefield in 1460. She ſurvived her huſband thirty-five years, living till the year 1495. MALONE.

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CECELY NEVILE DUTCHESS OF YORK

of Ralph I. Earl of Westmoreland, Wife of Richd. Plan

York, and Mother of Kings Edward IV. and Rich

Richard III.

South Wind of Pa

Son. Why do you look on us, and ſhake your head,
And call us—orphans, wretches, caſt-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty couſins,[9] you miſtake me both;
I do lament the ſickneſs of the king,
As loath to loſe him, not your father's death;
It were loſt ſorrow, to wail one that's loſt.

Son. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king my uncle is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will impórtune
With earneſt prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And ſo will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you well:
Incapable and ſhallow innocents,[1]
You cannot gueſs who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can: for my good uncle Gloſter
Told me, the king, provok'd to't by the queen,
Deviſ'd impeachments to impriſon him:
And when my uncle told me ſo, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiſs'd my cheek;

[9] —— *my pretty couſins,*] The Ducheſs is here addreſſing her grand-children, but *couſin* was the term uſed in Shakſpeare's time, by uncles to nephews and nieces, grandfathers to grand-children, &c. It ſeems to have been uſed inſtead of our *kinſman*, and *kinſwoman*, and to have ſupplied the place of both. MALONE.

See note on *Othello*, Act I. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

[1] Incapable *and ſhallow innocents,*] *Incapable* is *unintelligent*. MALONE.

So, in *Hamlet*:

"As one *incapable* of her own diſtreſs." STEEVENS.

Bade me rely on him, as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah, that deceit ſhould ſteal ſuch gentle ſhapes,
And with a virtuous viſor hide deep vice!
He is my ſon, ay, and therein my ſhame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did diſſemble,[2] grandam?

Duch, Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noiſe is this?

Enter Queen Elizabeth, *diſtractedly*; Rivers, *and* Dorset, *following her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah! who ſhall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment myſelf?
I'll join with black deſpair againſt my ſoul,
And to myſelf become an enemy.

Duch. What means this ſcene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragick violence:—
Edward, my lord, thy ſon, our king, is dead.—
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves, that want their ſap?—
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our ſwift-winged ſouls may catch the king's;

[2] ——*my uncle did* diſſemble,] Shakſpeare uſes *diſſemble* in the ſenſe of acting fraudulently, feigning what we do not feel or think; though ſtrictly it means to conceal our real thoughts or affections. So alſo Milton in the paſſage quoted in p. 342, n. 9. Malone.

Or, like obedient ſubjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual reſt.[3]

Duch. Ah, ſo much intereſt have I in thy ſorrow,
As I had title in thy noble huſband!
I have bewept a worthy huſband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images:[4]
But now, two mirrors of his princely ſemblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;[5]
And I for comfort have but one falſe glaſs,
That grieves me when I ſee my ſhame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath ſnatch'd my huſband from my arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and Edward. O, what cauſe have I,
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief,)
To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries?

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death;

[3] —— *of* perpetual *reſt.*] So the quarto. The folio reads—of *ne'er changing night.* Malone.

[4] ——*his images:*] The children by whom he was repreſented. Johnson.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece,* Lucretius ſays to his daughter:
" O, from thy cheeks my *image* thou haſt torn."
Malone.

[5] *But now, two* mirrors *of his princely ſemblance*
Are crack'd *in pieces by malignant* death;] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*
" Poor *broken glaſs,* I often did behold
" In thy ſweet ſemblance my old age new born;
" But now, that fair-freſh *mirror,* dim and old,
" Shows me a bare-bon'd *death* by time out-worn."
Again, in his 3d Sonnet:
" Thou art thy mother's *glaſs,*" &c. Malone.

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherleſs diſtreſs was left unmoan'd,
Your widow-dolour likewiſe be unwept!

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:
All ſprings reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watry moon,[6]
May ſend forth plenteous tears to drown the world!
Ah, for my huſband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Q. Eliz. What ſtay had I, but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What ſtay had we, but Clarence? and he's gone.

Duch. What ſtays had I, but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow, had ſo dear a loſs.

Chil. Were never orphans, had ſo dear a loſs.

Duch. Was never mother had ſo dear a loſs.
Alas! I am the mother of theſe griefs;
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and ſo do I;
I for a Clarence weep, ſo doth not ſhe:

[6] —— *being govern'd by the watry moon,*] That I may live hereafter under the influence of the moon, which governs the tides, and by the help of that influence drown the world. The introduction of the moon is not very natural. Johnson.

The ſame thought has already occurred in *K. Henry IV.* P. I: "—— being *governed,* as the ſea is, *by the moon.*"
Steevens.

S. Harding Del. E. Harding Jun. Sculp.

EDWARD PLANTAGENET.

SON to GEORGE DUKE of CLARENCE.

From a Drawing in the British Museum.

London Pub. March 26. 1793. by E. & S. Harding Pall Mall.

Theſe babes for Clarence weep, and ſo do I:[7]
I for an Edward weep, ſo do not they:[8]—

[7] —— *and ſo do I:*] So the quarto. The variation of the folio is remarkable. It reads—ſo *do not they.* MALONE.

[8] *I for an Edward weep, ſo do not they:*] The text is here made out partly from the folio and partly from the quarto. In the quarto this and the preceding line ſtand thus:

" Theſe babes for Clarence weep, and ſo do I;
" I for an Edward weep, *and ſo do they.*"

The end of the ſecond line is evidently corrupted. In the MS. from which the folio was printed, or in a corrected quarto copy, the two lines undoubtedly were right:

" Theſe babes for Clarence weep, [*and ſo do I;*
" *I for an Edward weep,*] ſo do NOT they."

But the compoſitor's eye paſſing over two half lines, the paſſage was printed thus in the folio, in one line:

" Theſe babes for Clarence weep, ſo do not they."

I have ſtated this matter thus particularly, becauſe it confirms an obſervation that I have more than once had occaſion to make in reviſing theſe plays; that there is reaſon to ſuſpect that many of the difficulties in our author's works have ariſen from the omiſſion of either ſingle words, ſingle lines, or the latter half of one line with the half of the next: a ſolution which readers are very ſlow to admit, and generally conſider as chimerical. One week's acquaintance with the buſineſs of the preſs (without thoſe proofs which a collation of the quartos with each other and with the firſt folio affords,) would ſoon convince them that my ſuppoſition is not a mere offſpring of imagination. In the plays, of which there is no authentick copy but the firſt folio, there is no means of *proving* ſuch omiſſions to have happened; but the preſent and other proofs of their having actually happened in the other plays, lay ſurely a reaſonable ground for conjecturing that ſimilar errors have happened in thoſe pieces, of which there is only a ſingle ancient copy extant, and entitle ſuch conjectures to indulgence.

See Vol. VI. p. 188, n. 3; Vol. X. p. 102, n. 9; Vol. XI. p. 59, n. 2, and p. 376, n. 3: Vol. XIII. p. 313, n. 7; *Coriolanus*, Vol. XVI. Act II. ſc. iii. and *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. ſc. x.

In this note, and throughout this play, where I have ſpoken of *the quarto*, without any ſpecification of the year when printed, I meant the quarto 1598, the earlieſt which I had then ſeen. The quarto 1597, I find, correſponds with the text. MALONE.

Alas! you three, on me, threefold diſtreſs'd,
Pour all your tears, I am your ſorrow's nurſe,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother; God is much diſpleas'd,[9]
That you take with unthankfulneſs his doing;
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd—ungrateful,
With dull unwillingneſs to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
Much more to be thus oppoſite with heaven,[1]
For it requires[2] the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young prince your ſon: ſend ſtraight for him,
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives:
Drown deſperate ſorrow in dead Edward's grave,
And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter Gloster, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, Ratcliff, *and Others.*

Glo. Siſter, have comfort: all of us have cauſe
To wail the dimming of our ſhining ſtar;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
I did not ſee your grace:—Humbly on my knee
I crave your bleſſing.

[9] *Comfort, dear mother*; &c.] This line and the following eleven lines are found only in the folio. Malone.

[1] —— *to be thus* oppoſite with *heaven,*] This was the phraſeology of the time. See Vol. V. p. 331, n. 7. Malone.

[2] For *it requires*—] i. e. becauſe. So, in *Othello*:
" Haply, *for* I am black——." Steevens.

Duch. God bleſs thee; and put meekneſs in thy breaſt,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty!

Glo. Amen; and make me die a good old man!—
That is the butt-end of a mother's bleſſing;
[*Aſide.*
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart ſorrowing peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now cheer each other in each other's love:
Though we have ſpent our harveſt of this king,
We are to reap the harveſt of his ſon.
The broken rancour of your high-ſwoln hearts,
But lately ſplinted, knit, and join'd together,
Muſt gently be preſerv'd, cheriſh'd, and kept:[3]
Me ſeemeth good, that, with ſome little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd[4]
Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

[3] *The broken rancour of your high-ſwoln hearts,*
But lately ſplinted, knit, and join'd together,
Muſt *gently be preſerv'd, cheriſh'd, and kept:*] As this paſſage ſtands, it is the rancour of their hearts that is to be preſerv'd and cheriſhed.—But we muſt not attempt to amend this miſtake, as it ſeems to proceed from the inadvertency of Shakſpeare himſelf. M. Mason.

Their broken *rancour* recently *ſplinted* and *knit*, the poet conſiders as a *new league of amity and concord*; and this it is that Buckingham exhorts them to preſerve. Malone.

[4] *Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd*—] Edward the young prince, in his father's life time, and at his demiſe, kept his houſhold at Ludlow, as Prince of Wales; under the governance of Antony Woodville, Earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's ſide. The intention of his being ſent thither was to ſee juſtice done in the Marches; and, by the authority of

Riv. Why with[5] ſome little train, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, leſt, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice ſhould break out;
Which would be ſo much the more dangerous,
By how much the eſtate is green, and yet ungovern'd:
Where every horſe bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his courſe as pleaſe himſelf,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the king made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm, and true, in me.

Riv. And ſo in me;[6] and ſo, I think, in all:
Yet, ſince it is but green, it ſhould be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I ſay, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet ſo few ſhould fetch the prince.

Haſt. And ſo ſay I.

Glo. Then be it ſo; and go we to determine
Who they ſhall be that ſtraight ſhall poſt to Ludlow.
Madam,—and you my mother,—will you go

his preſence, to reſtrain the Welſhmen, who were wild, diſſolute, and ill-diſpoſed, from their accuſtomed murders and outrages. Vid. Hall, Holinſhed, &c. THEOBALD.

[5] *Why with* &c.] This line and the following ſeventeen lines are found only in the folio. MALONE.

[6] Riv. *And ſo in me*;] This ſpeech (as a modern editor has obſerved,) ſeems rather to belong to Haſtings, who was of the Duke of Gloſter's party. The next ſpeech might be given to Stanley. MALONE.

To give your cenſures[7] in this weighty buſineſs?
[*Exeunt all but* BUCKINGHAM *and* GLOSTER.

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's ſake, let not us two ſtay at home:
For, by the way, I'll ſort occaſion,
As index to the ſtory[8] we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other ſelf, my counſel's conſiſtory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear couſin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then,[9] for we'll not ſtay behind.
[*Exeunt.*

[7] ——*your* cenſures —] To *cenſure* formerly meant to *deliver an opinion*. So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

" —— yet if I *cenſure* freely,
" I needs muſt think that face and perſonage
" Was ne'er deriv'd from baſeneſs."

Again, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

" Cinna affirms the ſenate's *cenſure* juſt,
" And faith, let Marius lead the legions forth."

Again, in *Orlando Furioſo*, 1594:

" Set each man forth his paſſions how he can,
" And let her *cenſure* make the happieſt man."

STEEVENS.

[8] *I'll ſort occaſion,*
As index *to the ſtory* —] i. e. preparatory—by way of prelude. So, in *Hamlet*:

" That ſtorms ſo loud and thunders in the *index*."

See the note on that paſſage. MALONE.

Again, in *Othello*: " —— an *index* and obſcure prologue to the hiſtory of luſt and foul thoughts." STEEVENS.

[9] *Towards* Ludlow *then,*] The folio here and a few lines higher, for *Ludlow* reads—*London*. Few of our author's plays ſtand more in need of the aſſiſtance furniſhed by a collation with the quartos, than that before us. MALONE.

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Street.

Enter Two Citizens, *meeting.*

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour: Whither away ſo faſt?

2 *Cit.* I promiſe you, I ſcarcely know myſelf: Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes; the king's dead.[1]

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; ſeldom comes the better:[2]
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God ſpeed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, ſir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

[1] Yes; *the king's dead.*] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt, without regard to meaſure—
Yes, that *the king is dead.* STEEVENS.

[2] ——*ſeldom comes* the *better:*] A proverbial ſaying, taken notice of in *The Engliſh Courtier and Country Gentleman,* 4to. bl. l. 1586, ſign. B: "——as the proverb ſayth, *ſeldome come the better. Val.* That proverb indeed is auncient, and for the moſt part true," &c. REED.

The modern editors read—*a* better. The paſſage quoted above proves that there is no corruption in the text; and ſhows how very dangerous it is to diſturb our author's phraſeology, merely becauſe it is not familiar to our ears at preſent. MALONE.

2 *Cit.* Ay, ſir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, maſters, look to ſee a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no; by God's good grace, his ſon ſhall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child![3]

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
That, in his nonage, council under him,[4]
And, in his full and ripen'd years, himſelf,
No doubt, ſhall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So ſtood the ſtate, when Henry the ſixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the ſtate ſo? no, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famouſly enrich'd
With politick grave counſel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, ſo hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father;
Or, by his father, there were none at all:
For emulation now, who ſhall be neareſt,

[3] *Woe to that land, that's govern'd by a child!*] "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child." *Eccleſiaſtes*, ch. x. STEEVENS.

[4] That, *in his nonage, council under him,*] So the quarto. The folio reads—*Which* in his nonage.—*Which* is frequently uſed by our author for *who*, and is ſtill ſo uſed in our Liturgy. But neither reading affords a very clear ſenſe. Dr. Johnſon thinks a line loſt before this. I ſuſpect that one was rather omitted after it. MALONE.

Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloſter;
And the queen's ſons, and brothers, haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This ſickly land might ſolace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worſt; all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are ſeen, wiſe men put on their cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the ſun ſets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely ſtorms make men expect a dearth:
All may be well; but, if God ſort it ſo,
'Tis more than we deſerve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reaſon almoſt with a man [5]
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change,[6] ſtill is it ſo:
By a divine inſtinct, men's minds miſtruſt

[5] *You cannot* reaſon *almoſt with a man*—] To *reaſon*, is to *converſe*. So, in *King John*:

"Our griefs, and not our manners, *reaſon* now."

See Vol. X. p. 488, n. 9. STEEVENS.

[6] *Before the days of change*, &c.] This is from Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, Vol. III. p. 721: "Before ſuch great things, men's hearts of a ſecret inſtinct of nature miſgive them; as the ſea without wind ſwelleth of himſelf ſome time before a tempeſt." TOLLET.

It is evident in this paſſage, that both Holinſhed and Shakſpeare allude to *St. Luke*. See ch. xxi. 25, &c. HENLEY.

It is manifeſt that Shakſpeare here followed Holinſhed, having adopted almoſt his words. Being very converſant with the ſacred writings, he perhaps had the Evangeliſt in his thoughts when he wrote, above—

"Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear." MALONE.

S.Harding Del. E.Nugent Sculp.t

THOMAS de ROTHERAM,
ARCHBISHOP of YORK.

Richard III.

From a Painting in the Picture Gallery Oxford.

Enſuing danger; as, by proof, we ſee
The water ſwell before a boiſt'rous ſtorm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were ſent for to the juſtices.

3 *Cit.* And ſo was I; I'll bear you company.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbiſhop of York, *the young Duke of* York, *Queen* ELIZABETH, *and the Ducheſs of* York.

Arch. Laſt night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford;
And at Northampton they do reſt to-night:[7]
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

[7] *Laſt night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford;*
And at Northampton they do reſt to-night:] Thus both the folios. The quartos, as well as the modern editors, read:
Laſt night, I heard, they lay at *Northampton;*
At *Stony-Stratford* they do reſt to-night.
I have followed the folios; the hiſtorical fact being as there repreſented. The Prince and his company did, in their way to London, actually lie at *Stony-Stratford* one night, and were the next morning taken back by the Duke of Glouceſter to *Northampton,* where they lay the following night. See Hall, Edward V. fol. 6. See alſo, *Remarks* &c. *on the laſt edition of Shakſpeare,* [that of 1778,] p. 133. REED.

Shakſpeare, it is clear, either forgot this circumſtance, or did not think it worth attending to.—According to the reading of the original copy in quarto, at the time the Archbiſhop is ſpeaking, the King had not reached Stony-Stratford, and conſequently his being taken back to Northampton on the morning after he had been at Stratford, could not be in the author's contemplation.

Duch. I long with all my heart to ſee the prince; I hope, he is much grown ſince laſt I ſaw him.

Shakſpeare well knew that Stony-Stratford was nearer to London than Northampton; therefore in the firſt copy the young King is made to ſleep on one night at Northampton, and the Archbiſhop very naturally ſuppoſes that on the next night, that is, on the night of the day on which he is ſpeaking, the King would reach Stony-Stratford. It is highly improbable that the editor of the folio ſhould have been apprized of the hiſtorical fact above ſtated; and much more likely that he made the alteration for the ſake of improving the metre, regardleſs of any other circumſtance. How little he attended to topography appears from a preceding ſcene, in which Gloſter, though in London, talks of ſending a meſſenger to that town, inſtead of Ludlow. See p. 355, n. 9.

By neither reading can the truth of hiſtory be preſerved, and therefore we may be ſure that Shakſpeare did not mean in this inſtance to adhere to it. According to the preſent reading, the ſcene is on the day on which the King was journeying from Northampton to Stratford; and of courſe the Meſſenger's account of the peers being ſeiz'd, &c. which was on the next day after the King had lain at Stratford, is inaccurate. If the folio reading be adopted, the ſcene is indeed placed on the day on which the King was ſeized; but the Archbiſhop is ſuppoſed to be apprized of a fact which *before the entry of the Meſſenger* he manifeſtly does not know, and which Shakſpeare did not intend he ſhould appear to know; namely, the Duke of Gloſter's coming to Stony-Stratford the morning after the King had lain there, taking him forcibly back to Northampton, and ſeizing the Lords Rivers, Grey, &c. The truth is, that the Queen herſelf, the perſon moſt materially intereſted in the welfare of her ſon, did not hear of the King's being carried back from Stony-Stratford to Northampton till about *midnight* of the day on which this violence was offered him by his uncle. See Hall, Edward V. fol. 6. Hiſtorical truth being thus deviated from, we have a right to preſume that Shakſpeare in this inſtance did not mean to pay *any* attention to it, and that the reading furniſhed by the quarto was that which came from his pen: nor is it poſſible that *he* could have made the alteration which the folio exhibits, it being utterly inconſiſtent with the whole tenour and ſcope of the preſent ſcene. If the Archbiſhop had known that the young King was carried back to Northampton, he muſt alſo have known that the lords who accompanied him, were ſent to priſon; and inſtead

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no; they ſay, my ſon of York
Hath almoſt overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it ſo.

Duch. Why, my young couſin; it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did ſit at ſupper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; *Ay*, quoth my uncle Gloſter,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:
And ſince, methinks, I would not grow ſo faſt,
Becauſe ſweet flowers are ſlow, and weeds make haſte.

Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the ſaying did not hold
In him that did object the ſame to thee:
He was the wretched'ſt thing,[8] when he was young,

of eagerly aſking the Meſſenger in p. 363, "*What news?*" might have informed him of the whole tranſaction.

The truth of hiſtory is neglected in another inſtance alſo. The Meſſenger ſays, the Lords Rivers, Grey, &c. had been ſent by Gloſter to *Pomfret*, whither they were not ſent till ſome time afterwards, they being ſent at firſt, according to Sir Thomas More, (whoſe relation Hall and Holinſhed tranſcribed.) "into the North country, into diverſe places to priſon, and *afterwards* all to Pontefract."

The reading of the text is that of the quarto 1597. Malone.

Shakſpeare does not always attend to the propriety of his own alterations. As hiſtorical truth, therefore, which ever reading be choſen, muſt be violated, I am content with ſuch an arrangement as renders the verſification ſmootheſt. Where ſenſe cannot claim a preference, a caſting vote may be ſafely given in favour of ſound. Steevens.

[8] —— *the* wretched'ſt *thing,*] *Wretched* is here uſed in a

So long a growing, and ſo leiſurely,
That, if his rule were true, he ſhould be gracious.

Arch. And ſo, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Duch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,[9]
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they ſay, my uncle grew ſo faſt,
That he could gnaw a cruſt at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jeſt.

Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurſe.

Duch. His nurſe! why, ſhe was dead ere thou waſt born.

York. If 'twere not ſhe, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy:[1] Go to, you are too ſhrewd.

ſenſe yet retained in familiar language, for *paltry, pitiful,* being below expectation. Johnson.

Rather, the weakeſt, moſt puny, leaſt thriving. Ritson.

[9] —— *been remember'd,*] *To be remembered* is, in Shakſpeare, to have one's memory quick, to have one's thoughts about one. Johnson.

[1] *A* parlous *boy:*] *Parlous* is keen, ſhrewd. So, in *Law Tricks,* &c. 1608:

"A *parlous* youth, ſharp and ſatirical." Steevens.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.[2]

Enter a Meſſenger.[3]

Arch. Here comes a meſſenger: What news?

Mess. Such news, my lord, As grieves me to unfold.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news?

Mess. Lord Rivers, and lord Grey, are ſent to Pomfret, With them ſir Thomas Vaughan, priſoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them?

Mess. The mighty dukes, Gloſter and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence?[4]

It is a corruption of *perilous*, dangerous; the reading of the old quartos. The Queen evidently means to chide him. Ritson.

[2] *Pitchers have ears.*] Shakſpeare has not quoted this proverbial ſaying correctly. It appears from *A Dialogue both pleaſaunt and pietifull*, by William Bulleyn, 1564, that the old proverb is this: "*Small* pitchers have *great* ears." Malone.

This proverb has already occurred in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"*Pitchers have ears,* and I have many ſervants." Ritson.

[3] *Enter a Meſſenger.*] The quarto reads—*Enter Dorſet.* Steevens.

[4] *For what offence?*] This queſtion is given to the Archbiſhop in former copies, but the Meſſenger plainly ſpeaks to the Queen or Ducheſs. Johnson.

The queſtion is given in the quarto to the Archbiſhop (or Car-

Mess. The ſum of all I can, I have diſclos'd;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ah me, I ſee the ruin of my houſe!
The tiger now hath ſeiz'd the gentle hind;[5]
Inſulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awleſs[6] throne:—
Welcome, deſtruction, blood, and maſſacre!
I ſee, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accurſed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?
My huſband loſt his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my ſons were toſt,
For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loſs:
And being ſeated, and domeſtick broils
Clean over-blown, themſelves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themſelves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, ſelf 'gainſt ſelf:—O, prepoſterous
And frantick courage, end thy damned ſpleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more![7]

dinal, as he is there called,) where alſo we have in the following ſpeech, my gracious *lady*. The editor of the folio altered *lady* to *lord*; but it is more probable that the compoſitor prefixed *Car.* (the deſignation there of the Archbiſhop,) to the words, "For what offence?" inſtead of *Qu.* than that *lady* ſhould have been printed in the ſubſequent ſpeech inſtead of *lord*. Compoſitors always keep the names of the interlocutors in each ſcene ready-compoſed for uſe; and hence miſtakes ſometimes ariſe.

Malone.

[5] *The tiger now hath ſeiz'd the gentle* hind;] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"——While ſhe, the picture of pure piety,
"Like a white *hind* under the grype's ſharp claws—."

Malone.

[6] ——*awleſs*—] Not producing awe, not reverenced. To *jut upon* is to *encroach*. Johnson.

[7] *Or let me die, to look on* death *no more!*] *Earth* is the reading of all the copies, from the firſt edition put out by the play-

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy, we will to ſanctuary.—
Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cauſe.

Arch. My gracious lady, go,
[*To the* Queen.
And thither bear your treaſure and your goods.
For my part, I'll reſign unto your grace
The ſeal I keep; And ſo betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the ſanctuary.[8]
[*Exeunt.*

ers, downwards. But I have reſtored the reading of the old quarto in 1597, which is copied by all the other authentic quartos, by which the thought is finely and properly improved:

Or let me die, *to look* on death *no more.* THEOBALD.

[8] —— *I'll reſign unto your grace*
The ſeal I keep; &c.] Afterwards, however, this obſequious Archbiſhop [*Rotheram*] to ingratiate himſelf with King Richard III. put his majeſty's badge, the *Hog*, upon the gate of the Publick Library, Cambridge. STEEVENS.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Street.

The Trumpets ſound. Enter the Prince of Wales, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, *Cardinal* BOURCHIER,[9] *and Others.*

BUCK. Welcome, ſweet prince, to London, to your chamber.[1]

GLO. Welcome, dear couſin, my thoughts' ſovereign:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

PRINCE. No, uncle; but our croſſes on the way
Have made it tedious, weariſome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

GLO. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
No more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
Than of his outward ſhow; which, God he knows,

[9] *Cardinal Bourchier.*] Thomas Bourchier was made a Cardinal, and elected Archbiſhop of Canterbury, in 1464. He died in 1486. MALONE.

[1] —— *to your* chamber.] London was anciently called *Camera regis.* POPE.

So, in Heywood's *If you know not me you know Nobody,* 1633, Part II:

"This city, *our great chamber.*" STEEVENS.

This title it began to have immediately after the Norman conqueſt. See *Coke's* 4 Inſt. 243, where it is ſtyled *Camera Regis*; Camden's *Britannia,* 374; Ben Jonſon's Account of King James's Entertainment in paſſing to his Coronation, &c. REED.

S. Harding. Del. et Sculp.

EDWARD V.

Richd. III.

the Original in Lambeth Library.

Seldom, or never, jumpeth with the heart.[2]
Thoſe uncles, which you want, were dangerous;
Your grace attended to the ſugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poiſon of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from ſuch falſe friends!

Prince. God keep me from falſe friends! but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, *and his Train.*

May. God bleſs your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you all.— [*Exeunt* Mayor, *&c.*
I thought my mother, and my brother York,
Would long ere this have met us on the way:
Fye, what a ſlug is Haſtings! that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Hastings.

Buck. And in good time,[3] here comes the ſweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord: What, will our mother come?

Hast. On what occaſion, God he knows, not I,

[2] —— jumpeth *with the heart.*] So, in *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599:

"Wert thou my friend, thy mind would *jump* with mine." Steevens.

[3] —— *in good time,*] De bonne heure. Fr. Steevens.

The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken ſanctuary: The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fye! what an indirect and peeviſh courſe
Is this of hers?—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Perſuade the queen to ſend the duke of York
Unto his princely brother preſently?
If the deny,—lord Haſtings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here:[4] But if ſhe be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We ſhould infringe the holy privilege
Of bleſſed ſanctuary! not for all this land,
Would I be guilty of ſo deep a ſin.

Buck. You are too ſenſeleſs-obſtinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditional:[5]
Weigh it but with the groſſneſs of this age,[6]

[4] Anon *expect him here:* &c.] The word—*anon*, may ſafely be omitted. It only ſerves to vitiate the meaſure. STEEVENS.

[5] *Too* ceremonious, *and* traditional:] *Ceremonious* for ſuperſtitious; *traditional* for adherent to old cuſtoms. WARBURTON.

[6] *Weigh it but with the* groſſneſs *of* this *age,*] But the more *groſs*, that is, the more ſuperſtitious the age was, the ſtronger would be the imputation of violated ſanctuary. The queſtion, we ſee by what follows, is whether ſanctuary could be claimed by an infant. The ſpeaker reſolves it in the negative, becauſe it could be claimed by thoſe only whoſe actions neceſſitated them to fly thither; or by thoſe who had an underſtanding to demand it; neither of which could be an infant's caſe: It is plain then, the firſt line, which introduces this reaſoning, ſhould be read thus:

Weigh it but with the greenneſs *of* his *age,*

i. e. the young Duke of York's, whom his mother had fled with

You break not ſanctuary in ſeizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To thoſe whoſe dealings have deſerv'd the place,
And thoſe who have the wit to claim the place:
This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deſerv'd it;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it:
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of ſanctuary men;
But ſanctuary children, ne'er till now.[7]

Card. My lord, you ſhall o'er-rule my mind for once.—
Come on, lord Haſtings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

to ſanctuary. The corrupted reading of the old quarto is ſomething nearer the true:

—— *the* greatneſs of his *age*. Warburton.

This emendation is received by Hanmer, and is very plauſible; yet the common reading may ſtand:

Weigh it but with the groſſneſs *of* this age,
You break not ſanctuary,——

That is, compare the act of ſeizing him with the *groſs* and licentious practices of *theſe times*, it will not be conſidered as a violation of ſanctuary, for you may give ſuch reaſons as men are now uſed to admit. Johnson.

The truth is, the quarto 1598, and the two ſubſequent quartos, as well as the folio, all read—*groſſneſs*. *Greatneſs* is the corrupt reading of a late quarto of no authority, printed in 1622. Malone.

[7] *Oft have I heard of ſanctuary men*; &c.] Theſe arguments againſt the privilege of ſanctuary are taken from Sir Thomas More's *Life of King Edward the Fifth*, publiſhed by Stowe: "——And verily, I have heard of ſanctuary men, but I never heard earſt of ſanctuary children," &c. Steevens.

More's *Life of King Edward V.* was publiſhed alſo by Hall and Holinſhed, and in the Chronicle of Holinſhed Shakſpeare found this argument. Malone.

Princ. Good lords, make all the ſpeedy haſte you may.

[*Exeunt* Cardinal *and* Hastings.

Say, uncle Gloſter, if our brother come,
Where ſhall we ſojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it ſeems beſt unto your royal ſelf.
If I may counſel you, ſome day, or two,
Your highneſs ſhall repoſe you at the Tower:
Then where you pleaſe, and ſhall be thought moſt fit
For your beſt health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place:—
Did Julius Cæſar build that place, my lord?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which, ſince, ſucceeding ages have re-edified.[7]

Prince. Is it upon record? or elſe reported
Succeſſively from age to age he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But ſay, my lord, it were not regiſter'd;
Methinks, the truth ſhould live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all poſterity,[8]
Even to the general all-ending day.

[7] *He did,* &c.] I ſuppoſe, this and the following line, (the uſeleſs epithet—*gracious,* omitted,) ſhould be read thus:

He did, my lord, begin that place; which, ſince,
Succeeding ages have re-edify'd. Steevens.

[8] *As 'twere* retail'd *to all poſterity,*] And ſo it is; and, by that means, like moſt other *retailed* things, became adulterated. We ſhould read:

—— intail'd *to all poſterity;*

which is finely and ſenſibly expreſſed, as if *truth* was the natural inheritance of our children; which it is impiety to deprive them of. Warburton.

Retailed may ſignify diffuſed, diſperſed. Johnson.

Retailed means handed down from one to another.—Goods *retailed,* are thoſe which paſs from one purchaſer to another.—

Glo. So wife ſo young, they ſay, do ne'er live long.[9] [*Aſide.*

Prince. What ſay you, uncle?

Glo. I ſay, without characters, fame lives long. Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity, I moralize two meanings in one word.[1] } *Aſide.*

Richard uſes the word *retailed* in the ſame ſenſe in the fourth Act, where ſpeaking to the Queen of her daughter, he ſays—

" To whom I will *retail* my conqueſts won."

M. Mason.

Minſheu in his *Dictionary*, 1617, beſides the verb *retail* in the mercantile ſenſe, has the verb " to *retaile* or *retell*, G. *renombrer*, a Lat. renumerare;" and in that ſenſe, I conceive, it is employed here. Malone.

[9] *So wife ſo young, they ſay, do ne'er live long.*]

Is cadit ante ſenem, qui ſapit ante diem.

a proverbial line. Steevens.

Bright, in his *Treatiſe on Melancholy*, 1586, p. 52, ſays—" I have knowne children languiſhing of the ſplene, obſtructed and altered in temper, talke with gravitie and wiſdome, ſurpaſſing thoſe tender yeares, and their judgement carrying a marvellous imitation of the wiſdome of the ancient, having after a ſorte attained that by diſeaſe, which other have by courſe of yeares: whereon I take it, the proverbe ariſeth, that *they be of ſhort life who are of wit ſo pregnant.*" Reed.

[1] *Thus, like the formal* vice, Iniquity,

I moralize two meanings in one word.] By *vice*, the author means not a *quality*, but a *perſon*. There was hardly an old *play*, till the period of the *Reformation*, which had not in it a *devil*, and a droll character, a jeſter; (who was to play upon the devil;) and this buffoon went by the name of a *Vice*. This *buffoon* was at firſt accoutred with a long jerkin, a cap with a pair of aſs's ears, and a wooden dagger, with which (like another Harlequin) he was to make ſport in belabouring the *devil*. This was the conſtant entertainment in the times of *popery*, whilſt ſpirits, and witchcraft, and exorciſing held their own. When the *Reformation* took place, the ſtage ſhook off ſome groſſities, and encreaſed in refinements. The maſter-devil then was ſoon diſmiſſed from the ſcene; and this buffoon was changed into a ſubordinate fiend, whoſe buſineſs was to range on earth, and ſeduce poor mortals into that perſonated vicious quality, which he occaſionally ſup-

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,

ported; as, *iniquity* in general, *hypocrisy*, *usury*, *vanity*, *prodigality*, *gluttony*, &c. Now, as the fiend, (or *vice*,) who personated Iniquity, (or Hypocrisy, for instance) could never hope to play his game to the purpose but by hiding his cloven foot, and assuming a semblance quite different from his real character; he must certainly put on a *formal* demeanour, *moralize* and prevaricate in his words, and pretend a *meaning* directly opposite to his *genuine* and *primitive intention*. If this does not explain the passage in question, 'tis all that I can at present suggest upon it.

Theobald.

That the buffoon, or jester of the old English farces, was called the *vice*, is certain: and that, in their *moral* representations, it was common to bring in the deadly sins, is as true. Of these we have yet several remains. But that the *vice* used to assume the personages of those sins, is a fancy of Mr. Theobald's, who knew nothing of the matter. The truth is, the *vice* was always a fool or jester: and, (as the woman, in *The Merchant of Venice*, calls the Clown, alluding to the character,) a *merry devil*. Whereas these mortal sins were so many sad serious ones. But what misled our editor was the name, *Iniquity*, given to this *vice*: But it was only on account of his unhappy tricks and rogueries. That it was given to him, and for the reason I mention, appears from the following passage of Jonson's *Staple of News*, second intermeane:

"*M.* How like you the *vice* i' the play?

"*T.* Here is never a fiend to carry him away. Besides he has never a wooden dagger.

"*M.* That was the old way, gossip, when *Iniquity* came in, like Hocas Pocas, in a jugler's jerkin, with false skirts, like the knave of clubs."

And, in *The Devil's an Ass*, we see this old *vice*, *Iniquity*, described more at large.

From all this, it may be gathered, that the text, where Richard compares himself to the *formal vice*, *Iniquity*, must be corrupt: and the interpolation of some foolish player. The *vice*, or *iniquity* being not a *formal* but a merry, buffoon character. Besides, Shakspeare could never make an exact speaker refer to this character, because the subject he is upon is *tradition* and *antiquity*, which have no relation to it; and because it appears from the turn of the passage, that he is apologizing for his equivocation by a *reputable* practice. To keep the reader no longer

His wit ſet down to make his valour live:

in ſuſpence, my conjecture is, that Shakſpeare wrote and pointed the lines in this manner:

Thus like the formal-wife Antiquity,
I moralize: Two meanings in one word.

Alluding to the mythologick learning of the ancients, of whom they are all, here ſpeaking. So that Richard's ironical apology is to this effect, You men of morals who ſo much extol your all-wiſe antiquity, in what am I inferior to it? which was but an equivocator as I am. And it is remarkable, that the Greeks themſelves called their remote antiquity, Διχόμηνες, or the *equivocator*. So far as to the general ſenſe; as to that which ariſes particularly out of the corrected expreſſion, I ſhall only obſerve, that *formal-wife* is a compound epithet, an extreme fine one, and admirably fitted to the character of the ſpeaker, who thought all *wiſdom* but *formality*. It muſt therefore be read for the future with a hyphen. My other obſervation is with regard to the pointing; the common reading—

I moralize two meanings ———

is nonſenſe: but reformed in this manner, very ſenſible:

Thus like the formal-wife Antiquity
I moralize: Two meanings in one word.

i. e. I moralize as the ancients did. And how was that? the having two meanings to one word. A ridicule on the morality of the ancients, which he inſinuates was no better than equivocating.

WARBURTON.

This alteration Mr. Upton very juſtly cenſures. Dr. Warburton has, in my opinion, done nothing but correct the punctuation, if indeed any alteration be really neceſſary. See the diſſertation on the old *vice* at the end of this play.

To this long collection of notes may be added a queſtion, to what equivocation Richard refers? The poſition immediately preceding, that *fame lives long without characters*, that is, without the help of letters, ſeems to have no ambiguity. He muſt allude to the former line:

So young ſo wiſe, they ſay, do ne'er live long,

in which he conceals under a proverb, his deſign of haſtening the Prince's death. JOHNSON.

The Prince having caught ſome part of the former line, aſks Richard what he ſays, who, in order to deceive him, preſerves in his reply, the latter words of the line, but ſubſtitutes other words at the beginning of it, of a different import from thoſe he had uttered.—This is the equivocation that Gloſter really made

Death makes no conqueſt of this conqueror;[2]
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—

uſe of, though it does not correſpond with his own deſcription of it:

I moralize—two meanings *in one word.*

Word is not here taken in its literal ſenſe, but means a *ſaying*, a *ſhort ſentence*, as *motto* does in Italian, and *bon-mot* in French. —So, in Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*, Puntarvolo ſays:

"Let the *word* be, *Not without muſtard*; thy creſt is rare." M. Mason.

From the following ſtage direction, in an old dramatick piece, entituled, *Hiſtriomaſtix*, or *The Player Whipt*, 1610, it appears, that *the Vice* and *Iniquity* were ſometimes diſtinct perſonages:

"Enter a roaring devil, with *the Vice* on his back, *Iniquity* in one hand, and *Juventus* in the other."

The devil likewiſe makes the diſtinction in his firſt ſpeech:

"Ho, ho, ho! theſe babes mine are all,
"The Vice, Iniquitie, and Child Prodigal."

The following part of this note was obligingly communicated by the Rev. Mr. Bowle, of Idmeſtone near Saliſbury. I know no writer who gives ſo complete an account of this obſolete character, as Archbiſhop Harſnet, in his *Declaration of Popiſh Impoſtures*, p. 114, Lond. 1608: "It was a pretty part (he tells us) in the old church-playes, when the nimble *Vice* would ſkip up nimbly like a jackanapes into the devil's necke, and ride the devil a courſe, and belabour him with his wooden dagger, till he made him roare, whereat the people would laugh to ſee the devil ſo *vice*-haunted." Steevens.

Dr. Warburton has endeavoured to ſupport his capricious and violent alteration of the text by a very long note, which in my apprehenſion carries neither conviction, nor information with it.

The *Vice, Iniquity*, cannot with propriety, be ſaid to *moralize* in general; but in the old Moralities he, like Richard, did often "*moralize two meanings* in one word."

Our author has again uſed *moralize* as a verb active in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Nor could ſhe *moralize* his wanton ſight,
"More than his eyes were open to the light."

In which paſſage it means, "to interpret or inveſtigate the *latent meaning* of his wanton looks," as in the preſent paſſage, it ſignifies either to extract the double and latent meaning of one word or ſentence, or to couch two meanings under one word or ſentence. So *moral* is uſed by our author in *Much Ado about*

I'll tell you what, my couſin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a ſoldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. Short ſummers lightly[3] have a forward ſpring. [*Aſide.*

Nothing, for a *ſecret meaning*: "There is ſome *moral* in this Benedictus." See Vol. VI. p. 112, n. 1; and Vol. XII. p. 522, n. 9. The word which Richard uſes in a double ſenſe is *live*, which in his former ſpeech he had uſed literally, and in the preſent is uſed metaphorically. Mr. Maſon conceives, becauſe what we now call a motto, was formerly denominated the *mot* or *word*, that *word* may here ſignify a whole ſentence. But the argument is defective. Though in tournaments the motto on a knight's ſhield was formerly called *The word*, it never at any period was called "*One* word."

The *Vice* of the old moralities was a buffoon character, [See Cotgrave's *Dict.* "*Badin*, A foole or *Vice* in a play.—*Mime*, A *vice*, foole, jeſter, &c. in a play."] whoſe chief employment was to make the audience laugh, and one of the modes by which he effected his purpoſe was by double meanings, or playing upon words. In theſe moral repreſentations, *Fraud*, Iniquity, *Covetouſneſs*, *Luxury*, *Gluttony*, *Vanity*, &c. were frequently introduced. Mr. Upton in a diſſertation which, on account of its length, is annexed at the end of the play, has ſhown, from Ben Jonſon's *Staple of News*, and *The Devil's an Aſs*, that *Iniquity* was *ſometimes* the *Vice* of the Moralities. Mr. Steevens's note in the foregoing page, ſhows, that he was not always ſo.

The *formal* Vice perhaps means, the *ſhrewd*, the *ſenſible* Vice. —In *The Comedy of Errors*, "a *formal* man" ſeems to mean, one in his ſenſes; a rational man. Again, in *Twelfth-Night*, Vol. V. p. 330, n. 2: "—this is evident to any *formal* capacity." Malone.

[2] ——*of* this *conqueror*;] For this reading we are indebted to Mr. Theobald, who derived it from the original edition in 1597. All the ſubſequent ancient copies read corruptly—of *his* conqueror. Malone.

[3] ——*lightly*—] Commonly, in ordinary courſe. Johnson.

So, in the old Proverb: "There's lightning *lightly* before thunder." See Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 130, edit. 3d.

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, *and the* Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread lord;[4] ſo muſt I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours: Too late he died,[5] that might have kept that title, Which by his death hath loſt much majeſty.

Glo. How fares our couſin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,

Again, in *Penny-wiſe and Pound-fooliſh*, &c.—"Misfortunes ſeldome walke alone; and ſo when bleſſings doe knocke at a man's dore, they *lightly* are not without followers and fellowes."

Again, Holinſhed, p. 725, concerning one of King Edward's concubines: "——one whom no one could get out of the church *lightly* to any place, but it were to his bed."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Cynthia's Revels:*

"He is not *lightly* within to his mercer." STEEVENS.

Short ſummers lightly have a forward ſpring.] That is, ſhort ſummers are uſually *preceded* by a forward ſpring; or in other words, and more appoſitely to Gloſter's latent meaning, a premature ſpring is uſually followed by a ſhort ſummer. MALONE.

[4] ——*dread lord*;] The original of this epithet applied to kings has been much diſputed. In ſome of our old ſtatutes the king is called *Rex metuendiſſimus.* JOHNSON.

[5] *Too* late *he died,*] i. e. too lately, the loſs is too freſh in our memory. WARBURTON.

So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"——I did give that life,
"Which ſhe too early, and *too late* hath ſpill'd."

Again, in *King Henry V:*

"The mercy that was quick in us but *late,*" &c.
MALONE.

You ſaid, that idle weeds are faſt in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair couſin, I muſt not ſay ſo.

York. Then is he more beholden to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my ſovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinſman.

York. I pray you, uncle, then, give me this dagger.[6]

Glo. My dagger, little couſin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.[7]

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my couſin.

[6] *I pray you, uncle,* then, *give me this dagger.*] *Then* was added by Sir Thomas Hanmer for the ſake of metre. STEEVENS.

[7] *And, being but a toy, which is no* grief *to give.*] The reading of the quartos is—*gift.* The firſt folio reads:

And, being but a toy, which is no grief *to give.*

This reading, made a little more metrical, has been followed, I think, erroneouſly, by all the editors. JOHNSON.

The quarto 1612 reads:

——— *no* grief ——— STEEVENS.

——*which is no* grief *to give.*] *Which to give,* or the gift of which, induces no *regret.* Thus the authentick copies, the quarto, 1598, and the firſt folio. A quarto of no authority changed *grief* to *gift,* and the editor of the ſecond folio capriciouſly altered the line thus:

"And being a toy, *it is* no grief to give." MALONE.

In conformity to our old elliptical mode of ſpeaking and writing, the words—*which is,* might be omitted. They hurt the meaſure, without advancement of the ſenſe. Perhaps, however, the correction in the ſecond folio (which was received by Sir Thomas Hanmer) is preferable. STEEVENS.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the ſword to it?

Glo. Ay, gentle couſin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I ſee, you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll ſay a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly,[8] were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will ſtill be croſs in talk;—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Becauſe that I am little, like an ape,[9]

[8] *I weigh it lightly,* &c.] i. e. I ſhould ſtill eſteem it but a trifling gift, were it heavier. But the Oxford editor reads:

I'd *weigh it lightly,*——

i. e. I could manage it, though it were heavier. Warburton.

Dr. Warburton is right. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt,* Act V. ſc. ii:

"You *weigh* me not,—O that's you care not for me."

Steevens.

[9] *Becauſe that I am little, like an ape,*] The reproach ſeems to conſiſt in this: at country ſhows it was common to ſet the monkey on the back of ſome other animal, as a *bear.* The Duke therefore in calling himſelf *ape,* calls his uncle *bear.*

Johnson.

To this cuſtom there ſeems to be an alluſion in Ben Jonſon's *Maſque of Gypſies:*

He thinks that you ſhould bear me on your ſhoulders.

Buck. With what a ſharp-provided wit he reaſons!
To mitigate the ſcorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himſelf:
So cunning, and ſo young, is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious lord,[1] will't pleaſe you paſs along?
Myſelf, and my good couſin Buckingham,
Will to your mother; to entreat of her,
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it ſo.

" A gypſy in his ſhape,
" More calls the beholder,
" Than *the fellow with the ape,*
" Or *the ape on his ſhoulder.*"

Again, in *The Firſt Part of the Eighth liberal Science, entituled Ars Adulandi &c. deviſed and compiled by Ulpian Fulwel,* 1576: " —thou haſt an excellent *back* to carry my lord's *ape.*"

See likewiſe Hogarth's *Humours of an Election,* plate IV.

York alſo alludes to the protuberance on Gloſter's back, which was commodious for carrying burdens, as it ſupplied the place of a porter's knot. Steevens.

I do not believe that the reproach is what Johnſon ſuppoſes, or that York meant to call his uncle a bear. He merely alludes to Richard's deformity, his high ſhoulder, or hump-back, as it is called. That was *the ſcorn* he meant to *give his uncle.* In the third Act of the *Third Part of King Henry VI.* the ſame thought occurs to Richard himſelf, where deſcribing his own figure, he ſays:

" To make an envious mountain on my back,
" Where ſits deformity, to mock my body." M. Mason.

[1] *My* gracious *lord,*] For the inſertion of the word *gracious,* I am anſwerable. Gloſter has already uſed the ſame addreſs. The defect of the metre ſhows that a word was omitted at the preſs. Malone.

York. I ſhall not ſleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, ſir, what ſhould you fear?[2]

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghoſt;
My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

[*Exeunt* Prince, York, Haſtings, Cardinal, *and Attendants.*

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incenſed by his ſubtle mother,[3]
To taunt and ſcorn you thus opprobriouſly?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: O, 'tis a parlous boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;[4]
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them reſt.—

[2] *Why,* ſir, *&c.*] The word—*ſir,* was added by Sir Thomas Hanmer. Without it this half line is harſh, and quite unmetrical. Steevens.

[3] *Was not* incenſed *by his ſubtle mother,*] *Incenſed* means here, *incited* or *ſuggeſted.* So, in *King Henry VIII.* Gardiner ſays of Cranmer:

" ——— I have
" *Incens'd* the lords of the council, that he is
" A moſt arch heretick."

And in *Much Ado about Nothing,* Borachio ſays to Pedro: " — how Don John your brother *incenſed* me to ſlander the lady Hero." M. Mason.

[4] —— *capable*;] here, as in many other places in theſe plays, means intelligent, quick of apprehenſion. See p. 347, n. 1. Malone.

So again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:* " Let me carry another to his horſe, for that's the more *capable* creature." Ritson.

Come hither, gentle Cateſby ;[5] thou art ſworn
As deeply to effect what we intend,
As cloſely to conceal what we impart :
Thou know'ſt our reaſons urg'd upon the way ;—
What think'ſt thou ? is it not an eaſy matter
To make William lord Haſtings of our mind,
For the inſtalment of this noble duke
In the ſeat royal of this famous iſle ?

Cate. He for his father's ſake ſo loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught againſt him.

Buck. What think'ſt thou then of Stanley ? will not he ?

Cate. He will do all in all as Haſtings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this : Go, gentle Cateſby,
And, as it were far off, ſound thou lord Haſtings,
How he doth ſtand affected to our purpoſe ;
And ſummon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To ſit about the coronation.
If thou doſt find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reaſons :
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou ſo too ; and ſo break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination :
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,[6]
Wherein thyſelf ſhalt highly be employ'd.

[5] —— gentle *Cateſby* ; I have ſupplied the epithet—*gentle*, for the ſame reaſons urged by Mr. Malone in the foregoing page, n. 1, in defence of a ſimilar inſertion. Steevens.

[6] —— divided *councils*,] That is, a *private conſultation*, *ſeparate* from the known and publick council. So, in the next ſcene, Haſtings ſays :

" Bid him not fear the *ſeparated* councils." Johnson.

This circumſtance is conformable to hiſtory. Hall, p. 13, ſays,

Glo. Commend me to lord William: tell him, Cateſby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adverſaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-caſtle;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give miſtreſs Shore one gentle kiſs the more.

Buck. Good Cateſby, go, effect this buſineſs ſoundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Cateſby, ere we ſleep?

Cate. You ſhall, my lord.

Glo. At Croſby-place, there ſhall you find us both. [*Exit* Catesby.

Buck. Now, my lord, what ſhall we do, if we perceive

"When the protectour had both the chyldren in his poſſeſſion, yea, and that they were in a ſure place, he then began to threſt to ſe the ende of his enterpriſe. And, to avoyde all ſuſpicion, he cauſed all the lords which he knewe to bee faithfull to the kynge, to aſſemble at Baynardes Caſtle, to comen of the ordre of the coronacion, whyle he and other of his complices, and of his affinitee, at Croſbies-place, contrived the contrary, and to make the protectour kyng: to which counſail there were adhibite very fewe, and they very ſecrete." Reed.

Mr. Reed has ſhown from Hall's Chronicle that this circumſtance is founded on hiſtorical fact. But Holinſhed, Hall's copyiſt, was our author's authority: "But the protectoure and the duke after they had ſent to the lord Cardinal,—the lord Stanley and the lord Haſtings then lord Chamberlaine, with many other noblemen, to commune and deviſe about the coronation *in one place*, as faſt were they in *another place*, contriving the contrarie, and to make the protectour king."—"—the lord Stanley, that was after earle of Darby, wiſely miſtruſted it, and ſaid unto the lorde Haſtings, that he much miſlyked *theſe two ſeveral councels*." Malone.

F. Bartolozzi RA. Sculp.

JANE SHORE,

ere gentle mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more

King Richd. III. Act 3. Sc. I.

...ian Publ. as the Act directs Feby. 1. 1790. by E. Harding No. 132 Fleet Street.

Lord Haſtings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man;—ſomewhat we will do:[7]—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the moveables
Whereof the king my brother was poſſeſs'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promiſe at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindneſs.

Come, let us ſup betimes; that afterwards
We may digeſt our complots in ſome form.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.[8]

Before Lord Haſtings' *Houſe.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord,— [*Knocking.*

Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks?

Mess. One from lord Stanley.

Hast. [*Within.*] What is't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the ſtroke of four.

[7] —— *will* do:] The folio reads—will *determine.* Steevens.

[8] *Scene II.*] Every material circumſtance in the following ſcene is taken from Holinſhed's Chronicle, except that it is a *knight* with whom Haſtings converſes, inſtead of *Buckingham.* Steevens.

Enter HASTINGS.

HAST. Cannot thy maſter ſleep the tedious nights?

MESS. So it ſhould ſeem by that I have to ſay.
Firſt, he commends him to your noble lordſhip.

HAST. And then,—

MESS. And then he ſends you word, he dreamt
To-night the boar had raſed off his helm :[9]
Beſides, he ſays, there are two councils held;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he ſends to know your lordſhip's pleaſure,—
If preſently, you will take horſe with him,
And with all ſpeed poſt with him toward the north,
To ſhun the danger that his ſoul divines.

[9] —— *the* boar *had* raſed *off his helm* :] This term *raſed* or *raſhed*, is always given to deſcribe the violence inflicted by a *boar*.

So, in *King Lear*, 4to. edit :

" In his anointed fleſh *raſh* boariſh fangs."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. VII. ch. xxxvi:

" —— ha, cur, avaunt, the bore ſo *raſe* thy hide!"

By the *boar*, throughout this ſcene, is meant Gloſter, who was called the *boar*, or the *hog*, from his having a *boar* for his cognizance, and one of the ſupporters of his coat of arms.

STEEVENS.

So Holinſhed, after Hall and Sir Thomas More: " The ſelfe night next before his death the lorde Stanley ſent a truſtie ſecret meſſenger unto him at midnight in all haſte, requiring him to riſe and ride away with him, for he was diſpoſed utterlie no longer to byde, he had ſo fearful a dreame, in which him thought that a *boare* with his tuſkes ſo *raſed* them both by the heades that the bloud ran about both their ſhoulders. And foraſmuch as the Protector gave the boare for his cognizance, this dreame made ſo fearful an impreſſion in his heart, that he was thoroughly determined no longer to tarie, but had his horſe readie, if the lord Haſtings would go with him," &c. MALONE.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the ſeparated councils:
His honour,[1] and myſelf, are at the one;
And, at the other, is my good friend Cateſby;[2]
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I ſhall not have intelligence.
Tell him, his fears are ſhallow, wanting inſtance:[3]
And for his dreams—I wonder, he's ſo fond[4]
To truſt the mockery of unquiet ſlumbers:
To fly the boar, before the boar purſues,
Were to incenſe the boar to follow us,
And make purſuit, where he did mean no chaſe.
Go, bid thy maſter riſe and come to me;

[1] *His* honour,] This was the uſual addreſs to noblemen in Shakſpeare's time. Malone.

See note on *Timon of Athens*, Act I. ſc. i. where the ſame addreſs occurs: "All happineſs to your *honour!*" Steevens.

[2] *And, at the other, is my good friend Cateſby*; &c.] So, in the Legend of Lord Haſtings, *Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1575:

"I fear'd the end; my Cateſby being there
"Diſcharg'd all doubts; him hold I moſt entyre."

Malone.

[3] ——*wanting inſtance:*] That is, *wanting* ſome *example* or *act of malevolence*, by which they may be juſtified: or which, perhaps, is nearer to the true meaning, wanting any *immediate* ground or reaſon. Johnson.

This is the reading of the quarto, except that it has—*inſtancie*. Malone.

The folio reads—*without* inſtance. Steevens.

Inſtance ſeems to mean, *ſymptom* or *prognoſtick*. We find the word uſed in a ſimilar ſenſe, in *The Comedy of Errors*, where Egeon, deſcribing his ſhipwreck, ſays:

"A league from Epidamnum had we ſail'd,
"Before the always wind-obeying deep
"Gave any tragick *inſtance* of our harm." M. Mason.

[4] ——*ſo* fond—] i. e. ſo weak, ſilly. Thus, in *King Lear*:

"I am a very fooliſh, *fond* old man." Steevens.

And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he ſhall ſee, the boar will uſe us kindly.

Meſs. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you ſay. [*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Haſt. Good morrow, Cateſby; you are early ſtirring:
What news, what news, in this our tottering ſtate?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never ſtand upright,
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Haſt. How! wear the garland? doſt thou mean the crown?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Haſt. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my ſhoulders,
Before I'll ſee the crown ſo foul miſplac'd.
But canſt thou gueſs that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And, thereupon, he ſends you this good news,—
That, this ſame very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, muſt die at Pomfret.

Haſt. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Becauſe they have been ſtill my adverſaries:
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's ſide,
To bar my maſter's heirs in true deſcent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordſhip in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelve-month hence,—
That they, who brought me in my maſter's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
Well, Cateſby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll ſend ſome packing, that yet think not on't.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd, and look not for it.

Hast. O monſtrous, monſtrous! and ſo falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and ſo 'twill do
With ſome men elſe, who think themſelves as ſafe
As thou, and I; who, as thou know'ſt, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cate. The princes both make high account of you,—
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aſide.*

Hast. I know, they do; and I have well deſerv'd it.

Enter Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-ſpear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go ſo unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow; and good morrow,[5] Cateſby:—
You may jeſt on, but, by the holy rood,[6]

[5] —— and *good morrow,*] *And* was ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to aſſiſt the meaſure. Steevens.

[6] —— *the holy* rood,] i. e. the croſs. So, in the old myſtery of *Candlemas-Day*, 1512:

"Whan hir ſwete ſone ſhall on a *rood* deye."

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. VI. c. vi:

I do not like theſe ſeveral councils,[7] I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours;[8]
And never, in my life, I do proteſt,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were jocund, and ſuppos'd their ſtates were ſure,
And they, indeed, had no cauſe to miſtruſt;
But yet, you ſee, how ſoon the day o'er-caſt.
This ſudden ſtab of rancour I miſdoubt;[9]
Pray God, I ſay, I prove a needleſs coward!
What, ſhall we toward the Tower? the day is ſpent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you.[1]—Wot you what, my lord?

> " And nigh thereto a little chapell ſtoode
> " Which being all with yvy overſpred,
> " Deck'd all the roofe, and ſhadowing the *roode*,
> " Seem'd like a grove fair branched overhed."
>
> Steevens.

[7] *I do not like theſe ſeveral councils,*] See p. 381, n. 1. Malone.

[8] *My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours;*] Thus the firſt folio. The quartos—(profoundly ignorant of our author's elliptical mode of expreſſing himſelf, and in contempt of metre,)—
——*as dear as* you do *yours.* Steevens.

[9] ——*I* miſdoubt;] i. e. ſuſpect it of danger. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:
" ——— the bird
" With trembling wings *miſdoubteth* every buſh."
Steevens.

[1] ——*have with you.*] A familiar phraſe in parting, as much as, *take ſomething along with you,* or *I have ſomething to ſay to you.* Johnson.

This phraſe ſo frequently occurs in Shakſpeare, that I wonder Johnſon ſhould, in his fourteenth volume, miſtake its meaning.

To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth,[2] might better wear their heads,
Than ſome, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Purſuivant.

Haſt. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow. [*Exeunt* Stan. *and* Catesby.
How now, ſirrah? how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better, that your lordſhip pleaſe to aſk.

Haſt. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'ſt me laſt where now we meet:
Then was I going priſoner to the Tower,
By the ſuggeſtion of the queen's allies;
But now, I tell thee, (keep it to thyſelf,)
This day thoſe enemies are put to death,
And I in better ſtate than ere I was.

It ſignifies merely "I will go along with you;" and is an expreſſion in uſe at this day.

In *The Firſt Part of King Henry VI.* when Suffolk is going out, Somerſet ſays—"*Have with you*;" and then follows him. In *Othello*, Iago ſays:

"Captain, will you go?"
"Oth. *Have with you.*"

In *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Mrs. Ford ſays:

"Will you go, Mrs. Page?"

To which ſhe replies:

"*Have with you.*"

And in the ſame ſcene, the Hoſt afterwards ſays—

"Here, boys, ſhall we wag?"

To which the Page replies—"*Have with you.*" M. Mason.

[2] *They, for their truth,*] That is, with reſpect to their *honeſty*. Johnson.

Purs. God hold it,[3] to your honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow: There, drink that for me. [*Throwing him his Purse.*

Purs. I thank your honour. [*Exit* Purſuivant.

Enter a Prieſt.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to ſee your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good ſir John,[4] with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your laſt exerciſe;[5]
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter Buckingham.[6]

Buck. What, talking with a prieſt, lord chamberlain?

[3] —— *hold it,*] That is, *continue* it. Johnson.

[4] —— *good* ſir *John,*] *Sir* was formerly the uſual addreſs to the inferior clergy. See Vol. V. p. 7, n. 1. Malone.

[5] —— *exerciſe*;] Performance of divine ſervice. Johnson.

I rather imagine it meant—for attending him in private to hear his confeſſion. So, in ſc. vii:

"To draw him from his holy *exerciſe.*" Malone.

Exerciſe, I believe, means only religious exhortation, or lecture. So, in *Othello:*

"Much caſtigation, *exerciſe* devout." Steevens.

[6] *Enter* Buckingham.] From the Continuation of Harding's *Chronicle*, 1543, where the account given originally by Sir Thomas More is tranſcribed with ſome additions, it appears that the perſon who held this converſation with Haſtings was Sir Thomas Howard, who is introduced in the laſt Act of this play as Earl of Surrey:

"The ſame morning ere he [Haſtings] were up from his bed

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the prieſt;
Your honour hath no ſhriving work in hand.[7]

Haſt. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot ſtay there:
I ſhall return before your lordſhip thence.

Haſt. Nay, like enough, for I ſtay dinner there.

Buck. And ſupper too, although thou know'ſt it not. [*Aſide.*
Come, will you go?

Haſt. I'll wait upon your lordſhip.
[*Exeunt.*

where Shore's wife lay with him all night, there came to him ſir Thomas Haward, [Howard] ſonne to the lord Haward,—as it were of courteſaie, to accoumpaignie him to the counſaill; but foraſmuche as the lord Haſtings was not ready, he taried a while for him, and haſted him away. This ſir Thomas, while the lord Haſtings ſtayed a while commonyng with a prieſt whom he met in the Tower ſtrete, brake the lordes tale, ſaying to him merily, 'What, my lorde, I pray you come on; wherefore talke you ſo long with the prieſt? You have no nede of a prieſt yet:' and laughed upon him, as though he would ſaye, you ſhall have nede of one ſone." Fol. 59. Malone.

[7] —— ſhriving work *in hand.*] *Shriving work* is *confeſſion.* Johnson.

So, in *Hamlet:*

" —— the bearers put to ſudden death,
" Not *ſhriving* time allow'd." Steevens.

SCENE III.

Pomfret. *Before the Caſtle.*

Enter RATCLIFF, *with a Guard, conducting* RIVERS, GREY,[8] *and* VAUGHAN, *to Execution.*

RAT. Come, bring forth the priſoners.[9]

RIV. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day, ſhalt thou behold a ſubject die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

GREY. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damned blood-ſuckers.

VAUGH. You live, that ſhall cry woe for this hereafter.

RAT. Deſpatch; the limit[1] of your lives is out.

RIV. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody priſon,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

[8] —— *Grey.*] Queen Elizabeth Grey is deſervedly pitied for loſing her two ſons; but the royalty of their birth has ſo engroſſed the attention of hiſtorians, that they never reckon into the number of her misfortunes the murder of this her ſecond ſon, Sir Richard Grey. It is as remarkable how ſlightly the death of our Earl Rivers is always mentioned, though a man inveſted with ſuch high offices of truſt and dignity; and how much we dwell on the execution of the Lord Chamberlain Haſtings, a man in every light his inferior. In truth, the generality draw their ideas of Engliſh ſtory, from the tragick rather than the hiſtorick authors. WALPOLE.

[9] *Come, bring forth the priſoners.*] This ſpeech is wanting in the folio, and might (as it has neither uſe, nor pretenſions to metre, be as well omitted as retained. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *the* limit —] For *the limited time.* See Vol. XI. p. 184, n. 9. MALONE.

Within the guilty cloſure of thy walls,
Richard the ſecond here was hack'd to death:
And, for more ſlander to thy diſmal ſeat,
We give thee up our guiltleſs blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curſe is fallen upon our heads,
When ſhe exclaim'd on Haſtings, you, and I,
For ſtanding by when Richard ſtabb'd her ſon.

Riv. Then curs'd ſhe Haſtings, then curs'd ſhe Buckingham,
Then curs'd ſhe Richard:—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us!
And for my ſiſter, and her princely ſons,—
Be ſatisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,
Which, as thou know'ſt, unjuſtly muſt be ſpilt!

Rat. Make haſte, the hour of death is expiate.[2]

[2] *Make haſte, the hour of death is* expiate.] Thus the folio. The quarto furniſhes a line that has occurred already:

"Deſpatch; the limit of your lives is out."

Expiate is uſed for *expiated*; ſo *confiſcate, contaminate, conſummate*, &c. &c. It ſeems to mean, *fully completed*, and *ended*. Shakſpeare has again uſed the word in the ſame ſenſe in his 22d Sonnet:

"Then look I death my *days* ſhould *expiate*."

So, in *Locrine*, 1595:

"Lives Sabren yet, to *expiate* my wrath."

The editor of the ſecond folio, who altered whatever he did not underſtand, reads arbitrarily—

"Deſpatch; the hour of death is *now expir'd*."

and he has been followed by all the modern editors. Malone.

—— *the hour of death is* expiate.] As I cannot make ſenſe of this, I ſhould certainly read, with the ſecond folio:

"—— the hour of death is *now expired*,

meaning the hour appointed for his death. The paſſage quoted by Mr. Malone from *Locrine*, is nothing to the purpoſe, for there, to *expiate* means to *atone for*, or ſatisfy. M. Mason.

I do not well underſtand the reading which Mr. Malone pre-

Riv. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace:
Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

London. *A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the Biſhop of* Ely,[3] CATESBY, LOVEL, *and Others, ſitting at a Table: Officers of the Council attending.*

Haſt. Now, noble peers, the cauſe why we are met
Is—to determine of the coronation:
In God's name, ſpeak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are; and wants but nomination.[4]

fers, though I have left it in the text. Perhaps we ſhould read:

" —— the hour of death is expirate."

which accords with Shakſpeare's phraſeology, and needs no explanation. Thus, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" —— and *expire* the term
" Of a deſpiſed life—." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *Biſhop of Ely.*] Dr. John Morton; who was elected to that ſee in 1478. He was advanced to the ſee of Canterbury in 1486, and appointed Lord Chancellor in 1487. He died in the year 1500. This prelate, Sir Thomas More tells us, firſt deviſed the ſcheme of putting an end to the long conteſt between the houſes of York and Lancaſter, by a marriage between Henry Earl of Richmond, and Elizabeth, the eldeſt daughter of Edward IV. and was a principal agent in procuring Henry when abroad to enter into a covenant for that purpoſe. MALONE.

[4] —— *and wants but nomination.*] i. e. the only thing wanting, is appointment of a particular day for the ceremony. STEEVENS.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is moſt inward[5] with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, ſhould ſooneſt know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,—
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I, of his, my lord, than you of mine:—
Lord Haſtings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But, for his purpoſe in the coronation,
I have not ſounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleaſure any way therein:
But you, my noble lord, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I preſume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloster.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himſelf.

Glo. My noble lords and couſins, all, good morrow:
I have been long a ſleeper; but, I truſt,
My abſence doth neglect no great deſign,
Which by my preſence might have been concluded.

[5] ——*inward*—] i. e. intimate, confidential. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
"Sir, I was an *inward of his*." Steevens.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue,[6] my lord,
William lord Haſtings had pronounc'd your part,—
I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Haſtings, no man might be bolder;
His lordſhip knows me well, and loves me well.—
My lord of Ely, when I was laſt in Holborn,
I ſaw good ſtrawberries[7] in your garden there;
I do beſeech you, ſend for ſome of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
[*Exit* Ely.

[6] *Had you not come upon your* cue,] This expreſſion is borrowed from the theatre. The *cue, queue,* or *tail* of a ſpeech, conſiſts of the laſt words, which are the token for an entrance or anſwer. To *come on the cue,* therefore, is to come at the proper time. Johnson.

So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream,* Quince ſays to Flute—"You ſpeak all your part at once, *cues* and all." Steevens.

[7] *I ſaw good ſtrawberries*—] The reaſon why the Biſhop was deſpatched on this errand, is not clearer in Holinſhed, from whom Shakſpeare adopted the circumſtances, than in this ſcene, where it is introduced. Nothing ſeems to have happened which might not have been tranſacted with equal ſecurity in the preſence of the reverend cultivator of *theſe ſtrawberries,* whoſe complaiſance is likewiſe recorded by the author of the Latin play on the ſame ſubject, in the Britiſh Muſeum:

Elienſis antiſtes venis? ſenem quies,
Juvenem labor decet: ferunt hortum tuum
Decora fraga *plurimum producere.*
Episcopus Eliensis,
Nil tibi claudetur hortus quod meus
Producit; eſſet lautius vellem mihi,
Quo ſim tibi gratus.

This circumſtance of aſking for the ſtrawberries, however, may have been mentioned by the hiſtorians merely to ſhow the unuſual affability and good humour which the diſſembling Gloſter affected at the very time when he had determined on the death of Haſtings. Steevens.

Glo. Couſin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[*Takes him aſide.*
Cateſby hath ſounded Haſtings in our buſineſs;
And finds the teſty gentleman ſo hot,
That he will loſe his head, ere give conſent,
His maſter's child, as worſhipfully he terms it,
Shall loſe the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourſelf awhile, I'll go with you.
[*Exeunt* Gloster *and* Buckingham.

Stan. We have not yet ſet down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too ſudden;
For I myſelf am not ſo well provided,
As elſe I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Biſhop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord protector? I have ſent
For theſe ſtrawberries.

Haſt. His grace looks cheerfully and ſmooth this morning;
There's ſome conceit or other likes him well,[8]
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch ſpirit.
I think, there's ne'er a man in Chriſtendom,
Can leſſer hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.

[8] *There's ſome* conceit *or other likes him well,*] *Conceit* is *thought.* So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre,* 1609:

"Here is a thing too young for ſuch a place,
"Who, if it had *conceit,* would die." Malone.

Conceit, as uſed by Haſtings, I believe ſignifies—*pleaſant idea* or *fancy.* So Falſtaff, ſpeaking of Poins,—"He a good wit?—there is no more *conceit* in him, than is in a mallet."

Steevens.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood [9] he ſhow'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For, were he, he had ſhown it in his looks.

Re-enter Gloster *and* Buckingham.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deſerve,[1]
That do conſpire my death with deviliſh plots

[9] ——*likelihood*—] Semblance; appearance. Johnson.

So, in another of our author's plays:

" —— poor *likelihoods*, and modern ſeemings."

Steevens.

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*livelihood*. Malone.

[1] *I pray you all, tell me what they deſerve*, &c.] This ſtory was originally told by Sir Thomas More, who wrote about thirty years after the time. His *Hiſtory of King Richard III.* was inſerted in Hall's Chronicle, from whence it was copied by Holinſhed, who was Shakſpeare's authority:

" Between ten and eleven he returned into the chamber among them with a wonderful ſoure, angrie, countenance, knitting the browes, frowning and fretting, and gnawing on his lippes, and ſo ſette him downe in his place.—Then when he had ſitten ſtill awhile, thus he began: What were they worthie to have that compaſſe and imagine the deſtruction of me, being ſo neere of bloud unto the king, and protectour of his royal perſon and his realme?—Then the lord Chamberlaine, as he that for the love betweene them thought he might be boldeſt with him, anſwered and ſayd, that they were worthy to be puniſhed for hainous traytors, whatſoever they were; and all the other affirmed the ſame. That is, quoth he, yonder ſorcereſſe, my brother's wife, and other with her, meaning the queene:—ye ſhall all ſee in what wiſe that ſorcereſſe, and that other witch of her counſell, Shore's wife, with their affinitie, have by their ſorcerie and witchcraft waſted my body. And therewith he plucked up his doublet ſlieve to his elbow upon the left arme, where he ſhewed a weriſh withered arme and ſmall, as it was never other.—No man but was there preſent, but well knewe his arme was ever ſuch ſince his birth. Naytheleſſe the lord Chamberlaine (which

F.Harding.Del. *F.Bartolozzi. R.A.Sc.*

JANE SHORE,

From an Original Picture in the Poſſeſſion of Peter Peckard D.D. Maſter of Magdalen College, Cambridge.

London, May 1.1790. by F.Harding.132 Fleet Street.

Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their helliſh charms?

Haſt. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence
To doom the offenders: Whoſoe'er they be,
I ſay, my lord, they have deſerved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witneſs of their evil,
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like a blaſted ſapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot, ſtrumpet Shore,

from the death of king Edward kept Shore's wife, on whom he ſomewhat doted in the king's life, ſaving, as it is ſaide, he that while forbare her of reverence toward the king, or elſe of a certain kind of fidelity to his friend) aunſwered and ſaid, Certainly, my lord, *if they have ſo heinouſly done, they be worthy heinous puniſhment.* What, quoth the protectour, thou ſerveſt me I wene with *ifs* and with *ands:* I tell thee they have ſo done; and that I will make good on thy bodie, traitour; and therewith, as in great anger, he clapped his fiſt upon the boord a great rap. At which token given, one cried, traiſon, without the chamber. Therewith a dore clapped, and in came there ruſhing men in harneſſe, as many as the chamber might holde. And anone the protectour ſayd to the lord Haſtings, I arreſt thee traitor.—Then were they all quickely beſtowed in diverſe chambers, except the lord Chamberlaine, whom the protectour bade *ſpeede him and ſhrive him apace, for by S. Paul, quoth he, I will not to dinner till I ſee thy head off.* So was he brought forth into the greene beſide the chappell within the Tower, and his head laid downe upon a long log of timber, and there ſtricken off; and afterward his body with the head enterred at Windſor, beſide the body of king Edward."

M. D. i. e. *Maiſter* John *Dolman*, the author of the Legend of Lord Haſtings, in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1575, has thrown the ſame circumſtances into verſe.

Morton, Biſhop of Ely, was preſent at this council, and from him Sir Thomas More, who was born in 1480, is ſuppoſed to have had his information. Polydore Virgil, who began his hiſtory in 1505, tells the ſtory differently. Malone.

That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,——

Glo. If![2] thou protector of this damned ſtrumpet,
Talk'ſt thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head:—now, by Saint Paul I ſwear,
I will not dine until I ſee the ſame.—
Lovel, and Cateſby, look, that it be done;[3]

[2] *If!* &c.] For this circumſtance ſee Holinſhed, Hall, and *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates.* Farmer.

[3] *Lovel, and* Cateſby, *look, that it be done;*] In former copies:

Lovel, and Ratcliff, *look, that it be done.*

The ſcene is here in the Tower; and Lord Haſtings was cut off that very day, when Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan ſuffered at Pomfret. How then could Ratcliff be both in Yorkſhire and the Tower? In the ſcene preceding this, we find him conducting thoſe gentlemen to the block. In the old quarto, we find it, *Exeunt: Manet Cateſby with Haſtings.* And in the next ſcene, before the Tower walls, we find Lovel and Cateſby come back from the execution, bringing the head of Haſtings.

Theobald.

Mr. Theobald ſhould have added, that, *in the old quarto,* no names are mentioned in Richard's ſpeech. He only ſays—"*ſome* ſee it done." Nor, *in that edition,* does *Lovel* appear in the next ſcene; but only *Catesby,* bringing the head of Haſtings. The confuſion ſeems to have ariſen, when it was thought neceſſary that *Cateſby* ſhould be employed *to fetch* the Mayor, who, in the quarto, is made to come without having been ſent for. As ſome other perſon was then wanted to bring the head of Haſtings, the poet, or the players, appointed *Lovel* and *Ratcliff* to that office, without reflecting that the latter was engaged in another ſervice on the ſame day at Pomfret. Tyrwhitt.

I have adopted the emendation, becauſe in *one* ſcene at leaſt it prevents the glaring impropriety mentioned by Mr. Theobald. But unfortunately, as Mr. Tyrwhitt has obſerved, this very impropriety is found in the next ſcene, where *Ratcliff* is introduced, and where it cannot be corrected without taking greater liberties than perhaps are juſtifiable. For there, in conſequence

The reſt, that love me, riſe, and follow me.[4]

[*Exeunt Council, with* GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM.

HAST. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this:
Stanley did dream, the boar did raſe his helm;
But I diſdain'd it, and did ſcorn to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horſe did ſtumble,[5]

of the injudicious alteration made, I think, by the players, inſtead of—"Here comes the Mayor," the reading of the quarto, we find in the folio—

"*Rich.* But what, is *Cateſby* gone?

"He is, and ſee he brings the Mayor along."

Cateſby being thus employed, he cannot bring in the head of Haſtings; nor can that office be aſſigned to *Lovel* only; becauſe Gloſter in the folio mentions *two* perſons:

"Be patient, they are friends; *Ratcliff*, and Lovel."

MALONE.

[4] *The reſt, that love me, riſe, and follow me.*] So, in *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594:

"And they that love my honour, follow me."

MALONE.

[5] *Three times to-day my* foot-cloth *horſe did* ſtumble, *&c.*] So, in *The Legend of Lord Haſtings*, by M. D. 1563. [Maſter Dolman.]

"My palfrey, in the playneſt paved ſtreete,

"Thryſe bow'd his boanes, thryſe kneled on the flower,

"Thryſe ſhonnd (as Balams aſſe) the dreaded tower."

To *ſtumble* was anciently eſteem'd a bad omen. So, in *The Honeſt Lawyer*: "And juſt at the threſhold Maſter Bromley *ſtumbled*. Signs! ſigns!"

The *houſings* of a horſe, and ſometimes a horſe himſelf, were anciently denominated a *foot-cloth*. So, in Ben Jonſon's play called *The Caſe is Altered*:

"I'll go on my *foot-cloth*, I'll turn gentleman."

Again, in *A fair Quarrel*, by Middleton, 1617:

"——thou ſhalt have a phyſician,

"The beſt that gold can fetch upon his *foot-cloth*."

Again, in *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1610:

And ſtartled, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the ſlaughter-houſe.
O, now I want the prieſt that ſpake to me:
I now repent I told the purſuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies,
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myſelf ſecure in grace and favour.
O, Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curſe
Is lighted on poor Haſtings' wretched head.

Cate. Deſpatch, my lord, the duke would be at dinner;
Make a ſhort ſhrift, he longs to ſee your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,[6]
Lives like a drunken ſailor on a maſt;
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

" —— nor ſhall I need to try
" Whether my well-greas'd tumbling *foot-cloth* nag
" Be able to out-run a well-breath'd catchpole."
STEEVENS.

Stanley did dream, the boar did raſe his helm;—
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horſe did ſtumble,] So Holinſhed, after Sir Thomas More: " A marvellous caſe it is to heare, either the warnings of that he ſhould have voided, or the tokens of that he could not voide, for the ſelfe night next before his death the L. Stanley ſent a truſtie ſecret meſſenger unto him at midnight, in all the haſte, &c. [See p. 384, n. 9.]—Certain it is alſo, that in riding towards the Tower the ſame morning in which he [Haſtings] was beheaded, his horſe twiſe or thriſe *ſtumbled* with him, almoſt to the falling: which thing, albeit each man wot well daily happeneth to them to whome no ſuch miſchance is toward: yet hath it beene of an old rite and cuſtome obſerved as a token oftentimes notablie foregoing ſome great misfortune." MALONE.

[6] *Who builds* &c.] So, Horace:
" *Neſcius* auræ *fallacis.*" JOHNSON.

From an Ancient Print. *Richard III. Act III. Scene V.* *Neal and Sculp*

TOWER.

Lov. Come, come, deſpatch; 'tis bootleſs to exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody Richard!—miſerable England!
I prophecy the fearful'ſt time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—
Come, lead me to the block,[7] bear him my head;
They ſmile at me, who ſhortly ſhall be dead.[8]

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. The Tower Walls.

Enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *in ruſty armour,*[9] *marvellous ill-favoured.*

Glo. Come, couſin, canſt thou quake, and change thy colour?
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,—

[7] *Come, lead me to the block,*] William Lord Haſtings was beheaded on the 13th of June, 1483. His eldeſt ſon by Catharine Neville, daughter of Richard Neville Earl of Saliſbury, and widow of William Lord Bonville, was reſtored to his honours and eſtate by King Henry VII. in the firſt year of his reign.—The daughter of Lady Haſtings by her firſt huſband was married to the Marquis of Dorſet, who appears in the preſent play. MALONE.

[8] *They ſmile at me, who ſhortly ſhall be dead.*] i. e. thoſe who now ſmile at me, ſhall be ſhortly dead themſelves. MALONE.

[9] —— *in ruſty armour,* &c.] Thus Holinſhed: "The protector immediately after dinner, intending to ſet ſome colour upon the matter, ſent in all haſte for many ſubſtantial men out of the citie into the Tower; and at their coming, himſelfe with the duke of Buckingham, ſtood harneſſed in old ill-faring briganders, ſuch as no man ſhould weene that they would vouchſafe to have put upon their backes, except that ſome ſudden neceſſitie had conſtreined them." STEEVENS.

And then again begin, and ſtop again,
As if thou wert diſtraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every ſide,
Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a ſtraw,
Intending deep ſuſpicion:[1] ghaſtly looks
Are at my ſervice, like enforced ſmiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my ſtratagems.
But what, is Cateſby gone?

Glo. He is; and, ſee, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor *and* Catesby.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him.—Lord mayor,——

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark, hark! a drum.[2]

Glo. Cateſby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reaſon we have ſent for you,——

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

[1] Intending *deep ſuſpicion:*] i. e. pretending. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"*Intend* a kind of zeal both to the Prince and Claudio." Steevens.

See Vol. IX. p. 136, n. 6. Malone.

[2] *Hark,* hark! *a drum.*] I have repeated the interjection—*hark,* for the ſake of metre. Steevens.

Enter LOVEL *and* RATCLIFF,[3] *with* HASTINGS's *Head.*

GLO. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel.

LOV. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unſuſpected Haſtings.

GLO. So dear I lov'd the man, that I muſt weep.
I took him for the plaineſt harmleſs't creature,[4]
That breath'd upon the earth a Chriſtian;[5]
Made him my book, wherein my ſoul recorded
The hiſtory of all her ſecret thoughts:
So ſmooth he daub'd his vice with ſhow of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean, his converſation[6] with Shore's wife,—

[3] *Enter Lovel and* Ratcliff,] The quarto has—"Enter *Catesby*, with Haſtings' head," and Gloſter, on his entry, ſays—"O, O, be quiet, it is Cateſby." For this abſurd alteration, by which Ratcliff is repreſented at Pomfret and in London at the ſame time, I have no doubt that the player-editors are anſwerable. MALONE.

[4] ——*harmleſs't* creature,] The old copies read *harmleſs*; but grammar requires harmleſs't, (i. e. harmleſſeſt,) a common contraction, as I am aſſured, both in Leiceſterſhire and Warwickſhire. So afterwards, p. 406, we have covert*'ſt* for covert*eſt*. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*the earth a Chriſtian*;] Here the quarto adds:

Look you, my lord mayor.

This hemiſtich I have inſerted in the following ſpeech of Buckingham, to which I believe it originally belonged; as without it we meet with an imperfect verſe:

"Well, well he was the covert'ſt ſhelter'd traitor
"That ever liv'd.
"Would you imagine," &c.

I have ſince obſerved, that Mr. Capell has the ſame tranſpoſition. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*his converſation*—] i. e. familiar intercourſe. The phraſe—*criminal converſation*, is yet in daily uſe. MALONE.

He liv'd from all attainder of ſuſpect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'ſt ſhelter'd traitor
That ever liv'd.—Look you, my lord mayor,
Would you imagine, or almoſt believe,
(Were't not, that by great preſervation
We live to tell it you,) the ſubtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-houſe,
To murder me, and my good lord of Gloſter?

May. What! had he ſo?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or infidels?
Or that we would, againſt the form of law,
Proceed thus raſhly in the villain's death;
But that the extreme peril of the caſe,
The peace of England, and our perſons' ſafety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befal you! he deſerv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn falſe traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with miſtreſs Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he ſhould die,
Until your lordſhip came to ſee his end;
Which now the loving haſte of theſe our friends,
Somewhat againſt our meaning, hath prevented:
Becauſe, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor ſpeak, and timorouſly confeſs
The manner and the purpoſe of his treaſons;
That you might well have ſignified the ſame
Unto the citizens, who, haply, may
Miſconſtrue us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word ſhall ſerve,
As well as I had ſeen, and heard him ſpeak:

And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your juſt proceedings in this caſe.

Glo. And to that end we wiſh'd your lordſhip here,
To avoid the cenſures of the carping world.

Buck. But ſince you came too late of our intent,[7]
Yet witneſs what you hear we did intend:
And ſo, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit* Lord Mayor.

Glo. Go, after, after, couſin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all poſt:—
There, at your meeteſt vantage of the time,
Infer the baſtardy of Edward's children:
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,[8]
Only for ſaying—he would make his ſon
Heir to the crown; meaning, indeed, his houſe,
Which, by the ſign thereof, was termed ſo.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And beſtial appetite in change of luſt;
Which ſtretch'd unto their ſervants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye, or ſavage heart,
Without controul, liſted[9] to make his prey.

[7] *But ſince you came too late* of *our intent.*] Perhaps we ſhould read—" too late *for our intent.*" M. Mason.

The old reading I ſuppoſe to be the true one. We ſtill ſay " to come ſhort *of* a thing," and why not " come late *of* an intent?" Steevens.

[8] ——*put to death a citizen,*] This perſon was *one Walker,* a ſubſtantial citizen and grocer at the *Crown* in Cheapſide. Grey.

[9] —— *his* raging *eye,*——liſted —] The former is the reading of the folio, the latter of the quarto. The quarto has—*luſtful* eye, and the folio—*luſted* inſtead of *liſted.* Modern editors without authority—ranging eye. Steevens.

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my perſon:—
Tell them,[1] when that my mother went with child
Of that inſatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France;
And, by juſt computation of the time,
Found, that the iſſue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father:
Yet touch this ſparingly, as 'twere far off;
Becauſe, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myſelf: and ſo, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's caſtle;[2]
Where you ſhall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well-learned biſhops.

Buck. I go; and, towards three or four o'clock,
Look for the news that the Guild-hall affords.
[*Exit* Buckingham.

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all ſpeed to doctor Shaw,[3]—

[1] *Tell them,* &c.] Whatever reaſon W. Wyrceſter might have for being ſo very particular, he expreſsly tells us that Edward was *conceived in the chamber next to the chapel of the palace of Hatfield.* York was regent of France at that time, and had come over, it would ſeem, to viſit his lady. Ritson.

[2] —— *to* Baynard's caſtle;] It was originally built by Baynard, a nobleman who (according to Stowe's account) came in with the conqueror.

This edifice which ſtood in Thames Street, has long been pulled down, though parts of its ſtrong foundations are ſtill viſible at low water. The ſite of it is now a timber-yard. Steevens.

[3] —— *to doctor Shaw,*—] This and the two following lines are not in the quarto. Shaw and Penker were two popular preachers.—Inſtead of a pamphlet being publiſhed by the Secretary of the Treaſury, to furniſh the advocates for the adminiſtra-

Go thou [*To* CAT.] to friar Penker;[4]—bid them both
Meet me, within this hour, at Baynard's caſtle.
[*Exeunt* LOVEL *and* CATESBY.
Now will I in, to take ſome privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence[5] out of ſight;

tion of the day, with plauſible topicks of argument on great political meaſures, (the eſtabliſhed mode of the preſent time) formerly it was cuſtomary to publiſh the court creed from the pulpit at Saint Paul's Croſs. As Richard now employed Doctor Shaw to ſupport his claim to the crown, ſo, about fifteen years before, the great Earl of Warwick employed his chaplain Doctor Goddard to convince the people that Henry VI. ought to be reſtored, and that Edward IV. was an uſurper. MALONE.

[4] This *Pinker* or *Penker* was provincial of the *Auguſtine* friars. See *Speed.* STEEVENS.

[5] ——*the brats of Clarence*—] Edward Earl of Warwick, who the day after the battle of Boſworth, was ſent by Richmond from Sherif-hutton Caſtle (where Gloſter had confined him,) to the Tower, without even the ſhadow of an allegation againſt him, and executed with equal injuſtice on Tower-hill on the 21ſt of November, 1499; and Margaret, afterwards married to Sir Richard de la Pole, the laſt Princeſs of the houſe of Lancaſter; who was created by King Henry VIII. Counteſs of Saliſbury, and in the 31ſt year of his reign, (1540) at the age of ſeventy, was put to death by the ſanguinary king then on the throne, as her unfortunate and innocent brother had before fallen a victim to the jealous policy of that crafty tyrant Henry VII.

The immediate cauſe of his being put to death was, that Ferdinand King of Spain was unwilling to conſent to the marriage of his daughter Katharine to Arthur Prince of Wales, while the Earl of Warwick lived, there being during his life-time (as Ferdinand conceived) no aſſurance of the Prince's ſucceſſion to the crown.

The murder of the Earl of Warwick (for it deſerves no other name) made ſuch an impreſſion on Katharine, that when ſhe was firſt informed of Henry the Eighth's intention to repudiate her, ſhe exclaimed, "I have not offended, but it is a juſt judgment of GOD, for my former marriage was made in blood."

MALONE.

And to give notice, that no manner of perſon[6]
Have, any time, recourſe unto the princes. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

A Street.

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord
Haſtings;
Which in a ſet hand fairly is engroſs'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's.[7]
And mark how well the ſequel hangs together:—
Eleven hours I have ſpent to write it over,
For yeſternight by Cateſby was it ſent me;
The precedent[8] was full as long a doing:

[6] —— *no manner of perſon* —] The folio reads—no manner perſon, which is nonſenſe. I ſuppoſe the true reading is—no *man, or* perſon; as in the latter term females are included. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *read o'er in Paul's.*] The ſubſtance of this ſpeech is from Hall's *Chronicle*, p. 16: "Nowe was thys proclamation made within twoo houres after he was beheaded, and it was ſo curiouſly endyted, and ſo fayre writen in parchement, in a fayre ſette hande, and therewith of itſelfe ſo long a proceſſe, that every chyld might perceyve that it was prepared and ſtudyed before, (and as ſome men thought, by Cateſby,) for all the tyme betwene his death and the proclamacion—coulde ſcant have ſuffyced unto the bare writyng alone, albeit that it had bene in paper ſcribeled furthe in haſte at adventure.—And a marchaunte that ſtoode by—ſayed that it was wrytten by inſpiracyon and propheſye."

Mr Malone adds—"So Holinſhed, after Sir Thomas More;" and then repeats the ſame quotation. STEEVENS.

[8] *The precedent* —] The original draft from which the engroſſment was made. MALONE.

A Birrell Sculp.

BAYNARD'S CASTLE.

"If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle."

London Pub. as the Act Directs March 1.1790. by E Harding No. 132 Fleet Street.

King Richard III. Act. III. scene. V.

And yet within theſe five hours Haſtings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while!—Who is ſo groſs,
That cannot ſee this palpable device?
Yet who ſo bold, but ſays—he ſees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When ſuch bad dealing muſt be ſeen in thought.[9]
[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

The ſame. Court of Baynard's *Caſtle.*[1]

Enter GLOSTER *and* BUCKINGHAM, *meeting.*

Glo. How now, how now? what ſay the citizens?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, ſay not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the baſtardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contráct with Lady Lucy,[2]

[9] ——*ſeen in thought.*] That is, ſeen in ſilence, without notice or detection. JOHNSON.

[1] *Baynard's Caſtle.*] A caſtle in Thames Street, which had belonged to Richard Duke of York, and at this time was the property of his grandſon King Edward V. MALONE.

[2] —— *with his contráct with Lady Lucy,*] The King had been familiar with this lady before his marriage, to obſtruct which his mother alledged a pre-contract between them: "Whereupon, ſays the hiſtorian, dame Elizabeth Lucye was ſente for, and albeit ſhe was by the kyng hys mother, and many other, put in good comfort to affirme that ſhe was aſſured to the kynge, yet when ſhe was ſolempnly ſworne to ſaye ye truth, ſhe confeſſed ſhe was never enſured. Howbeit, ſhe ſayd his grace ſpake ſuche loving wordes to her, that ſhe verily hoped that he would have

And his contráct by deputy in France:
The inſatiate greedineſs of his deſires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own baſtardy,—
As being got, your father then in France;[3]

maried her; and that yf ſuch kinde woordes had not bene, ſhe woulde never have ſhowed ſuch kindneſſe to him to lette hym ſo kyndely gette her wyth chylde." *Hall*, Edward V. fo. 19.

RITSON.

This objection to King Edward's marriage with Lady Grey, is ſaid by Sir Thomas More to have been made by the Ducheſs Dowager of York, Edward's mother, who was averſe to the match, before he eſpouſed that lady. But Elizabeth Lucy, the daughter of one Wyat, and the wife of one Lucy, being ſworn to ſpeak the truth, declared that the King had not been affianced to her, though ſhe owned ſhe had been his concubine. Philip de Comines, a contemporary hiſtorian, ſays that Edward, previous to his marriage with Lady Grey, was married to an Engliſh lady by the Biſhop of Bath, who revealed the ſecret; and according to the Chronicle of Croyland this Lady was Lady Eleanor Butler, widow of Lord Butler of Sudley, and daughter to the great Earl of Shrewſbury. On this ground the children of Edward were declared illegitimate by the only parliament aſſembled by King Richard III.; but no mention was made of Elizabeth Lucy.

Shakſpeare followed Holinſhed, who copied Hall, as Hall tranſcribed the account given by Sir Thomas More. MALONE.

[3] —— *his own baſtardy,—*

As being got, your father then in France;] This tale is ſuppoſed to have been firſt propagated by the Duke of Clarence, ſoon after he, in conjunction with his father-in-law the Earl of Warwick, reſtored King Henry VI. to the throne; at which time he obtained a ſettlement of the crown on himſelf and his iſſue, after the death of Henry and his heirs male. Sir Thomas More ſays, that the Duke of Gloceſter ſoon after Edward's death revived this tale: but Mr. Walpole very juſtly obſerves, that it is highly improbable that Richard ſhould have urged ſuch a topick to the people; that he ſhould "ſtart doubts concerning his own legitimacy, which was too much connected with that of his brothers to be toſſed and bandied about before the multitude." The ſame ingenious writer has alſo ſhown, that Richard "lived in perfect harmony with his mother, and lodged with her in her palace at this very time." *Hiſtorick Doubts*, quarto, 1768.

MALONE.

And his reſemblance, being not like the duke.
Withal, I did infer your lineaments,—
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleneſs of mind:
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your diſcipline in war, wiſdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing, fitting for your purpoſe,
Untouch'd, or ſlightly handled, in diſcourſe.
And, when my oratory grew to an end,
I bade them, that did love their country's good,
Cry—*God ſave Richard, England's royal king!*

Glo. And did they ſo?

Buck. No, ſo God help me, they ſpake not a word;
But, like dumb ſtatuas, or breathleſs ſtones,[4]
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I ſaw, I reprehended them;
And aſk'd the mayor, what meant this wilful ſilence:
His anſwer was,—the people were not us'd
To be ſpoke to, but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again;—
Thus ſaith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
But nothing ſpoke in warrant from himſelf.
When he had done, ſome followers of mine own,
At lower end o'the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And ſome ten voices cried, *God ſave king Richard!*
And thus I took the vantage of thoſe few,—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;

[4] *But, like dumb* ſtatuas, *or* breathleſs *ſtones,*] See Mr. Reed's very deciſive account of the word—*ſtatua*, in a note on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Vol. IV. p. 290, n. 6.

The eldeſt quartos, 1597 and 1598, together with the firſt folio, read—*breathing*. The modern editors, with Mr. Rowe, —*unbreathing*. *Breathleſs* is the reading of the quarto 1612.
STEEVENS.

This general applauſe, and cheerful ſhout,
Argues your wiſdom, and your love to Richard:
And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueleſs blocks were they; Would they not ſpeak?
Will not the mayor then, and his brethren, come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand; intend ſome fear;[5]
Be not you ſpoke with, but by mighty ſuit:
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And ſtand between two churchmen, good my lord;
For on that ground I'll make a holy deſcant:
And be not eaſily won to our requeſts;
Play the maid's part, ſtill anſwer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go; And if you plead as well for them,
As I can ſay nay to thee[6] for myſelf,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy iſſue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads; the lord mayor knocks. [*Exit* Gloster.

[5] ——intend *ſome fear*:] Perhaps, *pretend*; though *intend* will ſtand in the ſenſe of giving attention. Johnson.

One of the ancient ſenſes of to *intend* was certainly to *pretend*. So, in ſc. v. of this Act:

"Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a ſtraw,
"*Intending* deep ſuſpicion." Steevens.

[6] *As I can ſay* nay *to thee*—] I think it muſt be read:
——*if you plead as well for them*
As I muſt ſay, nay *to* them *for myſelf*. Johnson.

Perhaps the change is not neceſſary. Buckingham is to plead for the citizens; and *if* (ſays Richard) *you ſpeak for them as plauſibly as I in my own perſon, or for my own purpoſes, ſhall ſeem to deny your ſuit, there is no doubt but we ſhall bring all to a happy iſſue.* Steevens.

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, *and* Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here;
I think, the duke will not be ſpoke withal.—

Enter, from the Caſtle, CATESBY.

Now, Cateſby! what ſays your lord to my requeſt?

CATE. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To viſit him to-morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly ſuit would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exerciſe.

BUCK. Return, good Cateſby, to the gracious duke;
Tell him, myſelf, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep deſigns, in matter of great moment,
No leſs importing than our general good,
Are come to have ſome conference with his grace.

CATE. I'll ſignify ſo much unto him ſtraight. [*Exit.*

BUCK. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward!
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,[7]
But on his knees at meditation;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines;
Not ſleeping, to engroſs[8] his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful ſoul:

[7] —— *day-bed,*] i. e. a couch, or ſofa. See Vol. V. p. 323, n. 9. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *to engroſs* —] To fatten; to pamper. JOHNSON.

Happy were England, would this virtuous prince
Take on himſelf the ſovereignty thereof:
But, ſure, I fear, we ſhall ne'er win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend, his grace ſhould ſay us nay![9]

Buck. I fear, he will: Here Cateſby comes again;—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Cateſby, what ſays his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have aſſembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before,
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble couſin ſhould
Suſpect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love;
And ſo once more return and tell his grace.

[*Exit* CATESBY.

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence;
So ſweet is zealous contemplation.

[9] —— *God defend, his grace ſhould ſay us nay!*] This pious and courtly Mayor was Edmund Shaw, brother to Doctor Shaw, whom Richard had employed to prove his title to the crown, from the pulpit at Saint Paul's Croſs. MALONE.

Enter GLOSTER, *in a Gallery above, between Two* Biſhops.[1] CATESBY *returns.*

May. See, where his grace ſtands 'tween two clergymen!

Buck. Two props of virtue for a chriſtian prince,
To ſtay him from the fall of vanity:
And, ſee, a book of prayer in his hand;
True ornaments to know a holy man.[2]—
Famous Plantagenet, moſt gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requeſts;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right-chriſtian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no ſuch apology;
I rather do beſeech you pardon me,
Who, earneſt in the ſervice of my God,
Neglect the viſitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleaſure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaſeth God above,

[1] —— *between two Biſhops.*] "At the laſt he came out of his chamber, and yet not downe to theim, but in a galary over theim, with a biſhop on every hande of hym, where thei beneth might ſee hym and ſpeake to hym, as though he woulde not yet come nere theim, til he wiſt what they meant," &c. Hall's *Chronicle.* FARMER.

So alſo Holinſhed after him. The words "*with a biſhop on every hande of hym,*" are an interpolation by Hall, or rather by Grafton, (See his Continuation of *Harding's Chronicle*, 1543, fol. 75,) not being found in Sir Thomas More's *Hiſtory of King Richard III.* folio, 1557, from whom the reſt of the ſentence is tranſcribed. MALONE.

[2] —— *to know a holy man.*] i. e. to know a holy man *by*. See Vol. XV. p. 196, n. 4, and a note on *Coriolanus*, Act III. ſc. ii. where ſeveral inſtances of a ſimilar phraſeology are given. MALONE.

And all good men of this ungovern'd iſle.

Glo. I do ſuſpect, I have done ſome offence,
That ſeems diſgracious in the city's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord; Would it might pleaſe your grace,
On our entreaties to amend your fault!

Glo. Elſe wherefore breathe I in a Chriſtian land?

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault, that you reſign
The ſupreme ſeat, the throne majeſtical,
The ſcepter'd office of your anceſtors,
Your ſtate of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſh'd ſtock:
Whilſt, in the mildneſs of your ſleepy thoughts,
(Which here we waken to our country's good,)
The noble iſle doth want her proper limbs;[3]
Her face defac'd with ſcars of infamy,
Her royal ſtock graft with ignoble plants,[4]
And almoſt ſhoulder'd in the ſwallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulneſs[5] and deep oblivion.

[3] —— her *proper limbs*;] Thus the quarto 1598. The folio has—*his* limbs; an error which I ſhould not mention, but that it juſtifies corrections that I have made in other places, where, for want of more ancient copies than one, conjectural emendation became neceſſary. See Vol. VIII. p. 184, n. 4. Malone.

[4] *Her royal ſtock graft with ignoble plants,*] Shakſpeare ſeems to have recollected the text on which Dr. Shaw preached his remarkable Sermon at Saint Paul's Croſs: "Baſtard ſlips ſhall never take deep root." Malone.

[5] *And almoſt* ſhoulder'd in *the ſwallowing gulph*
Of dark forgetfulneſs —] What it is to be *ſhoulder'd in a gulph*, Hanmer is the only editor who ſeems not to have known; for the reſt let it paſs without obſervation. He reads:

Which to recure,[6] we heartily ſolicit
Your gracious ſelf to take on you the charge

Almoſt ſhoulder'd into th' *ſwallowing gulph.*
I believe we ſhould read:
And almoſt ſmoulder'd *in the ſwallowing gulph.*
That is, almoſt *ſmother'd,* covered and loſt. JOHNSON.

I ſuppoſe the old reading to be the true one. So, in *The Barons' Wars,* by Drayton, canto i:

" Stoutly t' affront and *ſhoulder* in debate."

In is uſed for *into.* So before in this play:

" But firſt I'll turn yon fellow *in* his grave."

Again, *ibid:*

" Falſely to draw me *in* theſe vile ſuſpects."

Shoulder'd has the ſame meaning as *rudely thruſt into.*

So, in a curious ancient paper quoted by Mr. Lyſons in his *Environs of London,* Vol. III. p. 80, n. 1: " —lyke tyraunts and lyke madde men helpynge to *ſhulderynge* other of the ſayd bannermen ynto the dyche," &c. Again, in Arthur Hall's tranſlation of the ſecond *Iliad,* 1581:

" He preaſeth him, him he again, *ſhouldring* ech one his feere." STEEVENS.

Shoulder'd is, I believe, the true reading;—not, thruſt in by the ſhoulders, but, immerſed *up to the ſhoulders.* So, in *Othello:*

" *Steep'd* me in poverty *to the very lips.*"

" This paſſage in *Othello,*" ſays Mr. M. Maſon, " is nothing to the purpoſe. Had Othello uſed the word *lipp'd,* to ſignify *immerſed up to the lips,* that indeed would juſtify our ſuppoſing that *ſhoulder'd* might mean immerſed up to the ſhoulders." But the critick miſtook the purpoſe for which the paſſage was adduced. It was quoted, not to ſupport the word, " *ſhoulder'd,*" but to ſhow that the ſame *idea* had been elſewhere introduced by Shakſpeare; that, as in *Othello* he had ſpoken of being plunged in *poverty* to the *lips,* ſo here he might have intended to deſcribe the royal ſtock as immerged up to the *ſhoulders* in *oblivion.*

The word *ſhoulder'd,* in the following lines of Spenſer's *Ruins of Rome,* 1591, may certainly only have been uſed in its more ordinary ſignification; but I am not ſure that the author did not employ it as it is here uſed by Shakſpeare:

" Like as ye ſee the wrathful ſea from farre,
" In a great mountaine heapt with hideous noiſe,
" Eftſoones of thouſand billows *ſhoulder'd* narre,
" Againſt a rock to break with dreadful poyſe—."

And kingly government of this your land:
Not as protector, ſteward, ſubſtitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain:
But as ſucceſſively, from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, conſorted with the citizens,
Your very worſhipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement inſtigation,
In this juſt ſuit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in ſilence,
Or bitterly to ſpeak in your reproof,
Beſt fitteth my degree, or your condition:
If, not to anſwer,[7]—you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of ſovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impoſe on me;
If to reprove you for this ſuit of yours,
So ſeaſon'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other ſide, I check'd my friends.
Therefore,—to ſpeak, and to avoid the firſt;
And then, in ſpeaking, not to incur the laſt,—
Definitively thus I anſwer you.
Your love deſerves my thanks; but my deſert
Unmeritable, ſhuns your high requeſt.
Firſt, if all obſtacles were cut away,

However the word may have been employed in the foregoing paſſage, its exiſtence in our author's time is aſcertained by it. Malone.

[6] *Which to* recure,] To *recure* is to *recover*. This word is frequently uſed by Spenſer; and both as a verb and a ſubſtantive in Lyly's *Endymion*, 1591. Steevens.

[7] If, *not to anſwer*,] If I ſhould take the former courſe, and depart in ſilence, &c. So below: "*If*, to reprove," &c. The editor of the ſecond folio reads—*For* not to anſwer; and his capricious alteration of the text has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors. This and the nine following lines are not in the quarto. Malone.

And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth;[8]
Yet ſo much is my poverty of ſpirit,
So mighty, and ſo many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatneſs,—
Being a bark to brook no mighty ſea,—
Than in my greatneſs covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory ſmother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me;
(And much I need to help you,[9] if need were;)
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the ſtealing hours of time,
Will well become the ſeat of majeſty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay what you would lay on me,
The right and fortune of his happy ſtars,—
Which, God defend, that I ſhould wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conſcience in your grace;
But the reſpects thereof are nice and trivial,[1]
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay, that Edward is your brother's ſon;

[8] *As the* ripe *revenue and due* of *birth*;] So the folio. The quarto 1598 thus:

" As my *right*, revenue, and due *by* birth."

A preceding line ſeems rather to favour the original reading:

" Your *right* of birth, your empery, your own."

The firſt quarto, [1597,] I find, reads:

" As my *ripe* revenew, and due by birth." Malone.

[9] *And much I need to help you,*] And I *want much* of the ability requiſite to give you help, if help were needed. Johnson.

[1] —— *are* nice *and trivial,*] *Nice* is generally uſed by Shakſpeare in the ſenſe of minute, trifling, of petty import. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" The letter was not *nice,* but full of charge."

Malone.

So ſay we too, but not by Edward's wife:
For firſt he was contráct to lady Lucy,
Your mother lives a witneſs to his vow;
And afterwards by ſubſtitute betroth'd
To Bona, ſiſter to the king of France.[2]
Theſe both put by, a poor petitioner,[3]
A care-craz'd mother to a many ſons,
A beauty-waning and diſtreſſed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her beſt days,
Made prize and purchaſe of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
To baſe declenſion and loath'd bigamy:[4]
By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
More bitterly could I expoſtulate,
Save that, for reverence to ſome alive,[5]

[2] *To Bona, ſiſter to the king of France.*] See *K. Henry VI.* P. III. Act III. ſc. iii. Bona was daughter to the Duke of Savoy, and ſiſter to Charlotte, wife to Lewis XI. King of France. MALONE.

[3] —— *a poor petitioner,*] See *King Henry VI.* P. III. Act III. p. 105. MALONE.

[4] —— *loath'd* bigamy:] *Bigamy*, by a canon of the council of Lyons, A. D. 1274, (adopted in England by a ſtatute in 4 Edw. I.) was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once; as it conſiſted in either marrying two virgins ſucceſſively, or once marrying a widow. BLACKSTONE.

—— *loath'd* bigamy:] So Sir T. More, copied by Hall and Holinſhed: "—the only *widowhead* of Elizabeth Grey, though ſhe were in all other things convenient for you, ſhould yet ſuffice, as me ſeemeth, to reſtraine you from her marriage, ſith it is an unfitting thing, and a verie blemiſh and high diſparagement to the ſacred majeſtie of a prince, (that ought as nigh to approach prieſthood in cleanneſs, as he doth in dignity,) to be defouled with *bigamie* in his firſt marriage." MALONE.

[5] *More bitterly could I expoſtulate,*
Save that, for reverence to ſome alive,] The Duke here hints at a topick which he had touched upon in his addreſs to the citi-

I give a ſparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal ſelf
This proffer'd benefit of dignity:
If not to bleſs us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble anceſtry
From the corruption of abuſing time,
Unto a lineal true-derived courſe.

Mar. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuſe not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful ſuit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap thoſe cares on me?
I am unfit for ſtate and majeſty:—
I do beſeech you, take it not amiſs;
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

Buck. If you refuſe it,—as in love and zeal,
Loath to depoſe the child, your brother's ſon;
As well we know your tenderneſs of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorſe,[6]
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all eſtates,—
Yet know, whe'r you accept our ſuit or no,
Your brother's ſon ſhall never reign our king;

zens, the pretended baſtardy of Edward and Clarence. By "ſome alive," is meant the Ducheſs of York, the mother of Edward and Richard. Malone.

[6] ——*effeminate* remorſe,] i. e. pity. See our author, *paſſim*. Thus alſo, in *The Miſeries of enforced Marriage*, 1607:

"Be all his days, like winter, comfortleſs;
"Reſtleſs his nights, his wants *remorſeleſs*."

i. e. *unpitied*. Steevens.

But we will plant ſome other in your throne,
To the diſgrace and downfal of your houſe.
And, in this reſolution, here we leave you;—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM *and* Citizens.

Cate. Call them again, ſweet prince, accept their ſuit;
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Well, call them again; I am not made of ſtone,[7]
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,

[*Exit* CATESBY.

Albeit againſt my conſcience and my ſoul.—

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, *and the Reſt.*

Couſin of Buckingham,—and ſage, grave men,—
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, whe'r I will, or no,
I muſt have patience to endure the load:
But if black ſcandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the ſequel of your impoſition,
Your mere enforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtains thereof;
For God he knows, and you may partly ſee,
How far I am from the deſire of this.

May. God bleſs your grace! we ſee it, and will ſay it.

Glo. In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the truth.

Buck. Then I ſalute you with this royal title,—
Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

[7] ——*I am not made of* ſtone,] The quarto and folio have—*ſtones*. Mr. Pope made the emendation. MALONE.

Buck. To-morrow may it pleaſe you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you pleaſe, ſince you will have it ſo.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
And ſo, moſt joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy work again:—
[*To the* Biſhops.
Farewell, good couſin;—farewell, gentle friends.[8]
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

Enter, on one ſide, Queen ELIZABETH, *Ducheſs of* YORK, *and Marquis of* DORSET; *on the other,* ANNE, *Ducheſs of* Gloſter,[9] *leading Lady* MARGARET PLANTAGENET, Clarence's *young Daughter.*

Duch. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloſter?[1]

[8] *Farewell, good couſin;—farewell, gentle friends.*] To this Act ſhould, perhaps, be added the next ſcene, ſo will the coronation paſs between the Acts; and there will not only be a proper interval of action, but the concluſion will be more forcible. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *Anne, Ducheſs of Gloſter,*] We have not ſeen this lady ſince the ſecond ſcene of the firſt Act, in which ſhe promiſed to meet Richard at Croſby-place. She was married about the year 1472. MALONE.

Now, for my life, ſhe's wand'ring to the Tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good ſiſter! Whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I gueſs,
Upon the like devotion as yourſelves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind ſiſter, thanks; we'll enter all together:

Enter Brakenbury.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—
Maſter lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young ſon of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: By your patience,
I may not ſuffer you to viſit them;
The king hath ſtrictly charg'd the contrary.

[1] *Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet*
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloſter?] Here is a manifeſt intimation, that the Ducheſs of Gloſter leads in ſomebody in her hand; but there is no direction marked in any of the copies, from which we can learn who it is. I have ventured to gueſs it muſt be Clarence's young daughter. The old Ducheſs of York calls her *niece*, i. e. grand-daughter; as grand-children are frequently called *nephews*. Theobald.

So, in *Othello*, *nephews* for *grand-children*: "—you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horſe, you'll have your *nephews* neigh to you." Malone.

See note on *Othello*, Act I. ſc. i. Steevens.

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!

Hath he ſet bounds between their love, and me?
I am their mother, who ſhall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother, I will ſee them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their ſights; I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on thy peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it ſo;[2]
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit* Brakenbury.

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll ſalute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.—
Come, madam, you muſt ſtraight to Weſtminſter.

[*To the Ducheſs of* Gloſter.

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah, cut my lace aſunder!
That my pent heart may have ſome ſcope to beat,
Or elſe I ſwoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Deſpiteful tidings! O unpleaſing news!

[2] —— *I may not leave it ſo;*] That is, *I may not ſo reſign my office,* which you offer to take on you at your peril. Johnson.

Dor. Be of good cheer:—Mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorſet, ſpeak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and deſtruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:
If thou wilt outſtrip death, go croſs the ſeas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this ſlaughter-houſe,
Leſt thou increaſe the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curſe,—
Nor mother, wife,[3] nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wiſe care is this your counſel, madam:—
Take all the ſwift advantage of the hours;
You ſhall have letters from me to my ſon
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwiſe delay.

Duch. O ill-diſperſing wind of miſery!—
O my accurſed womb, the bed of death;
A cockatrice haſt thou hatch'd to the world,
Whoſe unavoided eye is murderous![4]

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haſte was ſent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingneſs will go.—
O, would to God, that the inclufive verge
Of golden metal, that muſt round my brow,

[3] *Nor mother, wife,* &c.] See p. 311. Steevens.

[4] *A* cockatrice——
Whoſe unavoided eye is murderous!] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"——the death-darting *eye* of *cockatrice*."
The *cockatrice* is a ſerpent ſuppoſed to originate from a cock's egg. Steevens.

Were red-hot ſteel, to ſear me to the brain![5]

[5] *Were red-hot ſteel, to ſear me to the brain!*] She ſeems to allude to the ancient mode of puniſhing a regicide, or any other egregious criminal, viz. by placing a crown of iron, heated red-hot, upon his head. See *Reſpublica & Status Hungariæ, ex Offic. Elziv.* 1634, p. 136. In the tragedy of *Hoffman*, 1631, this puniſhment is alſo introduced:

" Fix on thy maſter's head my *burning crown*."

Again:

" And wear his *crown made hot with flaming fire.*

" Bring forth the *burning crown* there."

Again:

" ——— was adjudg'd

" To have his head *ſear'd* with a *burning crown*."

Thus alſo, in A. Wyntown's *Cronykil*, B. VIII. ch. xliii. v. 40:

" Til this Jak Bonhowme he mád a *crown*

" *Of a brandreth all red hate*——

" And ſet it ſwá on his hevyd,

" That it frá hym the lyf thare revyd."

Again, in *Looke about you*, a comedy, 1600:

" Ere on thy head I ſet a *burning crowne*,

" Of red hot yron, that ſhall *feare thy braines*."

In ſome of the monkiſh accounts of a place of future torment, a *burning crown* is likewiſe appropriated to thoſe who deprived any lawful monarch of his kingdom. STEEVENS.

So Marlowe, in his *King Edward II:*

" ——if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,

" Heaven turn it to a blaze of quenchleſs fire."

MALONE.

Marlowe's alluſion is to the fatal crown which Creuſa received, as a nuptial gift, from Medea:

" Χουσῆς μὲν ἀμφὶ κρατὶ κείμενος πλόκος,

" Θαυμαστὸν ἕλει νᾶμα παμφάγου πυρος."

Euripidis *Medea*, v. 1195. STEEVENS.

John, the ſon of Vaivode Stephen, having defeated the army of Hungarian peaſants, called Croiſadoes, in 1514, cauſed their general, " called George, to be ſtript naked, upon whoſe head the executioner ſet a crown of hot burning iron." Goulart's *Admirable and memorable Hiſtories*, 1607. This is the fact to which Goldſmith alludes:

" *Luke's iron crown*, and Damien's bed of ſteel."

Though it was *George*, and not his brother *Luke*, who was ſo

Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can ſay—God ſave the queen!

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor ſoul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wiſh thyſelf no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my huſband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corſe;
When ſcarce the blood was well waſh'd from his hands,
Which iſſu'd from my other angel huſband,
And that dead ſaint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when, I ſay, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wiſh,—*Be thou*, quoth I, *accurs'd,*
For making me, ſo young, ſo old a widow!
And, when thou wed'ſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (if any be ſo mad)
More miſerable by the life of thee,
Than thou haſt made me by my dear lord's death!
Lo, ere I can repeat this curſe again,
Even in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my woman's heart
Groſsly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the ſubject of mine own ſoul's curſe:
Which ever ſince hath held mine eyes from reſt;
For never yet one hour in his bed[6]
Did I enjoy the golden dew of ſleep,
But with his timorous dreams[7] was ſtill awak'd.

puniſhed: but *George's* would not ſuit the poet's metre. The Earl of Atholl, who was executed on account of the murder of James I. King of Scots, was, previous to his death, "crowned with a hot iron." See Holinſhed. Ritson.

[6] *For never yet one* hour *in his bed*—] *Hour* is here, as in many other places, uſed by Shakſpeare as a diſſyllable. Malone.

[7] *But with his timorous dreams*—] 'Tis recorded by Polydore

Beſides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, ſhortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my ſoul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor ſoul, that tak'ſt thy leave of it!

Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!— [*To* Dorset.
Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!— [*To* Anne.
Go thou to ſanctuary, and good thoughts poſſeſs thee! [*To Q.* Elizabeth.
I to my grave, where peace and reſt lie with me!
Eighty odd years[8] of ſorrow have I ſeen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.[9]

Virgil, that Richard was frequently diſturbed by terrible dreams: this is therefore no fiction. Johnson.

Perhaps the narratives of Polydore Virgil, like thoſe of Hector Boethius, are of ſlight authority. Such at leaſt, reſpecting the former of theſe writers, was the opinion of Owen, our epigrammatiſt:

"Virgilii duo ſunt; alter Maro; tu, *Polydore*,
"Alter; tu *mendax*, ille poeta fuit." Steevens.

[8] *Eighty odd years* &c.] Shakſpeare has here, I believe, ſpoken at random. The preſent ſcene is in 1483. Richard, Duke of York, the huſband of this lady, had he been then living, would have been but *ſeventy-three* years old, and we may reaſonably ſuppoſe that his Ducheſs was younger than he was. Nor did ſhe go ſpeedily to her grave. She lived till 1495. Malone.

[9] *And each* hour's joy wreck'd with a week *of* teen.] *Teen* is ſorrow. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"And yet to my *teen* be it ſpoken," &c.

Q. Eliz. Stay yet;[1] look back, with me, unto the Tower.—
Pity, you ancient ſtones, thoſe tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!
Rough cradle for ſuch little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurſe! old ſullen play-fellow[2]
For tender princes, uſe my babies well!
So fooliſh ſorrow bids your ſtones farewell.[3]
[*Exeunt.*

Again, in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606:
"Flies have their ſpleen, each filly ant his *teens*."
STEEVENS.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
"Who buys a *minute's mirth*, to *wail* a *week*?"
"Short pleaſure, long lament," is one of Ray's proverbial ſentences. MALONE.

[1] *Stay yet*; &c.] This ſpeech is not in the quarto. MALONE.

[2] *Rude ragged* nurſe! *old ſullen* play-fellow—] To call the Tower *nurſe* and *play-fellow* is very harſh: perhaps part of this ſpeech is addreſſed to the Tower, and part to the Lieutenant. JOHNSON.

The laſt line of this ſpeech—
So fooliſh ſorrow bids your ſtones *farewell*,
proves that the whole of it is addreſſed to the Tower, and apologizes for the abſurdity of that addreſs, by attributing it to ſorrow. M. MASON.

[3] *So fooliſh ſorrow bids* your ſtones *farewell*.] Hither the third Act ſhould be extended, and here it very properly ends with a pauſe of action. JOHNSON.

The folio has—*ſorrows*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

SCENE II.

A Room of State in the Palace.

Flouriſh of Trumpets. RICHARD, *as King upon his Throne*; BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, *a* Page, *and Others.*

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Couſin of Buckingham,——

Buck. My gracious ſovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,
And thy aſſiſtance, is king Richard ſeated:—
But ſhall we wear theſe glories for a day?
Or ſhall they laſt, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them laſt!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,[4]
To try if thou be current gold, indeed:—
Young Edward lives;—Think now what I would ſpeak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

[4] —— *now do I* play the touch,] To *play the touch* is *to repreſent the touchſtone.*

So, in the 10th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"With alabaſter, *tuch*, and porphyry adorn'd."

Again, in the epiſtle of *Mary the French Queen* to *Charles Brandon*, by Drayton:

"Before mine eye, like *touch*, thy ſhape did prove."

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. iii:

"Though true as *touch*, though daughter of a king."

STEEVENS.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I ſay, I would be king.

Buck. Why, ſo you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis ſo: but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter conſequence,
That Edward ſtill ſhould live,—true, noble prince!—
Couſin, thou waſt not wont to be ſo dull:—
Shall I be plain? I wiſh the baſtards dead;
And I would have it ſuddenly perform'd.
What ſay'ſt thou now? ſpeak ſuddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleaſure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindneſs freezes:
Say, have I thy conſent, that they ſhall die?

Buck. Give me ſome breath, ſome little pauſe, dear lord,
Before I poſitively ſpeak in this:
I will reſolve your grace immediately.

[*Exit* Buckingham.

Cate. The king is angry; ſee, he gnaws his lip.[5]

[*Aſide.*

K. Rich. I will converſe with iron-witted fools,

[*Deſcends from his Throne.*

And unreſpective boys;[6] none are for me,

[5] ——*ſee, he gnaws his lip.*] Several of our ancient hiſtorians obſerve, that this was an accuſtomed action of Richard, whether he was penſive or angry. Steevens.

[6] *And* unreſpective *boys;*] *Unreſpective* is inattentive to conſequences, inconſiderate.

So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599:

"When diſſolute impiety poſſeſs'd
"The *unreſpective* minds of prince and people."

Steevens.

That look into me with conſiderate eyes;—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumſpect.—
Boy,——

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'ſt thou not any, whom corrupting gold
Would tempt unto a cloſe exploit [7] of death?

Page. I know a diſcontented gentleman,
Whoſe humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; Go, call him hither, boy.— [*Exit* Page.
The deep-revolving witty [8] Buckingham
No more ſhall be the neighbour to my counſels:
Hath he ſo long held out with me untir'd,
And ſtops he now for breath?—well, be it ſo.—

Unreſpective is, devoid of cautious and prudential conſideration. Malone.

See note on the following paſſage in the *Rape of Lucrece*, edit. 1790, p. 102:

"*Reſpect* and reaſon wait on wrinkled age." Steevens.

[7] ——*cloſe exploit*—] Is ſecret act. Johnson.

[8] ——*witty*—] In this place ſignifies *judicious* or cunning. A *wit* was not at this time employed to ſignify *a man of fancy*, but was uſed for *wiſdom* or *judgment*. So, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599:

"Although unwiſe to live, had *wit* to die."

Again, in one of Ben Jonſon's *Maſques*:

"And at her feet do *witty* ſerpents move." Steevens.

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?

STAN. Know, my loving lord,[9]
The marquis Dorſet, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. RICH. Come hither, Cateſby: rumour it abroad,
That Anne, my wife, is very grievous ſick;
I will take order for her keeping cloſe.[1]
Inquire me out ſome mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry ſtraight to Clarence' daughter:—
The boy is fooliſh,[2] and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'ſt!—I ſay again, give out,

[9] Know, *my* loving *lord,*] Surely we ſhould adopt Sir Thomas Hanmer's regulation, and give the paſſage thus:

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?
My lord, &c.

Are the omitted words—*know* and *loving,* of ſo much value, that meaſure muſt continue to be ſacrificed for their preſervation? STEEVENS.

[1] *I will* take order *for her keeping cloſe.*] i. e. I will take meaſures that ſhall oblige her to keep cloſe. So, in Marlowe's and Naſhe's *Dido,* 1594, Jupiter ſays:

"I will *take order* for that preſently."

The ſame phraſe occurs in *Othello,* Act V. ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

[2] *The boy is fooliſh,*] Shakſpeare has here perhaps anticipated the folly of his youth. He was, at this time, I believe, about ten years old, and we are not told by any hiſtorian that he had then exhibited any ſymptoms of folly. Being confined by King Henry VII. immediately after the battle of Boſworth, and his education being conſequently entirely neglected, he is deſcribed by Polydore Virgil at the time of his death (in 1499) as an idiot; and his account (which was copied by Hall and Holinſhed,) was certainly a ſufficient authority for Shakſpeare's repreſentation: "Edouardus Varvici comes in carcere ab incunabulis extra hominum ferarumque conſpectum nutritus, qui gallinam ab anſere non facile internoſceret, cum nullo ſuo delicto ſupplicium quærere poſſet, alieno ad id tractus eſt." MALONE.

That Anne my queen is ſick, and like to die:
About it; for it ſtands me much upon,[3]
To ſtop all hopes, whoſe growth may damage me.—
[*Exit* CATESBY.
I muſt be married to my brother's daughter,
Or elſe my kingdom ſtands on brittle glaſs:—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that ſin will pluck on ſin.[4]
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter Page, *with* TYRREL.

Is thy name—Tyrrel?[5]

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your moſt obedient ſubject.

[3] —— *it ſtands me much upon,*] i. e. it is of the utmoſt conſequence to my deſigns. The ſame phraſe occurs in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"Conſider how it *ſtands upon* my credit."

See alſo *Antony and Cleopatra,* Act II. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *But I am in*
So far in blood, that ſin will pluck on ſin.] The ſame reflections occur in *Macbeth:*

"——— I am in blood
"Step'd in ſo far, that ſhould I wade no more,
"Returning were as tedious," &c.

Again:

"Things bad begun make ſtrong themſelves by ill."

STEEVENS.

[5] *Is thy name—Tyrrel?*] It ſeems, that a late editor (who boaſts much of his fidelity in "marking the places of action, both general and particular, and ſupplying ſcenical directions,") throughout this ſcene, has left King Richard *on his throne*; whereas he might have learnt from the following paſſage in Sir John Harrington's *Metamorphoſis of Ajax,* 1596, that the monarch appeared, during the preſent interview with Tyrrel, on *an elevation of much leſs dignity.* "The beſt part (ſays Sir John) of our chronicles, in all men's opinions is that of Richard the

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'ſt thou reſolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Pleaſe you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou haſt it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my reſt, and my ſweet ſleep's diſturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:[6]
Tyrrel, I mean thoſe baſtards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And ſoon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou ſing'ſt ſweet muſick. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel;

third, written as I have heard by Moorton, but as moſt ſuppoſe, by that worthy and incorrupt magiſtrate Sir Thomas More, ſometime lord chancellor of England, where it is ſaid, how the king was deviſing with *Tyrel* to have his nephews privily murdred; and it is added, *he was then ſitting on a draught*; a fit carpet for ſuch a counſel." See likewiſe Holinſhed, Vol. II. p. 735. STEEVENS.

For Richard's mode of proceeding on this occaſion, there are, it appears, many ancient and *dignified* precedents: "Maximilian the emperor," ſays old Montaigne, "with other cuſtomes of his had this one, moſt contrary to *other princes*, (*who, to diſpatch their weighticſt affaires, make often their* c—e s—l *their regal throne or council-chamber,*) which was," &c. Florio's tranſlation, 1603. MALONE.

[6] —— *deal upon:*] So, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. by Nathe. 1596: "At Weſtc's he's billeted, ſweating and *dealing upon* it moſt intentively." See alſo my note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. ſc. ix. STEEVENS.

——deal *upon:*] i. e. act upon. We ſhould now ſay—deal *with*; but the other was the phraſeology of our author's time. MALONE.

Go, by this token :—Riſe, and lend thine ear :
[*Whiſpers.*
There is no more but ſo :—Say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and preſer thee for it.

Tyr. I will deſpatch it ſtraight. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My lord, I have conſider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did ſound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that reſt. Dorſet is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's ſon :—Well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promiſe,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd ;
The earldom of Hereford,[7] and the moveables,

[7] *The earldom of Hereford*, &c.] Thomas Duke of Gloſter, the fifth ſon of Edward the Third, married one of the daughters and coheirs of Humphrey de Bohun Earl of Hereford. The Duke of Gloſter's nephew, Henry Earl of Derby, (the eldeſt ſon of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaſter, the fourth ſon of Edward the Third,) who was afterwards King Henry IV. married the other daughter of the Earl of Hereford. The moiety of the Hereford eſtate, which had been poſſeſſed by that King, was ſeized on by Edward IV. as legally devolved to the crown, on its being transferred from the houſe of Lancaſter to that of York. Henry Stafford Duke of Buckingham was lineally deſcended from Thomas Duke of Gloſter, his only daughter Anne having married Edmund Earl of Stafford, and Henry being the great grandſon of Edmund and Anne. In this right he and his anceſtors had poſſeſſed one half of the Hereford eſtate ; and he claimed and *actually obtained* from Richard III. after he uſurped the throne, the reſtitution of the other half, which had been ſeized on by Edward ; and alſo the earldom of Hereford, and the

Which you have promiſed I ſhall poſſeſs.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if ſhe convey
Letters to Richmond, you ſhall anſwer it.

Buck. What ſays your highneſs to my juſt requeſt?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the ſixth
Did prophecy, that Richmond ſhould be king,
When Richmond was a little peeviſh boy.
A king!—perhaps [8]——

Buck. My lord,——

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time,
Have told me, I being by,[9] that I ſhould kill him?

office of Conſtable of England, which had long been annexed by inheritance to that earldom. See Dugdale's *Baronage*, Vol. I. p. 168—169. Many of our hiſtorians, however, aſcribe the breach between him and Richard to Richard's refuſing to reſtore the moiety of the Hereford eſtate; and Shakſpeare has followed them.

Thomas Duke of Gloſter was created Earl of Hereford in 1386, by King Richard II. on which ground the Duke of Buckingham had ſome pretenſions to claim a new grant of the *title*; but with reſpect to the moiety of the eſtate, he had not a ſhadow of right to it; for ſuppoſing that it devolved to Edward IV. with the crown, it became, after the murder of his ſons, the joint property of his daughters. If it did not devolve to King Edward IV. it belonged to the right heirs of King Henry IV. Malone.

[8] *A king!—perhaps*—] From hence to the words, *Thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vein*—have been left out ever ſince the firſt editions; but I like them well enough to replace them. Pope.

The alluſions to the plays of *Henry VI.* are no weak proofs of the authenticity of theſe diſputed pieces. Johnson.

Theſe alluſions, I truſt, have been ſufficiently accounted for in the *Diſſertation* annexed to the preceding play. Malone.

[9] ——*I being by,*] The Duke of Gloſter was not by when

Buck. My lord, your promiſe for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When laſt I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courteſy ſhow'd me the caſtle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont:[1] at which name, I ſtarted;
Becauſe a bard of Ireland told me once,
I ſhould not live long after I ſaw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,——

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold
To put your grace in mind of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what is't o'clock?

Buck. Upon the ſtroke
Of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it ſtrike.[2]

Buck. Why, let it ſtrike?

K. Rich. Becauſe that, like a Jack,[3] thou keep'ſt the ſtroke

Henry uttered the prophecy. See p. 158. Our author ſeldom took the trouble to turn to the plays to which he referred. MALONE.

[1] —— *Rouge-mont:*] Hooker, who wrote in Queen Elizabeth's time, in his deſcription of Exeter mentions this as a "very old and antient caſtle, named Rugemont; that is to ſay, the Red Hill, taking that name of the red ſoil or earth whereupon it is ſituated." It was firſt built, he adds, *as ſome think*, by Julius Cæſar, but rather, and in truth, by the Romans after him. REED.

[2] *Well, let it ſtrike.*] This ſeems to have been a proverbial ſentence. So, in *Pierce's Supererogation*, &c. by Gabriel Harvey, 4to. 1593: "*Let the clock ſtrike:* I have loſt more howers, and loſe nothing if I find equity." MALONE.

[3] *Becauſe that, like a Jack*, &c.] An image, like thoſe at St. Dunſtan's church in Fleet Street, and at the market-houſes at ſeveral towns in this kingdom, was uſually called a *Jack of the*

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.

clock-houſe. See Cowley's *Diſcourſe on the Government of Oliver Cromwell.* [Vol. II. p. 650, edit. 1710.] Richard reſembles Buckingham to one of thoſe automatons, and bids him not ſuſpend the ſtroke on the clock-bell, but ſtrike, that the hour may be paſt, and himſelf be at liberty to purſue his meditations.

SIR J. HAWKINS.

So, in *The Fleire*, a comedy, 1610:—" their tongues are, like *a Jack o' the clock*, ſtill in labour."

Again, in *The Coxcomb*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" ——Is this your *Jack o' the clock*-houſe?
" Will you *ſtrike*, ſir?"

Again, in a pamphlet by Deckar, called the *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: " —but howſoever, if Powles *Jacks* be once up with their elbowes, and quarrelling to ſtrike eleven, as ſoon as ever the clock has parted them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the duke's gallery conteyne you any longer."

Perhaps theſe figures were called *Jacks*, becauſe the engines of that name which turn the ſpit were anciently ornamented with ſuch a puppet. In *The Gentleman Uſher*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1606, they are alluding to a roaſting *Jack*, and a man ſays:

" ——as in that quaint engine you have ſeen
" *A little man in ſhreds* ſtand at the winder,
" And ſeem to put all things in act about him,
" Lifting and pulling with a mighty ſtir,
" Yet adds no force to it, nor nothing does."

In *Lantern and Candle-light*, or *The Bellman's Second Night-walk*, &c. by Deckar, is a paſſage " of a new and cunning drawing of money from gentlemen," which may tend to a ſomewhat different explanation of the word—*ſtrike*: " There is another fraternitie of wandring pilgrims, who merrily call themſelves *Jackes of the clock-houſe*. The *jacke of a clock-houſe* goes upon ſcrews, and his office is to do nothing but *ſtrike*: ſo does this noiſe (for they walke up and down like fidlers) travaile with motions, and whatever their motions get them, is called *ſtriking*."

STEEVENS.

A Jack with ſuch a figure as Chapman hath deſcribed, was for many years exhibited, as a ſign, at the door of a White-Smith's ſhop in the narroweſt part of the Strand. HENLEY.

Theſe automatons were called *Jacks* of the clock-houſe, becauſe *Jack* in our author's time was a common appellation for a mean, contemptible fellow, employed by others in ſervile offices. See Vol. VI. p. 18, n. 8. MALONE.

Buck. Why, then reſolve me whe'r you will, or no.

K. Rich. Thou troubleſt me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt King* Richard *and Train.*

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep ſervice
With ſuch contempt? made I him king for this?
O, let me think on Haſtings; and be gone
To Brecknock,[4] while my fearful head is on.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The ſame.

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The moſt arch deed of piteous maſſacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton, and Forreſt, whom I did ſuborn
To do this piece of ruthleſs butchery,
Albeit they were fleſh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderneſs and mild compaſſion,
Wept like two children, in their death's ſad ſtory.
O thus, quoth Dighton, *lay the gentle babes,—*
Thus, thus, quoth Forreſt, *girdling one another*
Within their alabaſter innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roſes on a ſtalk,
Which, in their ſummer beauty, kiſs'd each other.

[4] *To Brecknock,*] To the Caſtle of Brecknock in Wales, where the Duke of Buckingham's eſtate lay. Malone.

A book of prayers on their pillow lay;[5]
Which once, quoth Forreſt, *almoſt chang'd my mind*;
But, O, the devil—there the villain ſtopp'd;
When Dighton thus told on,—*we ſmothered*
The moſt repleniſhed ſweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er ſhe fram'd.—
Hence both are gone with conſcience and remorſe,
They could not ſpeak; and ſo I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King RICHARD.

And here he comes:—All health, my ſovereign lord!

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happineſs, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didſt thou ſee them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

[5] *O thus, quoth* Dighton, *lay the gentle babes,*——
Thus, thus, quoth Forreſt, *girdling one another*
Within their alabaſter innocent arms:—
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;] Theſe circumſtances were probably adopted from the old ſong of *The moſt cruel Murther of Edward V.* &c. in *The Golden Garland of Princely Delight.* The thirteenth edition of this collection was publiſhed in 1690:

"When theſe ſweet children thus were laid in bed,
"And to the Lord their hearty prayers had ſaid,
"Sweet ſlumbring ſleep then cloſing up their eyes,
"Each folded in the other's arms then lies."

It muſt be owned, however, that there is nothing to aſſiſt us in aſcertaining the exact date of this and many other of our ancient ballads. STEEVENS.

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to ſay the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, ſoon, at after ſupper,
When thou ſhalt tell the proceſs of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire.
Farewell, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. The ſon of Clarence have I pen'd up cloſe;[6]
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;[7]
The ſons of Edward ſleep in Abraham's boſom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond[8] aims

[6] *The ſon of Clarence have* I pen'd up cloſe;] In Sheriff Hutton Caſtle, Yorkſhire; where he remained till the coming of Henry VII. who immediately after the battle of Boſworth ſent him to the Tower, and ſome few years after, moſt treacherouſly and barbarouſly put him to death; being, from a total want of education and commerce with mankind, ſo ignorant, that he could not, according to Hall, diſcern a gooſe from a capon. With this unfortunate young nobleman ended the male line of the illuſtrious houſe of Plantagenet. Ritson.

[7] *His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage*;] To Sir Richard Pole, Knt. This lady, at ſeventy years of age, without any legal proceſs, and for no crime but her relation to the crown, was beheaded in the Tower by that ſanguinary tyrant Henry VIII. Her ſon, Lord Montague, had been put to death a few years before, in the ſame manner, and for the ſame crime; and the famous Cardinal Pole, another of her children, only eſcaped the fate of his mother and brother, by keeping out of the butcher's reach. Ritson.

[8] —— *the* Bretagne *Richmond* —] He thus denominates Richmond, becauſe after the battle of Tewkſbury he had taken refuge in the court of Francis II. Duke of Bretagne, where by the procurement of King Edward IV. he was kept a long time in a kind of honourable cuſtody. See note on ſc. iv. Malone.

At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

CATE. My lord,——

K. RICH. Good news or bad, that thou com'ſt in ſo bluntly?

CATE. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welſhmen,
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth.

K. RICH. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his raſh-levied ſtrength.
Come,—I have learn'd, that fearful commenting
Is leaden ſervitor[9] to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and ſnail-pac'd beggary:
Then fiery expedition[1] be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!
Go, muſter men: My counſel is my ſhield;
We muſt be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*

[9] ——*fearful commenting*
Is leaden ſervitor——] Timorous thought and cautious diſquiſition are the dull attendants on delay. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*fiery expedition*——] So, in *Hamlet*:
" —— muſt ſend thee hence
" With *fiery quickneſs*." STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.

The ſame. Before the Palace.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now proſperity begins to mellow,[2]
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
Here in theſe confines ſlily have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.
A dire induction[3] am I witneſs to,
And will to France; hoping, the conſequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret! who comes here?

Enter Queen ELIZABETH *and the Ducheſs of* YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
My unblown flowers, new-appearing ſweets!
If yet your gentle ſouls fly in the air,
And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation!

[2] —— *begins to mellow*, &c.] The ſame thought occurs in Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

" —— now is his fate *grown mellow*,
" Inſtant to fall into the *rotten jaws*
" Of chap-fall'n *death*." STEVENS.

[3] —— *dire* induction —] *Induction* is preface, introduction, firſt part. It is ſo uſed by Sackville in our author's time. JOHNSON.

Q. Mar. Hover about her; ſay, that right for right [4]
Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miſeries have craz'd my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is ſtill and mute,—
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from ſuch gentle lambs,
And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didſt thou ſleep,[5] when ſuch a deed was done?

[4] ——*ſay, that* right *for* right—] This is one of thoſe conceits which our author may be ſuſpected of loving better than propriety. *Right for right* is *juſtice anſwering to the claims of juſtice.* So, in this play:

" ——— That forehead
" Where ſhould be branded, if that *right were right*—."

JOHNSON.

In the third ſcene of the firſt Act, Margaret was reproached with the murder of young Rutland, and the death of her huſband and ſon were imputed to the divine vengeance rouſed by that wicked act: " So juſt is God to right the innocent." Margaret now perhaps means to ſay, The right of me, an injured mother, whoſe ſon was ſlain at Tewkſbury, has now operated as powerfully as that right which the death of Rutland gave you to divine juſtice, and has deſtroyed your children in their turn.

MALONE.

[5] *When didſt thou ſleep,* &c.] That is, When, before the preſent occaſion, didſt thou ever ſleep during the commiſſion of ſuch an action? Thus the only authentick copies now extant; the quarto, 1598, and the firſt folio. The editor of the ſecond folio changed *When* to *Why,* which has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors; though Margaret's anſwer evidently refers to the word found in the original copy. MALONE.

I have admitted this reading, though I am not quite certain of its authenticity. The reply of Margaret might have been deſigned as an interrogatory echo to the laſt words of the Queen.

STEEVENS.

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my ſweet ſon.

Duch. Dead life, blind ſight, poor mortal-living ghoſt,
Woe's ſcene, world's ſhame, grave's due by life uſurp'd,
Brief abſtract and record of tedious days,
Reſt thy unreſt on England's lawful earth,
[*Sitting down.*
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah, that thou would'ſt as ſoon afford a grave,
As thou canſt yield a melancholy ſeat;
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them here!
Ah, who hath any cauſe to mourn, but we?
[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient ſorrow be moſt reverent,
Give mine the benefit of ſeniory,[6]
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.[7]

This appears to be the true reading, as Margaret's next ſpeech is an anſwer to that queſtion that was not addreſſed to her.
M. Mason.

[6] ——*ſeniory,*] For *ſeniority.* Johnson.

So, in Stowe's *Chronicle,* edit 1615, p. 149:
" —the ſon of Edmund, the ſon of Edward the *ſeignior,* the ſon of Alured," &c. Steevens.

The word in the quarto is *ſignorie,* in the folio *ſigneury,* and it has been printed *ſigniory* in the late editions: but as in general modern ſpelling has been adopted, I know not why the ancient mode ſhould be adhered to in this particular inſtance. In *The Comedy of Errors,* Act I. ſc. the laſt, *ſenior* has been properly printed by all the modern editors, though the words in the old copy are—" We'll draw cuts for the *ſignior.*" The ſubſtantive in the text is evidently formed by our author from hence.
Malone.

[7] *And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.*] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

If ſorrow can admit ſociety,
[*Sitting down with them.*
Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a huſband,[8] till a Richard kill'd him:
Thou hadſt an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadſt a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didſt kill him;
I had a Rutland too, thou holp'ſt to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadſt a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.
From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work;
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
That reigns[9] in galled eyes of weeping ſouls,
Thy womb let looſe, to chaſe us to our graves.—
O upright, juſt, and true-diſpoſing God,

" By this ſtarts Collatine as from a dream,
" And bids Lucretius *give his ſorrows place.*"

MALONE.

[8] *I had a husband,*] The quarto has—a *Richard,* which the editor of the folio corrected by ſubſtituting—*a husband.* I believe Shakſpeare wrote—*I* had a *Henry.* In a ſubſequent ſpeech in this ſcene, p. 472, l. 2: " *my* brother" being printed in the quarto by miſtake, inſtead of " *thy* brother," the editor of the folio corrected the wrong word, and printed—my *husband.*

MALONE.

[9] *That reigns* &c.] This and the preceding line have been omitted by all the modern editors, Rowe excepted. STEEVENS.

Theſe two lines are found only in the folio, and are there tranſpoſed. They were rightly arranged by Mr. Steevens.

MALONE.

How do I thank thee, that this carnal[1] cur
Preys on the iſſue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow[2] with others' moan!

Duch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes;
God witneſs with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot,[3] becauſe both they
Match not the high perfection of my loſs.

[1] —— *carnal*—] This word, in the preſent inſtance, may ſignify *carnivorous*, though in *Hamlet* it is uſed for *ſlaughterous*: "Of *carnal*, bloody, and unnatural acts." Steevens.

[2] *And makes her* pew-fellow —] *Pew-fellow* ſeems to be companion. We have now a new phraſe, nearly equivalent, by which we ſay of perſons in the ſame difficulties, that they are in *the ſame box*. Johnson.

Pew-fellow is a word yet in uſe. Sir J. Hawkins.

I find this compound word in *Northward Hoe*, a comedy, by Decker and Webſter, 1607: "He would make him *pue-fellow* with a lord's ſteward at leaſt."

Again, in *Weſtward-Hoe*, by the ſame authors, 1606:

"—— being both my ſcholars, and your honeſt *pue-fellows*."

I remember to have ſeen in ancient Flemiſh prints repreſenting Schools, certain incloſures holding different claſſes of boys, who, probably, from this circumſtance, were ſtyled *pew-fellows*.

In our places of worſhip perhaps *pews* in general are modern conveniences, compared with the age of the buildings that contain them. Our hardy anceſtors chiefly ſat on open benches, ſuch are ſtill remaining in the Pit at Great Saint Mary's, Cambridge. Steevens.

[3] *Young York he is but* boot,] *Boot* is that which is thrown in to mend a purchaſe. Johnson.

Thy Clarence he is dead, that ſtabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this tragick play,
The adulterate Haſtings,[4] Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely ſmother'd in their duſky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
Only reſerv'd their factor, to buy ſouls,
And ſend them thither: But at hand, at hand,
Enſues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, ſaints pray,[5]
To have him ſuddenly convey'd from hence:—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to ſay, The dog is dead!

Q. Eliz. O, thou didſt prophecy, the time would come,
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to help me curſe
That bottled ſpider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flouriſh of my fortune;
I call'd thee then, poor ſhadow, painted queen;
The preſentation of but what I was,

[4] *The* adulterate *Haſtings,*] I believe Shakſpeare wrote: *The* adulterer *Haſtings,*——. Warburton.

Adulterate is right. We ſay *metals* are *adulterate*; and *adulterate* ſometimes means the ſame as *adulterer*. In either ſenſe, on this occaſion, the epithet will ſuit. Haſtings was *adulterate*, as Margaret has tried his friendſhip and found it faithleſs; he was an *adulterer*, as he cohabited with Jane Shore during the life of her huſband. So, the Ghoſt in *Hamlet*, ſpeaking of the King, ſays:

"——that inceſtuous, that *adulterate* beaſt."

Steevens.

[5] *Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, ſaints pray,*] This imperfect line is not injudiciouſly completed by ſome former editor:

Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar for him; *ſaints pray, To have* &c. Steevens.

The flattering index of a direful pageant,[6]
One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou waſt; a gariſh flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous ſhot;[7]
A ſign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jeſt, only to fill the ſcene.
Where is thy huſband now? where be thy brothers?
Where be thy two ſons? wherein doſt thou jo[illegible]?
Who ſues, and kneels, and ſays—God ſave the queen?
Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?[8]
Where be the throngings troops that follow'd thee?
Decline all this,[9] and ſee what now thou art.
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the nam[illegible]:
For one being ſued to, one that humbly ſues;

[6] *The flattering* index *of a direful* pageant,] *Pageants* are dumb ſhows, and the poet meant to allude to one of theſe, the index of which promiſed a happier concluſion. The pageants then diſplayed on publick occaſions were generally preceded by a brief account of the order in which the characters were to walk. Theſe indexes were diſtributed among the ſpectators, that they might underſtand the meaning of ſuch allegorical ſtuff as was uſually exhibited. The index of every book was anciently placed before the beginning of it. STEEVENS.

[7] ——— *a gariſh flag,*
To be the aim of every dangerous ſhot;] Alluding to the dangerous ſituation of thoſe perſons to whoſe care the ſtandards of armies were entruſted. STEEVENS.

[8] *Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?*] Mr. Rowe has transferred this queſtion to Alicia in *Jane Shore:*

" —— where is the king ——
" And all the ſmiling cringing train of courtiers,
" That bent the knee before thee?" STEEVENS.

[9] Decline *all this,*] i. e. run through all this from firſt to laſt. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:* " I'll *decline* the whole queſtion." This phraſe the poet borrowed from his grammar. MALONE.

For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care:
For one that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me;
For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the courſe of juſtice wheel'd about,[1]
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
Thou didſt uſurp my place, And doſt thou not
Uſurp the juſt proportion of my ſorrow?
Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
From which even here I ſlip my wearied head,
And leave the burden of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife,—and queen of ſad miſ-
chance,—
Theſe Engliſh woes ſhall make me ſmile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well ſkill'd in curſes, ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to ſleep the night, and faſt[2] the day;
Compare dead happineſs with living woe;
Think that thy babes were fairer[3] than they were,
And he, that ſlew them, fouler than he is:
Bettering thy loſs makes the bad-cauſer worſe;[4]
Revolving this will teach thee how to curſe.

[1] —— wheel'd *about,*] Thus the quartos. The folio—*whirl'd* about. Steevens.

[2] *Forbear to ſleep—and* faſt—] *Faſt* has no connection with the preceding word *forbear*; the meaning being,—Sleep not at night, and faſt during the day. The quarto reads—to ſleep the *nights*, and faſt the *days*. Malone.

[3] —— *were* fairer—] So the quarto. The folio reads—*ſweeter*. Malone.

[4] *Bettering thy loſs* makes *the bad-cauſer worſe*;] We muſt either read this line thus:—

Q. Eliz. My words are dull, O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them ſharp, and pierce like mine.

[*Exit Q.* Margaret.

Duch. Why ſhould calamity be full of words?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,[5]
Airy ſucceeders of inteſtate joys,[6]
Poor breathing orators of miſeries!
Let them have ſcope: though what they do impart
Help nothing elſe, yet do they eaſe the heart.[7]

Bettering thy loſs, make *the bad-cauſer worſe.* which I believe to be the true reading, or include it in a parentheſis. M. Mason.

[5] Duch. *Why ſhould calamity be full of words?*
Q. Eliz. *Windy* attorneys *to their* client woes,] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

" So of concealed ſorrow may be ſaid:
" Free vent of words love's fire doth aſſuage;
" But when the heart's *attorney* once is mute,
" The *client* breaks as deſperate of his ſuit."

The quarto reads—*your client* woes. The folio—*their clients* woes. Malone.

[6] *Airy ſucceeders of* inteſtate *joys,*] As I cannot underſtand the reading of the folio—*inteſtine,* I have adopted another from the quarto in 1597:

Airy ſucceeders of inteſtate *joys:*

i. e. words, turn'd to complaints, ſucceed joys that are dead; and unbequeathed to them, to whom they ſhould properly deſcend.
Theobald.

The metaphor is extremely harſh. The joys already poſſeſſed being all conſumed and paſſed away, are ſuppoſed to have died inteſtate, that is, to have made no will, having nothing to bequeath; and more verbal complaints are their ſucceſſors, but inherit nothing but miſery. Malone.

[7] —— *though what they do impart*
Help nothing elſe, yet do they eaſe the heart.] So, in *Macbeth:*

Duch. If ſo, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's ſmother
My damned ſon, that thy two ſweet ſons ſmother'd.
[*Drum, within.*
I hear his drum,—be copious in exclaims.

Enter King Richard, *and his Train, marching.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duch. O, ſhe, that might have intercepted thee,
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed womb,
From all the ſlaughters, wretch, that thou haſt done.

Q. Eliz. Hid'ſt thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where ſhould be branded, if that right were right,
The ſlaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,[8]
And the dire death of my poor ſons, and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-ſlave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence?
And little Ned Plantagenet, his ſon?

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Duch. Where is kind Haſtings?

K. Rich. A flouriſh, trumpets!—ſtrike alarum, drums!

" Give ſorrow words; the grief that does not ſpeak,
" Whiſpers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break."
The quarto reads—Help *not at all*,—. Malone.

[8] —— *that* ow'd *that crown*,] i. e. that poſſeſſed it. So, in *King John*:
" Which *owe* the crown that thou o'ermaſtereſt."
Steevens.

Let not the heavens hear theſe tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike, I ſay.—
[*Flouriſh. Alarums.*
Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my ſon?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourſelf.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,[9]
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me ſpeak.

K. Rich. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother; for I am in haſte.

Duch. Art thou ſo haſty? I have ſtaid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'ſt it well,
Thou cam'ſt on earth to make the earth my hell.
A grievous burden was thy birth to me;

[9] —— *a* touch *of your* condition,] A *ſpice* or *particle* of your *temper* or *diſpoſition*. Johnson.

So, in Chapman's tranſlation of the 24th *Iliad*:

" —— his cold blood embrac'd a fiery *touch*
" Of anger," &c.

Again, in the thirteenth *Iliad*:

" —— if any *touch* appear
" Of glory in thee:—" Steevens.

Tetchy [1] and wayward was thy infancy;
Thy ſchool-days, frightful, deſperate, wild, and furious;
Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold, and venturous;
Thy age confirm'd, proud, ſubtle, ſly, and bloody,
More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:
What comfortable hour canſt thou name,
That ever grac'd me [2] in thy company?

K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour,[3] that call'd your grace

[1] *Tetchy*—] Is touchy, peeviſh, fretful, ill-temper'd. Ritson.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"To ſee it *tetchy*, and fall out with the dug—." Steevens.

[2] *That ever* grac'd *me*—] To *grace* ſeems here to mean the ſame as to *bleſs*, to make happy. So, *gracious* is kind, and *graces* are favours. Johnson.

We find the ſame expreſſion in *Macbeth:*

"Pleaſe it your highneſs
"To *grace* us with your royal company." Steevens.

[3] —— *Humphrey Hour,*] This may probably be an alluſion to ſome affair of gallantry of which the Ducheſs had been ſuſpected. I cannot find the name in Holinſhed. Surely the poet's fondneſs for a quibble has not induced him at once to perſonify and chriſten that *hour* of the day which ſummon'd his mother to breakfaſt.

So, in *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604: "Gentlemen, time makes us brief: our old miſtreſs, *Houre*, is at hand."

Shakſpeare might indeed by this ſtrange phraſe (*Humphrey Hour*) have deſigned to mark the hour at which the good Ducheſs was as hungry as the followers of *Duke Humphrey*.

The common cant phraſe of *dining with Duke Humphrey*, I have never yet heard ſatisfactorily explained. It appears, however, from a ſatirical pamphlet called *The Guls Horn-booke*, 1609, written by T. Deckar, that in the ancient church of St. Paul, one of the aiſles was called *Duke Humphrey's Walk*; in which thoſe who had no means of procuring a dinner, affected to loiter. Deckar concludes his fourth chapter thus: "By this, I imagine you have walked your bellyful, and thereupon being weary, or

To breakfaſt once, forth of my company.
If I be ſo diſgracious in your ſight,

(which is rather, I beleeve,) being moſt gentleman-like hungry, it is fit that as I brought you unto the *duke*, ſo (becauſe he followes the faſhion of great men in *keeping no houſe*, and that therefore you muſt go *ſeeke your dinner*,) ſuffer me to take you by the hand and leade you into an ordinary." The title of this chapter is, "How a gallant ſhould behave himſelf in *Powles Walkes*."

Hall, in the 7th *Satire*, B. III. ſeems to confirm this interpretation:

"'Tis Ruffio: Trow'ſt thou where he din'd to-day?
"In ſooth I ſaw him ſit with *duke Humfray*:
"Manie good welcoms, and much gratis cheere,
"Keeps he for everie ſtragling cavaliere;
"An open houſe haunted with greate reſort,
"*Long ſervice* mixt with *muſicall diſport*," &c.
Hall's *Satires*, edit. 1602, p. 60.

See likewiſe *Foure Letters* and certain *Sonnets*, by Gabriel Harvey, 1592:

"—to ſeeke his dinner in Poules with *duke Humphrey*: to licke diſhes, to be a beggar."

Again, in *The Return of the Knight of the Poſt*, &c. by Naſh, 1606: "—in the end comming into Poules, to behold the old *duke and his gueſts*," &c.

Again, in *A wonderful, ſtrange, and miraculous Prognoſtication, for this Year*, &c. 1591, by Naſh: "—ſundry fellowes in their ſilkes ſhall be appointed to keepe *duke Humfrye* company in Poules, becauſe they know not where to get their dinners abroad."

If it be objected that *duke Humphrey* was buried at St. Albans, let it likewiſe be remembered that cenotaphs were not uncommon.
STEEVENS.

It appears from Stowe's *Survey*, 1598, that *Sir John Bewcampe*, ſon to Guy, and brother to Thomas, Earls of Warwick, who died in 1358, had "a faire monument" on the ſouth ſide of the body of St. Paul's Church. "He," ſays Stowe, "is by ignorant people miſnamed to be *Humphrey Duke of Gloſter*, who lyeth honourably buried at Saint Albans, twentie miles from London: And therefore ſuch as merily profeſſe themſelues to ſerue Duke Humphrey in Powles, are to bee puniſhed here, and ſent to Saint Albons, there to be puniſhed againe, for theyr abſence from theyr maiſter, as they call him." RITSON.

Humphrey Hour,] I believe nothing more than a quibble was

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum.

Duch. I pr'ythee, hear me ſpeak.

K. Rich. You ſpeak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word;
For I ſhall never ſpeak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's juſt ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;
Or I with grief and extreme age ſhall periſh,
And never look upon thy face again.
Therefore, take with thee my moſt heavy curſe;
Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
Than all the cómplete armour that thou wear'ſt!
My prayers on the adverſe party fight;
And there the little ſouls of Edward's children
Whiſper the ſpirits of thine enemies,
And promiſe them ſucceſs and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;
Shame ſerves thy life,[4] and doth thy death attend.
[*Exit.*

Q. Eliz. Though far more cauſe, yet much leſs ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me; I ſay amen to her. [*Going.*

K Rich. Stay, madam,[5] I muſt ſpeak a word with you.

meant. In our poet's twentieth Sonnet we find a ſimilar conceit, a quibble between *hues* (colours) and *Hughes*, (formerly ſpoken *Hewes*) the perſon addreſſed. Malone.

[4] *Shame ſerves thy life.*] To *ſerve* is to *accompany*, ſervants being near the perſons of their maſters. Johnson.

[5] *Stay, madam,*] On this dialogue as no ingenuity to beſtow much criticiſm, part of it is ridiculous, and the whole improbable. Johnson.

Q. Eliz. I have no more ſons of the royal blood,
For thee to murder: for my daughters, Richard,—
They ſhall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd—Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And muſt ſhe die for this? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, ſtain her beauty;
Slander myſelf, as falſe to Edward's bed;
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So ſhe may live unſcarr'd of bleeding ſlaughter,
I will confeſs ſhe was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, ſhe is of royal blood.[6]

Q. Eliz. To ſave her life, I'll ſay—ſhe is not ſo.

K. Rich. Her life is ſafeſt only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that ſafety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births[7] good ſtars were oppoſite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

I cannot agree with Dr. Johnſon's opinion. I ſee nothing ridiculous in any part of this dialogue; and with reſpect to probability, it was not unnatural that Richard, who by his art and wheedling tongue, had prevailed on Lady Anne to marry him in her heart's extremeſt grief, ſhould hope to perſuade an ambitious, and, as he thought her, a wicked woman, to conſent to his marriage with her daughter, which would make her a queen, and aggrandize her family. M. Mason.

[6] ——*ſhe is of royal blood.*] The folio reads—ſhe is *a royal princeſs*. Steevens.

[7] *Lo, at their births*—] Perhaps we ſhould read—*No, 'at* their births—. Tyrwhitt.

K. Rich. All unavoided[8] is the doom of deſtiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes deſtiny:
My babes were deſtin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſs'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You ſpeak, as if that I had ſlain my couſins.

Q. Eliz. Couſins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whoſe hands ſoever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:[9]
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy ſtone-hard heart,[1]
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that ſtill uſe[2] of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue ſhould to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in ſuch a deſperate bay of death,

[8] *All* unavoided *&c.*] i. e. unavoidable So, before:
" Whoſe *unavoided* eye is dangerous." Malone.

[9] *Thy head, all* indirectly, *gave* direction:] This is a jingle in which Shakſpeare perhaps found more delight than his readers. So, in *Hamlet:*
" By *indirections* find *directions* out."
The ſame oppoſition of words occurs alſo in *King John.* Steevens.

[1] *Till it was whetted on thy ſtone-hard heart,*] This conceit ſeems alſo to have been a great favourite of our author. We meet with it more than once. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:
" Thou hid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts,
" Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtony heart,
" To ſtab," &c.
Again, in *The Merchant of Venice:*
" Not on thy ſole, but on thy ſoul, harſh Jew,
" Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen——." Steevens.

[2] —— ſtill *uſe*—] i. e. conſtant uſe. So, in *K. Richard II:*
" A generation of *ſtill* breeding thoughts." Steevens.

Like a poor bark, of ſails and tackling reft,
Ruſh all to pieces on thy rocky boſom.

K. Rich. Madam, ſo thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous ſucceſs of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be diſcover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to ſome ſcaffold, there to loſe their heads?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type[3] of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my ſorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what ſtate, what dignity, what honour,
Canſt thou demiſe[4] to any child of mine?

[3] *The high imperial* type —] *Type* is exhibition, ſhow, diſplay. JOHNSON.

I think it means *emblem*, one of its uſual ſignifications.—By the imperial *type* of *glory*, Richard means a *crown*. M. MASON.

The canopy placed over a pulpit is ſtill called by architects a *type*. It is, I apprehend, in a ſimilar ſenſe that the word is here uſed. HENLEY.

Bullokar, in his *Expoſitor*, 1616, defines *Type*—"A figure, form, or likeneſs of any thing." Cawdrey in his *Alphabetical Table*, &c. 1604, calls it—"figure, example, or ſhadowe of any thing." The word is uſed in *King Henry VI.* P. III. as here:

"Thy father bears the *type* of king of Naples."

MALONE.

[4] *Canſt thou* demiſe —] To *demiſe* is *to grant*, from *demittere*, to devolve a right from one to another. STEEVENS.

The conſtant language of leaſes is, "—*demiſed*, granted, and to farm let." But I believe the word is uſed by no poet but

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myſelf and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry ſoul
Thou drown the ſad remembrance of thoſe wrongs,[5]
Which, thou ſuppoſeſt, I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, leſt that the proceſs of thy kindneſs
Laſt longer telling than thy kindneſs' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my ſoul, I love thy daughter,

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her ſoul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou doſt love my daughter, from thy ſoul:
So, from thy ſoul's love, didſt thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not ſo haſty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my ſoul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who doſt thou mean ſhall be her king?

K. Rich. Even he, that makes her queen: Who elſe ſhould be?

Shakſpeare. For *demiſe*, the reading of the quarto, and firſt folio, the editor of the ſecond folio arbitrarily ſubſtituted *deviſe*. MALONE.

[5] *So in the* Lethe *of thy angry ſoul*
Thou drown the ſad remembrance of thoſe wrongs,] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:
"*May this be* waſh'd *in* Lethe *and forgotten?*"
STEEVENS.

Q. Eliz. What, thou?

K. Rich. Even ſo: What think you of it, madam?[6]

Q. Eliz. How canſt thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being beſt acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.[7]

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that ſlew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave,
Edward, and York; then, haply, will ſhe weep:
Therefore preſent to her,—as ſometime Margaret[8]
Did to thy father, ſteep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, ſay to her, did drain
The purple ſap from her ſweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'ſt away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her ſake,
Mad'ſt quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

[6] Even ſo: *What think you of it, madam?*] Thus the folio, except that it reads—*how* inſtead of *what*. The quarto, without attention to the broken verſe preceding:

I, even I: *what think you of it, madam?*

"I am not (ſays Mr. Malone,) ſure whether it ſhould not be printed, *Ay*, even I." STEEVENS.

[7] Madam, *with all my heart.*] I ſuppoſe the word—*Madam*, may be ſafely omitted, as it violates the meaſure. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *as ſometime Margaret* —] Here is another reference to the plays of *Henry VI.* JOHNSON.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way;
Unleſs thou could'ſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did[9] all this for love of her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, ſhe cannot chooſe but have thee,[1]
Having bought love with ſuch a bloody ſpoil.[2]

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended:
Men ſhall deal unadviſedly ſometimes,
Which after-hours give leiſure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your ſons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the iſſue of your womb,
To quicken your increaſe, I will beget
Mine iſſue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little leſs in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children, but one ſtep below,

[9] *Say, that I did* &c.] This and the following fifty-four lines, ending with the words *tender years*, in p. 469, are found only in the folio. Malone.

[1] *Nay, then indeed, ſhe cannot chooſe but* have *thee*,] [Old copy—*hate*.] The ſenſe ſeems to require that we ſhould read:

——— *but* love *thee*,

ironically. Tyrwhitt.

As this is evidently ſpoken ironically, I agree with Tyrwhitt, that the preſent reading is corrupt, but ſhould rather amend it by reading "*have* you," than "*love* you;" as the word *have* is more likely to have been miſtaken for *hate*, the traces of the letters being nearly the ſame. M. Mason.

As this conjecture is, in my opinion, at once fortunate and judicious, I have placed it in the text. A ſomewhat correſponding error had happened in *Coriolanus*, laſt ſpeech of ſcene iv. Act IV. where *have* was apparently given inſtead of—*hate*. Steevens.

[2] ——— *bloody ſpoil.*] *Spoil* is waſte, havock. Johnson.

Even of your mettle, of your very blood;[3]
Of all one pain,—ſave for a night of groans
Endur'd of her,[4] for whom you bid like ſorrow.[5]
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine ſhall be a comfort to your age.
The loſs, you have, is but—a ſon being king,
And, by that loſs, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept ſuch kindneſs as I can.
Dorſet, your ſon, that, with a fearful ſoul,
Leads diſcontented ſteps in foreign ſoil,
This fair alliance quickly ſhall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter,—
wife,
Familiarly ſhall call thy Dorſet—brother;
Again ſhall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of diſtreſsful times

[3] *Even of your* mettle, *of your very blood*;] The folio has—*mettal*. The two words are frequently confounded in the old copies. That *mettle* was the word intended here, appears from various other paſſages. So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——Thy undaunted *mettle* ſhould compoſe
" Nothing but males."

Again, in *King Richard II*:

" —— that bed, that womb,
" That *mettle*, that ſelf-mould that faſhion'd thee,
" Made him a man."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

" ——Common mother, thou,
" Whoſe womb unmeaſurable, and infinite breaſt,
" Teems and feeds all, whoſe ſelf-ſame *mettle*
" Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,
" Engenders the black toad," &c. MALONE.

[4] *Endur'd* of *her*,] *Of* in the language of Shakſpeare's age was frequently uſed for *by*. MALONE.

[5] —— bid *like ſorrow*.] *Bid* is in the paſt tenſe from *bide*. JOHNSON.

Repair'd with double riches of content.
What! we have many goodly days to ſee:
The liquid drops of tears that you have ſhed,
Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
Advantaging their loan, with intereſt
Of ten-times-double gain of happineſs.[6]
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
Make bold her bathful years with your experience;
Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart the aſpiring flame
Of golden ſov'reignty; acquaint the princeſs
With the ſweet ſilent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath chaſtiſed
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retail my conqueſt won,[7]
And ſhe ſhall be ſole victreſs, Cæſar's Cæſar.

Q. Eliz. What were I beſt to ſay? her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or ſhall I ſay, her uncle?

[6] *Advantaging their* loan, *with intereſt*
Of ten-times-double gain of happineſs.] [The folio—*love.*] My eaſy emendation will convince every reader that *love* and *lone* are made out of one another only by a letter turned upſide down. *The tears that you have* lent *to your afflictions, ſhall be turned into gems; and requite you by way of* intereſt, &c.
THEOBALD.

How often the letters u and n are confounded in theſe copies, has been ſhown in various places. See Vol. V. p. 191, n. 3; and note on *Timon of Athens,* Act IV. ſc. iii. Vol. XIX.
MALONE.

[7] *To whom I will* retail *my conqueſt won.*] To *retail* (as Mr. M. Maſon has obſerved in a note on Act III. ſc. i. p. 370, n. 8,) is to hand down from one to another. Richard, in the preſent inſtance, means to ſay he will *tranſmit* the benefit of his victories to Elizabeth. STEEVENS.

Or, he that ſlew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title ſhall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make ſeem pleaſing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtill laſting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King forbids.[8]

K. Rich. Say, ſhe ſhall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlaſtingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long ſhall that title, ever, laſt?[9]

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly ſhall her ſweet life laſt?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her ſov'reign, am her ſubject low.[1]

[8] —— *which the king's King forbids.*] Alluding to the prohibition in the Levitical law. See *Leviticus*, xviii. 14. Grey.

[9] *But how long ſhall that title, ever, laſt?*] Young has borrowed this thought in his *Univerſal Paſſion:*

"But ſay, my all, my miſtreſs, and my friend,
"What day next week th' eternity ſhall end?"

Steevens.

[1] —— *am her ſubject* low.] Thus the folio. The quarto reads:
—— *her ſubject* love. Steevens.

Q. Eliz. But ſhe, your ſubject, loaths ſuch ſov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.[2]

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honeſt, is too harſh a ſtyle.

K. Rich. Your reaſons are too ſhallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reaſons are too deep and dead ;—

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not[3] on that ſtring, madam ; that is paſt.

[2] *Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.*] So the quarto. The folio reads :

" Then plainly to her tell my loving tale." MALONE.

[3] *Harp not* &c.] In the regulation of theſe ſhort ſpeeches I have followed the quarto 1597. STEEVENS.

K. Rich. *Harp not on that ſtring, madam ; that is paſt.*

Q. Eliz. *Harp on it ſtill ſhall I,* &c.] In the quarto, 1598, the firſt of theſe two lines is wanting. The paſſage ſtands thus :

" *Qu.* O, no, my reaſons, &c.

" Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

" *King.* Harp on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings break.

" Now by my george," &c.

The printer of the next quarto ſaw that the line—" Harp on it ſtill ſhall I," &c. could not belong to Richard, and therefore annexed it to the Queen's former ſpeech, but did not inſert the omitted line.

The editor of the folio ſupplied the line that was wanting, but abſurdly miſplaced it, and exhibited the paſſage thus :

" *Qu.* O, no, my reaſons are too deep and dead ;

" Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

" Harp on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings break.

" *King.* Harp not on that ſtring, madam, that is paſt.

" Now by my george," &c.

The text is formed from the quarto, and the folio. MALONE.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, diſhonour'd, and the third uſurp'd.

K. Rich. I ſwear.

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.
Thy George, profan'd, hath loſt his holy honour;
Thy garter,[4] blemiſh'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, uſurp'd, diſgrac'd his kingly glory:
If ſomething thou would'ſt ſwear to be believ'd,
Swear then by ſomething that thou haſt not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world,—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that diſhonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myſelf,—

Q. Eliz. Thyſelf is ſelf-miſ-us'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by God,—

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is moſt of all.
If thou had'ſt fear'd to break an oath by him,[5]

[4] Thy *George, profan'd, hath loſt his* holy *honour*;
Thy *garter*, &c.] The quarto reads—*The* George, &c. The folio—*Thy* George; &c. and, afterwards,—*lordly* inſtead of—*holy*. STEEVENS.

[5] God's *wrong is moſt of all.*
If thou had'ſt fear'd to break an oath by him, &c.] I have followed the quarto, except that it reads in the preceding ſpeech, Why then, by *God*—. The editors of the folio, from the apprehenſion of the penalty of the Statute, 3 Jac. I. c. 21. printed "Why then by *heaven*,"—and the whole they abſurdly exhibited thus:

The unity, the king thy brother made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother ſlain.[6]
If thou had'ſt fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bed-fellows for duſt,[7]
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.[8]
What canſt thou ſwear by now?

K. Rich. By the time to come.[9]

Q. Eliz. That thou haſt wronged in the time o'er-paſt;
For I myſelf have many tears to waſh
Hereafter time, for time paſt, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaughter'd,

" *Rich.* Why then, by *heaven*.
" *Qu. Heaven's* wrong is moſt of all.
" If thou *didſt fear* to break an oath *with him*,
" The unity," &c.
" If thou hadſt fear'd to break an oath *by him*,
" The imperial metal," &c.

By their alteration in the firſt line of the Queen's ſpeech, they made all that follows ungrammatical. The change in the preceding ſpeech, not having that conſequence, I have adopted it. MALONE.

[6] —— *the king thy* brother *made*,
Had not been *broken, nor my brother* ſlain.] The quarto, by an error of the preſs, has—*my* brother, which the editor of the folio corrected thus:

The unity the king, my huſband, *made*,
Thou hadſt not broken, nor my brothers *died*. MALONE.

[7] *Which now*, two *tender bed-fellows* &c.] Mr Roderick obſerves, that the word *two* is without any force, and would read:

Which now too *tender* &c. STEEVENS.

Thus the folio. The quarto—two tender *play*-fellows. MALONE.

[8] —— a *prey for worms*.] So the quarto. Folio—*the* prey. MALONE.

[9] By *the time to come*.] So the quarto. *By* is not in the folio. MALONE.

Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age:[1]
The parents live, whoſe children thou haſt butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
Swear not by time to come; for that thou haſt
Miſus'd ere uſed, by times ill-us'd o'er paſt.

K. Rich. As I intend to proſper, and repent!
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt[2]
Of hoſtile arms! myſelf myſelf confound!
Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours![3]
Day, yield me not thy light; nor, night, thy reſt!
Be oppoſite all planets of good luck
To my proceeding, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
In her conſiſts my happineſs, and thine;
Without her, follows to myſelf, and thee,
Herſelf, the land, and many a chriſtian ſoul,
Death, deſolation, ruin, and decay:
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I muſt call you ſo,)
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deſerts, but what I will deſerve:
Urge the neceſſity and ſtate of times,
And be not peeviſh[4] found in great deſigns.

[1] —— *to wail it* in *their age*:] So the quarto, 1598. The quarto, 1602, &c. and the folio, read—*with* their age. MALONE.

[2] —— *in my dangerous* attempt—] So the quarto Folio—dangerous *affairs*. MALONE.

[3] *Heaven, and fortune, bar me happy hours!*] This line is found only in the folio. MALONE.

[4] *And be not* peeviſh *found*—] Thus the folio—*Peeviſh* in our

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myſelf, to be myſelf?

K. Rich. Ay, if your ſelf's remembrance wrong yourſelf.

Q. Eliz. But thou didſt kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them:
Where, in that neſt of ſpicery, they ſhall breed[5]
Selves of themſelves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very ſhortly,[6]
And you ſhall underſtand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiſs, and ſo farewell.

[*Kiſſing her. Exit Q.* Elizabeth.

author's time ſignified *fooliſh*. So, in the ſecond ſcene of this Act:

"When Richmond was a little *peeviſh* boy,—."

See alſo Minſheu's Dict. in v. The quarto reads—peeviſh *fond*, and I am not ſure that it is not right. A compound epithet might have been intended, *peeviſh-fond*. So *childiſh-fooliſh*, *ſenſeleſs-obſtinate*, *fooliſh-witty*, &c. Malone.

I believe the preſent reading is the true one. So, in *King Henry VIII*:

"——have great care
"I *be not found* a talker." Steevens.

[5] —— *in that neſt of ſpicery, they* ſhall *breed*—] Alluding to the phœnix. Steevens.

So the quarto. The folio reads—they *will* breed. Malone.

[6] ——*ſhortly*,] This adverb, in the preſent inſtance, is employed as a triſyllable. See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, Vol. IV. p. 202. Steevens.

Relenting fool, and ſhallow, changing—woman![7]
How now? what news?

Enter RATCLIFF; CATESBY *following*.

RAT. Moſt mighty ſovereign, on the weſtern coaſt
Rideth a puiſſant navy; to the ſhore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unreſolv'd to beat them back:
'Tis thought, that Richmond is their admiral;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham, to welcome them aſhore.

K. RICH. Some light-foot friend poſt to the duke[8] of Norfolk:—
Ratcliff, thyſelf,—or Cateſby; where is he?

CATE. Here, my good lord.

K. RICH. Cateſby, fly to the duke.

CATE. I will, my lord, with all convenient haſte.

K. RICH. Ratcliff, come hither:[9] Poſt to Saliſbury;
When thou com'ſt thither,—Dull unmindful villain, [*To* CATESBY.
Why ſtay'ſt thou here, and go'ſt not to the duke?

[7] *Relenting fool, and ſhallow, changing—woman!*] Such was the real character of this Queen dowager, who would have married her daughter to King Richard, and did all in her power to alienate the Marquis of Dorſet, her ſon, from the Earl of Richmond. STEEVENS.

[8] *Some light-foot friend poſt to the duke*—] Richard's precipitation and confuſion is in this ſcene very happily repreſented by inconſiſtent orders, and ſudden variations of opinion. JOHNSON.

[9] *Ratcliff, come hither:*] The folio has—*Catesby*, come hither. The words are not in the quarto. It is obvious that they are addreſſed to Ratcliff. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highneſs' pleaſure,
What from your grace I ſhall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Cateſby;—Bid him levy ſtraight
The greateſt ſtrength and power he can make,
And meet me ſuddenly at Saliſbury.

Cate. I go. [*Exit.*

Rat. What, may it pleaſe you, ſhall I do at Saliſbury?

K. Rich. Why, what would'ſt thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your highneſs told me, I ſhould poſt before.

Enter Stanley.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to pleaſe you with the hearing;
Nor none ſo bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad!
What need'ſt thou run ſo many miles about,
When thou may'ſt tell thy tale the neareſt way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the ſeas.

K. Rich. There let him ſink, and be the ſeas on him!
White-liver'd runagate,[1] what doth he there?

[1] White-liver'd *runagate,*] This epithet, deſcriptive of cowardice, is not peculiar to Shakſpeare. Stephen Goſſon in his *School of Abuſe*, 1579, ſpeaking of the Helots, ſays:
"Leave thoſe precepts to the *white-livered* Hylotes."
Steevens.

Stan. I know not, mighty ſovereign, but by gueſs.

K. Rich. Well, as you gueſs?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorſet, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the ſword unſway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unpoſſeſs'd?
What heir of York[2] is there alive, but we?
And who is England's king, but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the ſeas?

Stan. Unleſs for that, my liege, I cannot gueſs.

K. Rich. Unleſs for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot gueſs wherefore the Welſhman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege;[3] therefore miſtruſt me not.

[2] *What heir of York*—] i. e. What ſon of Richard Duke of York? Ritson.

Richard aſks this queſtion in the plenitude of power, and no one dares to anſwer him. But they whom he addreſſes, had they not been intimidated, might have told him, that there was a male heir of the houſe of York alive, who had a better claim to the throne than he; Edward Earl of Warwick, the only ſon of the Uſurper's elder brother. George Duke of Clarence; and Elizabeth, the eldeſt daughter of Edward IV. and all her ſiſters, had a better title than either of them. Malone.

The iſſue of King Edward had been pronounced *illegitimate*, the Duke of Clarence *attainted of high treaſon*,—and the uſurper declared "the *undoubted heir of Richard duke of York*,"—by *act of parliament*: ſo that, as far as ſuch a proceeding can alter the conſtitution, and legalize uſurpation and murder, he is perfectly correct and unanſwerable. Ritson.

[3] *No, mighty liege;*] So the quarto. Folio—No, *my good lord*. Malone.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the weſtern ſhore,
Safe-cónducting the rebels from their ſhips?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: What do they in the north,
When they ſhould ſerve their ſovereign in the weſt?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king:
Pleaſeth your majeſty to give me leave,
I'll muſter up my friends; and meet your grace,
Where, and what time, your majeſty ſhall pleaſe.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldſt be gone to join with Richmond:
I will not truſt you, ſir.[4]

Stan. Moſt mighty ſovereign,
You have no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be falſe.

K. Rich. Well, go, muſter men. But, hear you leave behind
Your ſon, George Stanley; look your heart be firm,
Or elſe his head's aſſurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.
[*Exit* Stanley.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſs. My gracious ſovereign, now in Devonſhire,
As I by friends am well advértiſed,

[4] *I will not truſt* you, *ſir.*] So the quarto. Folio—But I'll not truſt *thee.* Malone.

Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Biſhop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Meſſenger.

2 *Mess.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors[5]
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows ſtrong.

Enter another Meſſenger.

3 *Mess.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but ſongs of death? [*He ſtrikes him.*
There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 *Mess.* The news I have[6] to tell your majeſty,
Is,—that, by ſudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is diſpers'd and ſcatter'd;
And he himſelf wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. O, I cry you mercy:
There is my purſe, to cure that blow of thine.

[5] —— *more competitors*—] That is, more opponents. JOHNSON.

Competitors do not here mean *opponents*, but *aſſociates*. See a note on this ſubject in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, where Sir Proteus, ſpeaking of Valentine, ſays:

"Myſelf in council his *competitor*."

That is, his *aſſociate*. M. MASON.

See Vol. IV. p. 233, n. 6. STEEVENS.

[6] *The news I have* &c.] So the folio. The quarto reads:

"Your grace miſtakes; the news I bring is good;
"My news is," &c. MALONE.

Hath any well-adviſed friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 *Mess.* Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Meſſenger.

4 *Mess.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorſet,
'Tis ſaid, my liege, in Yorkſhire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highneſs,—
The Bretagne navy is diſpers'd by tempeſt:
Richmond, in Dorſetſhire, ſent out a boat
Unto the ſhore, to aſk thoſe on the banks,
If they were his aſſiſtants, yea, or no;
Who anſwer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, miſtruſting them,
Hois'd ſail, and made his courſe again for Bretagne.[7]

[7] ——*and made his courſe again for Bretagne.*] Henry Tudor Earl of Richmond, the eldeſt ſon of Edmund of Hadham Earl of Richmond, (who was half-brother to King Henry VI.) by Margaret, the only daughter of John the firſt Duke of Somerſet, who was grandſon to John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaſter, was carried by his uncle Jaſper Earl of Pembroke immediately after the battle of Tewkſbury into Britany, where he was kept in a kind of honourable cuſtody by the Duke of Bretagne, and where he remained till the year 1484, when he made his eſcape and fled for protection to the French court. Being conſidered at that time as neareſt in blood to King Henry VI. all the Lancaſtrian party looked up to him even in the life-time of King Edward IV. who was extremely jealous of him; and after Richard *uſurped* the throne, they with more confidence ſupported Richmond's claim. The claim of Henry Duke of Buckingham was in ſome reſpects inferior to that of Richmond; for he was deſcended by his mother from Edmund the ſecond Duke of Somerſet, the younger brother of Duke John; by his father from Thomas Duke of Gloſter, the younger brother of John of Gaunt: but whatever priority the Earl of Richmond might claim by his mother, he could not plead any title through his father, who in fact had

K. Rich. March on, march on, ſince we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down theſe rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cate. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the beſt news; That the earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,[8]
Is colder news, but yet they muſt be told.[9]

K. Rich. Away towards Saliſbury; while we reaſon here,[1]
A royal battle might be won and loſt:[2]—

no Lancaſtrian blood whatſoever; nor was his maternal title of the pureſt kind, for John the firſt Earl of Somerſet was an illegitimate ſon of John of Gaunt. Malone.

[8] ——*landed at Milford,*] The Earl of Richmond embarked with about 2000 men at Harfleur in Normandy, Auguſt 1ſt, 1485, and landed at Milford Haven on the 7th. He directed his courſe to Wales, hoping the Welſh would receive him cordially, as their countryman, he having been born at Pembroke, and his grand-father being Owen Tudor, who married Katharine of France, the widow of King Henry V. Malone.

[9] —— they *muſt be told.*] This was the language of Shakſpeare's time, when the word *news* was often conſidered as plural. See note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. ſc. i. Vol. XVII.

All the modern editors, however, read—*it* muſt be told. Malone.

[1] ——*while we reaſon here,*] i. e. while we *talk* here. See Vol. VII. p. 294, n. 8. Malone.

[2] *A royal battle might be* won and loſt:] So, in *Macbeth:*

"When the battle's *loſt and won.*"

This antithetical phraſe is found in ſeveral of our ancient writers. Steevens.

Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury ;—the reſt march on with me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Lord Stanley's *Houſe.*

Enter STANLEY *and Sir* CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Chriſtopher, tell Richmond this from me :[3]—
That, in the ſty of this moſt bloody boar,

[3] *Sir Chriſtopher, tell Richmond this from me :*] The perſon, who is called Sir Chriſtopher here, and who has been ſtyled ſo in the *Dramatis Perſonæ* of all the impreſſions, I find by the Chronicles to have been Chriſtopher Urſwick, a bachelor in divinity ; and chaplain to the Counteſs of Richmond, who had intermarried with the Lord Stanley. This prieſt, the hiſtory tells us, frequently went backwards and forwards, unſuſpected, on meſſages betwixt the Counteſs of Richmond, and her huſband, and the young Earl of Richmond, whilſt he was preparing to make his deſcent on England. THEOBALD.

This Chriſtopher Urſwick was afterwards Almoner to King Henry VII. and retired to Hackney, where he died in 1521. On his tomb, ſtill to be ſeen in that church, it is ſaid " Ad exteros reges undecies pro patria Legatus ; Decanatum Eboracenſem, Archidia conatum Richmundiæ, Decanatum Windeſoriæ, habitos vivens reliquit. Epiſcopatum Norwicenſem oblatum recuſavit."—Weaver, who has printed this inſcription, concludes his eulogium thus : " here let him reſt as an example for all our great prelates to admire, and for few or none to imitate." REED.

This circumſtance is alſo recorded by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 4th. edit. p. 187 : " But moſt part they are very ſhrunefaſt ; and that makes them with Pet. Bleſenſis, *Chriſtopher Urſwick*, and many ſuch, to refuſe honours, offices, and preferment."

Dr. Johnſon has obſerved, that *Sir* was anciently a title aſſumed by graduates. This the late Mr. Guthrie diſputes ; and ſays, it

My ſon George Stanley is frank'd up in hold;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that withholds my preſent aid.[4]
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-weſt, in Wales.

Stan. What men of name reſort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned ſoldier;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, ſir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, ſir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;[5]

was a title ſold by the pope's legates, &c. that his holineſs might be on the ſame footing with the king. STEEVENS.

In *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher, Welford ſays to Sir Roger, the curate, "I acknowledge you to be your *art's maſter*."—"I am but a *bachelor of art*, ſir," replies Sir Roger. Mr. Guthrie would have done well to have informed us, how Sir Roger could poſſibly have *bought* his *title* of the pope's nuncio; when, as Abigail tells us, he had only "twenty nobles *de claro*, beſides his pigges *in poſſe*." FARMER.

See Vol. V. p. 7, n. 1. STEEVENS.

The title of *Sir* is ſtill appropriated to Bachelors of Arts in the Univerſity of Dublin; and the word *Bachelor* evidently derived from the French *bas Chevalier*, that is, a lower kind of Knight. —This accounts for the title of *Sir* being given to Bachelors. M. MASON.

[4] ——*my preſent aid.*] Thus the quarto. After theſe words three lines are added in the folio, in ſubſtance the ſame as the firſt three lines of Stanley's concluding ſpeech. Inſtead of the concluding ſpeech of the quarto, which is here followed, the folio reads thus:

"Well, hie to thy lord; I kiſs his hand;
"My letter will reſolve him of my mind,
"Farewell." MALONE.

[5] ——*valiant crew*;] This expreſſion (which ſounds but meanly in modern ears) has been tranſplanted by Dryden into his *Alexander's Feaſt*:

"Give the vengeance due
"To the *valiant crew*." STEEVENS.

And many other of great fame and worth:
And towards London do they bend their courſe,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; commend me to him;
Tell him, the queen hath heartily conſented
He ſhall eſpouſe Elizabeth her daughter.
Theſe letters will reſolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [*Gives Papers to Sir* Christopher.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Saliſbury. *An open Place.*

Enter the Sheriff, *and Guard, with* Buckingham, *led to Execution.*

Buck. Will not king Richard let me ſpeak with him?[6]

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Haſtings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,

[6] *Will not king Richard let me ſpeak with him?*] The reaſon why the Duke of Buckingham ſolicited an interview with the King, is explained in *King Henry VIII.* Act I:

" ——I would have play'd
" The part my father meant to act upon
" The uſurper Richard; who, being at Saliſbury,
" Made ſuit to come in his preſence; which, if granted,
" As he made ſemblance of his duty, would
" Have put his knife into him." Steevens.

See alſo Hall's *Chronicle,* Richard III. fo. 16. Reed.

From an Ancient Print

SALISBURY.

Rich.d III. Act V. Scene I.

Holy king Henry, and thy fair ſon Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miſcarried
By underhand corrupted foul injuſtice;
If that your moody diſcontented ſouls
Do through the clouds behold this preſent hour,
Even for revenge mock my deſtruction!—
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomſday.

This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
I wiſh'd might fall on me, when I was found
Falſe to his children, or his wife's allies:
This is the day, wherein I wiſh'd to fall
By the falſe faith of him whom moſt I truſted;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful ſoul,
Is the determin'd reſpite of my wrongs.[7]
That high All-ſeer which I dallied with,
Hath turned my feigned prayer on my head,
And given in earneſt what I begg'd in jeſt.
Thus doth he force the ſwords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their maſters' boſoms:
Thus Margaret's curſe falls heavy on my neck.—
When he, quoth ſhe, *ſhall ſplit thy heart with ſorrow,*
Remember Margaret was a propheteſs.—
Come, ſirs, convey me to the block of ſhame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.[8]

[*Exeunt* Buckingham, *&c.*

[7] *Is the determin'd* reſpite *of my wrongs.*] Hanmer has rightly explained it, the time to which the puniſhment of his wrongs was *reſpited.*

Wrongs in this line means *wrongs* done, or injurious practices. Johnson.

[8] —— *blame the due of blame.*] This ſcene ſhould, in my

SCENE II.

Plain near Tamworth.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD,[9] *Sir* JAMES BLUNT,[1] *Sir* WALTER HERBERT, *and Others, with Forces, marching.*

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my moſt loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and uſurping boar,
That ſpoil'd your ſummer fields, and fruitful vines,

opinion, be added to the foregoing Act, ſo the fourth Act will have a more full and ſtriking concluſion, and the fifth Act will compriſe the buſineſs of the important day, which put an end to the competition of York and Lancaſter. Some of the quarto editions are not divided into Acts, and it is probable, that this and many other plays were left by the author in one unbroken continuity, and afterwards diſtributed by chance, or what ſeems to have been a guide very little better, by the judgment or caprice of the firſt editors. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *Oxford,*] John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, a zealous Lancaſtrian, who after a long confinement in Hames Caſtle in Picardy, eſcaped from thence in 1484, and joined the Earl of Richmond at Paris. He commanded the Archers at the battle of Boſworth. MALONE.

[1] —— *Sir James Blunt,*] He had been captain of the Caſtle of Hames, and aſſiſted the Earl of Oxford in his eſcape. MALONE.

TAMWORTH.
Rich.d III. Act V. Scene II.

Swills your warm blood [2] like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bofoms,[3] this foul fwine
Lies now [4] even in the center of this ifle,
Near to the town of Leiceſter, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither, is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harveſt of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of ſharp war.

[2] *That* ſpoil'd *your ſummer fields, and fruitful vines,*
Swills *your warm blood* &c.] This ſudden change from the paſt time to the preſent, and *vice verſâ*, is common to Shakſpeare. So, in the argument prefixed to his *Rape of Lucrece*: "The ſame night he treacherouſly *ſtealeth* into her chamber, violently *raviſhed* her," &c. MALONE.

[3] —— *embowell'd bofoms*,] Exenterated; ripped up: alluding, perhaps, to the Promethean vulture; or, more probably, to the ſentence pronounced in the Engliſh courts againſt traitors, by which they are condemned to be hanged, *drawn*, that is, *embowelled*, and quartered. JOHNSON.

Drawn, in the ſentence pronounced upon traitors only, ſignifies to be *drawn by the heels or on a hurdle* from the priſon to the place of execution. So, Dr. Johnſon has properly expounded it in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act II. So, Holinſhed, in the year 1569, and Stowe's *Chronicle*, edit. 1614, p. 162, 171, 418, 763, 766. Sometimes our hiſtorians uſe a colloquial inaccuracy of expreſſion in writing, hanged, *drawn*, and quartered; but they often expreſs it—*drawn*, hanged, and quartered; and ſometimes they add—bowelled, or his bowels taken out, which would be tautology, if the ſame thing was implied in the word *drawn*. TOLLET.

Drawn in the ſenſe of *embowelled*, is never uſed but in ſpeaking of a *fowl*. It is true, *embowelling* is alſo part of the ſentence in high treaſon, but in order of time it comes after *drawing* and *hanging*. BLACKSTONE.

[4] Lies *now* —] i. e. ſojourns. See Vol. XII. p. 144, n. 5.—For *lies*, the reading of the quarto, the editors of the folio, probably not underſtanding the term, ſubſtituted—*Is*. See p. 490, n. 1. MALONE.

Oxf. Every man's conſcience is a thouſand
ſwords,[5]
To fight againſt that bloody homicide.

Here. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to
us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends
for fear;
Which, in his deareſt need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's
name, march:
True hope is ſwift, and flies with ſwallow's wings,[6]
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Boſworth *Field.*

Enter King Richard, *and Forces; the Duke of* Norfolk, *Earl of* Surrey, *and Others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Boſ-
worth field.—
My lord of Surrey, why look you ſo ſad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk,——

Nor. Here, moſt gracious liege.

[5] —— *conſcience is a thouſand ſwords,*] Alluding to the old adage, "*Conſcientia mille teſtes.*" Blackstone.

Thus the quarto. The folio reads—a thouſand *men.* Malone.

[6] —— *and flies with* ſwallow's wings,] Drayton calls joy: "—— the *ſwallow-winged* joy." Steevens.

J. Harding, Del.

ARL of RICHMOND afterwards KING HENRY, VII
Rich. III.

[illegible] Painting by Ioan Maruse, in the [illegible]
[illegible] Horace Walpole at Strawberry [illegible]
[illegible] Pub. Nov. 1790 by E. Harding No. 132 Fleet [illegible]

K. Rich. Norfolk, we muſt have knocks; Ha! muſt we not?

Nor. We muſt both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent: Here will I lie to-night;[7]

[*Soldiers begin to ſet up the King's Tent.*

But where, to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—
Who hath deſcried the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or ſeven thouſand is their utmoſt power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account:[8]
Beſides, the king's name is a tower of ſtrength,
Which they upon the adverſe faction want.
Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,
Let us ſurvey the vantage of the ground;—
Call for ſome men of ſound direction:[9]—
Let's want no diſcipline, make no delay;
For, lords, to-morrow is a buſy day. [*Exeunt.*

[7] *Up with my* tent: *Here will I lie to-night*;] Richard is reported not to have ſlept in his tent on the night before the battle, but in the town of Leiceſter. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*our battalia trebles that account*:] Richmond's forces are ſaid to have been only five thouſand; and Richard's army conſiſted of about twelve thouſand men. But Lord Stanley lay at a ſmall diſtance with three thouſand men, and Richard may be ſuppoſed to have reckoned on them as his friends, though the event proved otherwiſe. MALONE.

[9] ——*ſound direction*:] True judgment; tried military ſkill. JOHNSON.

Enter, on the other ſide of the Field, RICHMOND, *Sir* WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, *and other Lords.*[1] *Some of the Soldiers pitch* RICHMOND'S *Tent.*

RICHM. The weary ſun hath made a golden ſet,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—
Sir William Brandon, you ſhall bear my ſtandard.—
Give me ſome ink and paper[2] in my tent;—
I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
Limit[3] each leader to his ſeveral charge,

[1] —— *Oxford, and other Lords.*] The direction in the folio is —"Enter Richmond and Sir William Brandon, Oxford and *Dorſet.*" In the quarto only, "Enter Richmond, with the *lordes.*" This is one of numerous proofs that many of the alterations in the folio edition of this play were made by the players, and not by Shakſpeare; for Shakſpeare had been informed by Holinſhed that *Dorſet* was not at the battle of Boſworth; Richmond before his leaving Paris having borrowed a ſum of money from the French King, Charles the Eighth, and having left the Marquis of Dorſet and Sir John Bouchier as hoſtages for the payment. MALONE.

[2] *Give me ſome ink and paper*—] I have placed theſe lines as they ſtand in the firſt editions: the reſt place them three ſpeeches before, after the words *Sir William Brandon, you ſhall bear my ſtandard*; interrupting what there follows; *The Earl of Pembroke,* &c. I think them more naturally introduced here, when he is retiring to his tent; and conſidering what he has to do that night. POPE.

I have followed the folio, which, of this play, is by far the moſt correct copy. I do not find myſelf much influenced by Mr. Pope's remark. STEEVENS.

In the quarto, this and the three following lines are introduced immediately before the words—"Come, gentlemen, let us conſult," &c. MALONE.

[3] *Limit*—] i. e. appoint. So, in *Macbeth:*

"I'll make ſo bold to call,
"For 'tis my *limited* ſervice." STEEVENS.

And part in juſt proportion our ſmall power.
My lord of Oxford,—you, ſir William Brandon,—
And you, ſir Walter Herbert, ſtay with me:
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;[4]—
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the ſecond hour in the morning
Deſire the earl to ſee me in my tent:—
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unleſs I have miſta'en his colours much,
(Which, well I am aſſur'd, I have not done,)
His regiment lies half a mile at leaſt
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be poſſible,
Sweet Blunt, make ſome good means[5] to ſpeak with him,
And give him from me this moſt needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And ſo, God give you quiet reſt to-night!

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,
Let us conſult upon to-morrow's buſineſs;
In to my tent, the air is raw[6] and cold.

[*They withdraw into the Tent.*

[4] —— *keeps his regiment*;] i. e. remains with it. Thus we ſay of a perſon confined by illneſs—he *keeps* his chamber, or his bed. Steevens.

[5] —— make *ſome good* means —] i. e. adopt ſome convenient meaſure. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"To *make* ſuch *means* for her as thou haſt done."

Steevens.

[6] —— *the* air *is raw* —] So the quarto. Folio—the *dew*. Malone.

Enter, to his Tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, *and* CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cate. It's ſupper time, my lord;
It's nine o'clock.[7]

K. Rich. I will not ſup to-night.—
Give me ſome ink and paper.—
What, is my beaver eaſier than it was?—
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readineſs.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Uſe careful watch, chooſe truſty ſentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. Ratcliff,——

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a purſuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before ſun-riſing, leſt his ſon George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch:[8]—
[*To* CATESBY.

[7] *It's* nine *o'clock.*] So the folio. The quarto reads—It is *ſix* of the clock; full ſupper time. MALONE.

I think, we ought to read—*ſix* inſtead of *nine*. A ſupper at ſo late an hour as *nine* o'clock, in the year 1485, would have been a prodigy. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *Give me a* watch:] A *watch* has many ſignifications, but I ſhould believe that it means in this place not a ſentinel,

S. Harding Del. Schneider Sculp.

SIR JOHN HOWARD,

FIRST DUKE OF NORFOLK.

Rich. III.

From a Drawing at Strawberry Hill done from the Original Picture then in the Possession of the Lady Dowager Jerningham.

Pub. Nov. 6. 1791 by E Harding Fleet Street.

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.[9]—
Look that my ſtaves be found,[1] and not too heavy.
Ratcliff,——

which would be regularly placed at the king's tent; nor an inſtrument to meaſure time, which was not uſed in that age; but a watch-light, a candle to burn by him; the light that afterwards *burnt blue*; yet a few lines after, he ſays:

Bid my guard watch,

which leaves it doubtful whether *watch* is not here a ſentinel.

JOHNSON.

A *watch*, i. e. guard, would certainly be placed about a royal tent, without any requeſt of the King concerning it.

I believe, therefore, that particular kind of candle is here meant, which was anciently called a *watch*, becauſe, being marked out into ſections, each of which was a certain portion of time in burning, it ſupplied the place of the more modern inſtrument by which we meaſure the hours. I have ſeen theſe candles repreſented with great nicety in ſome of the pictures of Albert Durer.

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, mentions *watching* lamps or candles. So, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632:

" ——ſlept always with a *watching* candle."

Again, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1634:

" Beauty was turn'd into a *watching-candle* that went out ſtinking."

Again, in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606:

" Sit now immur'd within their private cells,
" And drink a long lank *watching* candle's ſmoke."

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1610:

" Sit up all night like a *watching* candle." STEEVENS.

Lord Bacon mentions a ſpecies of light called an *all-night*, which is a wick ſet in the middle of a large cake of wax.

JOHNSON.

The word *give* ſhows, I think, that a *watch-light* was intended. Cole has in his *Dictionary*, 1679, *Watch-candle*.

MALONE.

[9] *Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.*] So, in Holinſhed's *Chronicle*, (copied from Hall's, Sig II. iiii. b.) " Then he (inuironed with his gard) with a frowning countenance and cruell viſage, mounted on a great *white courſer*, and followed with his footmen," &c. p. 754. STEEVENS.

[1] *Look that my ſtaves be found,*] *Staves* are the wood of the lances. JOHNSON.

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'ſt thou the melancholy lord Northumberland?[2]

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himſelf,
Much about cock-ſhut time,[3] from troop to troop,

As it was uſual to carry more lances than one into the field, the lightneſs of them was an object of conſequence. Hall, informs us, that at the juſts in honour of the marriage of Mary, the younger ſiſter of King Henry VIII. with the King of France, that "a gentleman called Anthony Bownarme came into the feld all armed, and on his body brought in ſight x ſperes, that is to wyt, iii ſperes ſet in every ſtyroppe forward, and under every thigh ii ſperes upwarde, and under his left arme was one ſpere backward, and the 10th in his hand," &c. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *the* melancholy *lord Northumberland?*] Richard calls him *melancholy*, becauſe he did not join heartily in his cauſe. "Henry the fourth earle of Northumberland," ſays Holinſhed, "whether it was by the commandement of King Richarde putting diffidence in him, or he did it for the love and favour he bare unto the earle [of Richmond], ſtood ſtill with a great company, and intermixed not in the battaile; which was [after the battle] incontinently received into favour, and made of the counſayle." MALONE.

[3] *Much about* cock-ſhut *time,*] Ben Jonſon uſes the ſame expreſſion in one of his entertainments:

"For you would not yeſternight,
"Kiſs him in the *cock-ſhut* light."

Again, in *The Widow*, by Ben Jonſon, Fletcher, and Middleton, 1652:

"Come away then: a fine *cockſhut* evening."

Again, in *Arden of Feverſham*, 1592:

"In the twilight, *cock-ſhut* light."

In *The Treatyse of Fiſhynge with the Angle*, by dame Julyana Bernes, 1496, among the directions to make a fiſhing rod is the following: "Take thenne and frette him faſte with a *cockeſhote corde*," &c. but I cannot interpret the word. STEEVENS.

Cock-ſhut time,] i. e. twilight. In Mr. Whalley's note upon *Ben Jonſon*, Vol. V. p. 204: "A *Cockſhut* is ſaid to be a net to catch woodcocks; and as the time of taking them in this manner is in the twilight, either after ſun-ſet or before its riſing, *cock-ſhut* light may very properly expreſs the evening or the morning twilight." The particular form of ſuch a net, and the

Went through the army, cheering up the ſoldiers.
K. Rich. I am ſatisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:

manner of uſing it, is delineated and deſcribed in *Dictionarium Ruſticum*, 2 Vols. 8vo. 3d edit. 1726, under the word *cock-roods*. It is the cuſtom of the woodcock to lie cloſe all day, and towards evening he takes wing, which act of flight might anciently be termed his *ſhoot* or *ſhot*. So, the baliaſt of a ſhip is ſaid to *ſhoot*, when it runs from one ſide to the other. This etymology gives us, perhaps, the original ſignification of the word, without any recourſe for it to the name of a net, which might receive its denomination from the time of the day, or from the occaſion on which it was uſed; for I believe there was a net which was called a *cock-ſhot*. Holinſhed's *Deſcription of Britain*, p. 110, calls a ſtone which naturally has a hole in it, "an apt *cocke-ſhot* for the devil to run through;" which, I apprehend, alludes to the reſemblance of the hole in the ſtone to the meſhes of a net.

TOLLET.

Mr. Tollet's opinion may be ſupported by the following paſſage in a little metrical performance, called, *No Whipping nor Trippinge: but a kinde friendly Snippinge*, 1601:

"A filly honeſt creature may do well
"To watch a *cocke-ſhoote*, or a limed buſh."

STEEVENS.

I muſt ſupport my interpretation againſt Mr. Tollet. He in part admits, and then proceeds to overthrow it. And I will ſupport it by the very inſtance Mr. Steevens adduced in his favour. The baliaſt of a ſhip may be ſaid to *ſhoot*; as we now ſay, to *ſhoot* coals, or corn out of a ſack; but it was never yet ſaid that a woodcock *ſhoots*, when he takes his evening flight. *Cocke-ſhoote*, in the paſſage Mr. Steevens cites, is certainly a ſubſtantive, and the accuſative caſe after the verb *watch*, which is confirmed by what follows, *or a limed buſh*. And when the *cock-ſhut net* is fixed, a perſon always ſtands by to watch and manage it. A ſimilar expreſſion is in Hall's *Satires*:

"*To watch a ſinking cock*, upon the ſhore.—"

WHALLEY.

The paſſage from Hall is miſquoted. He alludes to Fiſhing, and ſays—

"Or watch a ſinking *corke* upon the ſhore." Edit. 1602, *Virgidemiarum*, Lib. IV. p. 33. STEEVENS.

That *cockſhut time* meant *twilight*, is aſcertained by Minſheu's *Dictionary*, 1617. See the latter word. MALONE.

Ogilby, in his *Paraphraſe of Æſop's Fables*, 4to. 1651, p. 6,

I have not that alacrity of ſpirit,[4]
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
So, ſet it down.[5]—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
About the mid of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I ſay.

[*King* Richard *retires into his Tent. Exeunt* Ratcliff *and* Catesby.

Richmond's *Tent opens, and diſcovers him and his Officers, &c.*

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Fortune and victory ſit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,

introduces this expreſſion in a way which perhaps ſtrengthens Mr. Tollet's opinion that *cock-ſhoot* was taken from the flight of the woodcock. He makes the pine boaſt:

" —— when loud winds make *cock-ſhoots* thro' the wood,
" Rending down mighty okes, I firme have ſtood."

Here, I apprehend, Ogilby means to deſcribe hurricanes which, by blowing down the trees, made glades or partial openings in the woods. Holt White.

[4] *I have not that alacrity of ſpirit,* &c.] So, in Holinſhed, p. 775: " —not uſing the alacritie of mirth and mind and countenance as he was accuſtomed to doo before he came toward the battell." Steevens.

[5] So, *ſet it down.*] The word *So* in the old copies ſtands at the beginning of the firſt line of this ſpeech, caught perhaps by the compoſitor's eye glancing on the line below. Mr. Steevens made the emendation. In Richard's next ſpeech the word *Ratcliff* is prefixed to the ſecond line, but the metre ſhows that it was placed there by the negligence of the compoſitor. Malone.

Be to thy perſon,[6] noble father-in-law!
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney,[7] bleſs thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that.—The ſilent hours ſteal on,
And flaky darkneſs breaks within the eaſt.
In brief, for ſo the ſeaſon bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody ſtrokes, and mortal-ſtaring war,[8]
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot,)
With beſt advantage will deceive the time,[9]
And aid thee in this doubtful ſhock of arms:
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leſt, being ſeen, thy brother tender George
Be executed[1] in his father's ſight.

[6] *All comfort that the dark night can afford,*
Be to thy perſon,] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*
"The beſt and wholeſomeſt ſpirits of the night
"Envellop you,—." Steevens.

[7] ——*by attorney,*] By deputation. Johnson.

[8] ——*mortal*-ſtaring *war,*] Thus the old copies. I ſuppoſe, by *mortal-ſtaring war* is meant—*war that looks big,* or *ſtares fatally on its victims.* Steevens.

I ſuſpect the poet wrote—mortal-*ſcaring* war. Malone.

I adhere to the old reading. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra,* Enobarbus ſays of Antony, who is iſſuing out to battle—
"Now he'll out-*ſtare* the lightning."
Again, in *The Tempeſt:*
"——why ſtand you
"In this ſtrange *ſtare?*" Steevens.

[9] *I, as I may,——*
With beſt advantage will deceive the time,] I will take the beſt opportunity to elude the dangers of this conjuncture.
Johnson.

[1] *Leſt, being ſeen, thy brother tender George*
Be executed—] So Holinſhed after Hall: "When the ſaid

Farewell: The leiſure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,[2]
And ample interchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſunder'd friends ſhould dwell upon;
God give us leiſure for theſe rites of love!
Once more, adieu:—Be valiant, and ſpeed well!

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment:
I'll ſtrive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Leſt leaden ſlumber[3] peiſe me down to-morrow,[4]

lord Stanley would have departed into his country to viſit his familie, and to recreate and refreſhe his ſpirits, as he openly ſaid, (but the truth was to the intent to be in a perfite readineſſe to join the earle of Richmonde at his firſt arrival in Englande,) the king in no wiſe would ſuffer him to depart before he had left as an hoſtage in the court, George Stanley, lord Strange, his firſt begotten ſon and heir."—

"The lord Stanley lodged in the ſame town, [Stafford] and hearing that the earle of Richmond was marching thitherward, gave to him place, diſlodging him and his,—to avoid all ſuſpicion, being afraide leaſt if he ſhould be ſeen openly to be a factor or ayder to the earle, his ſon-in-law, before the day of battayle, that king Richard, which yet not utterly put him in diffidence and miſtruſt, would put to ſome evil death his ſon and heir apparent."

The young nobleman whom the poet calls George Stanley, was created Baron Strange, in right of his wife, by King Edward IV. in 1482. Malone.

[2] —— *The leiſure and the fearful time*
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,] We have ſtill a phraſe equivalent to this, however harſh it may ſeem, *I would do this, if* leiſure *would permit,* where *leiſure,* as in this paſſage, ſtands for *want of* leiſure. So again:

"—— More than I have ſaid,—
"The *leiſure* and enforcement of the time
"Forbids to dwell upon."—— Johnson.

That is, the *ſmall degree of leiſure* we have. M. Mason.

[3] *Leſt* leaden ſlumber —] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Now *leaden ſlumber* with life's ſtrength doth fight."
Malone.

When I ſhould mount with wings of victory:
Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.
[*Exeunt* Lords, *&c. with* STANLEY.
O Thou! whoſe captain I account myſelf,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruiſing irons[5] of wrath,
That they may cruſh down with a heavy fall
The uſurping helmets of our adverſaries!
Make us thy miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy victory!
To thee I do commend my watchful ſoul,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;[6]
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me ſtill! [*Sleeps.*

[4] —— peiſe *me down to-morrow,*] Thus the old copies. The modern editions read—*poize.* To *peize,* i. e. to *weigh down,* from *peſer,* French.

I meet with this word in the old play of *The Raigne of King Edward the Third,* 1596:

" And *peize* their deeds with heavy weight of lead."

Again, in *All for Money,* 1574:

" Then if you counter*peaze* me learning with money."

Again, in Chriſtopher Middleton's *Legend of Humphrey Duke of Gloſter,* 1600:

" Nor was her ſchooles *peis'd* down with golden waights."

See notes on *The Merchant of Venice,* Vol. VII. p. 310. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *bruiſing irons* —] The alluſion is to the ancient mace. HENLEY.

[6] *Ere I let* fall *the* windows *of mine eyes*;] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" —— thy *eyes' windows fall*
" Like death—." STEEVENS.

The Ghoſt[7] *of Prince* EDWARD, *Son to* HENRY *the Sixth, riſes between the two Tents.*

GHOST. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to-morrow![8]
[*To King* RICHARD.

[7] *The Ghoſt* &c.] This circumſtance is likewiſe found in Nichols's *Legend of King Richard III.* (inſerted in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, edit. 1610.) and was apparently imitated from Shakſpeare:

" As in my tent on ſlumbring bed I lie,
" Horrid aſpects appear'd unto mine eye:
" I thought that all thoſe murder'd ghoſts, whom I
" By death had ſent to their untimely grave,
" With baleful noiſe about my tent did crye,
" And of the heavens, with ſad complaint, did crave
" That they on guilty wretch might vengeance have."

His terror on waking is likewiſe very forcibly deſcribed.

Drayton, in the 22d Song of his *Polyolbion*, may likewiſe have borrowed from our author:

" Where to the guilty king, the black forerunning night,
" Appear the dreadful ghoſts of *Henry* and his *ſon*,
" Of his own brother *George*, and his *two nephews*, done
" Moſt cruelly to death; and of his *wife*, and *friend*
" Lord *Haſtings*, with pale hands prepar'd as they would rend
" Him piece-meal; at which oft he roareth in his ſleep."

STEEVENS.

The account given by Polydore Virgil, which was copied by Hall and Holinſhed, is as follows: "The ſame went, that he had the ſame night [the night before the battle of Boſworth] a dreadful and a terrible dream; for it ſeemed to him being aſlepe, that he ſaw *diverſe ymages lyke terrible devilles*, which pulled and haled him, not ſufferynge him to take any quiet or reſte. The which ſtraunge viſion not ſo ſodaynly ſtrake his heart with a ſodayne feare, but it ſtuffed his head and troubled his mind with many buſy and dreadful imaginations. And leaſt that it might be ſuſpected that he was abaſhed for fear of his enemies, and for that cauſe looked ſo piteouſly, he recited and declared to his familiar friends, of the morning, his *wonderfull vyſion*, and fearfull dreame." I quote from Holinſhed, becauſe he was Shakſpeare's authority.

Think, how thou ſtab'dſt me in my prime of youth
At Tewkſbury; Deſpair therefore, and die!—
Be cheerful, Richmond; for the wronged ſouls
Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf:
King Henry's iſſue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghoſt *of King* HENRY *the Sixth riſes.*

GHOST. When I was mortal, my anointed body
[*To King* RICHARD.
By thee was punched full of deadly holes:[9]
Think on the Tower, and me; Deſpair, and die;
Harry the ſixth bids thee deſpair and die.—
Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!
[*To* RICHMOND.
Harry, that prophecy'd thou ſhould'ſt be king,[1]
Doth comfort thee in thy ſleep; Live, and flouriſh![2]

Polydore Virgil, as I have already obſerved, began to write his hiſtory about twenty years after Richard's death. MALONE.

See p. 430, n. 7. STEEVENS.

[8] *Let me ſit* heavy on thy ſoul *to-morrow!*] So, in *King Richard II:*

"Be Mowbray's ſins ſo *heavy in his boſom.*"

STEEVENS.

[9] *By thee was* punched *full of deadly holes:*] The word, *punched,* which ſounds but meanly to our ears, is alſo employed by Chapman in his verſion of the ſixth *Iliad:*

"——with a goad he *punch'd* each furious dame."

STEEVENS.

[1] *Harry, that prophecy'd thou ſhould'ſt be king,*] The prophecy, to which this alluſion is made, was uttered in one of the parts of *Henry the Sixth.* JOHNSON.

See Vol. XIV. p. 158, n. 3. MALONE.

[2] *Doth comfort thee in* thy *ſleep; Live, and flouriſh!*] Surely, we ſhould read, with Sir Thomas Hanmer:

Doth comfort thee in ſleep; Live thou *and flouriſh!*

STEEVENS.

The Ghoſt *of* CLARENCE *riſes.*

Ghost. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to-morrow!
[*To King* RICHARD.
I, that was waſh'd to death with fulſome wine,[3]
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeleſs ſword;[4] Deſpair, and die!—
Thou offspring of the houſe of Lancaſter,
[*To* RICHMOND.
The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;
Good angels guard thy battle! Live, and flouriſh!

The Ghoſts *of* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN, *riſe.*

Riv. Let me ſit heavy on thy ſoul to-morrow,
[*To King* RICHARD.
Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Deſpair, and die!

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy ſoul deſpair!
[*To King* RICHARD.

[3] ——*with* fulſome *wine,*] *Fulſome,* was ſometimes uſed, I think, in the ſenſe of *unctuous.* The wine in which the body of Clarence was thrown, was *Malmſey,* MALONE.

If Clarence had been choked by this wine, he might fairly enough have employed the epithet *fulſome* in its vulgar and accepted ſenſe.—Shakſpeare, however, ſeems to have forgot himſelf. The Duke (as appears from Act I. ſc. ult.) was killed before he was thrown into the Malmſey butt, and conſequently could not be *waſhed to death.* STEEVENS.

[4] *And* fall *thy edgeleſs ſword*;] *Fall,* in the preſent inſtance, is a verb active, ſignifying *to drop,* or *let* fall. So, in *Othello:*

" If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
" Each drop ſhe *falls* would prove a crocodile."

STEEVENS.

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan; and, with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance! Deſpair, and die!—
[*To King* Richard.

All. Awake! and think, our wrongs in Richard's boſom
[*To King* Richmond.
Will conquer him;—awake, and win the day!

The Ghoſt *of* Hastings *riſes.*

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;
[*To King* Richard.
And in a bloody battle end thy days!
Think on lord Haſtings; and deſpair, and die!—
Quiet untroubled ſoul, awake, awake!
[*To* Richmond.
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's ſake!

The Ghoſts *of the Two young Princes riſe.*

Ghosts. Dream on thy couſins ſmother'd in the Tower;
Let us be lead within thy boſom, Richard,[5]
And weigh thee down to ruin, ſhame, and death!
Thy nephews' ſouls bid thee deſpair, and die.—
Sleep, Richmond, ſleep in peace, and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!

[5] *Let us be* lead *within thy boſom, Richard,*] [The firſt folio &c.—*laid.*] This is a poor feeble reading. I have reſtored from the elder quarto, publiſhed in 1597, which Mr. Pope does not pretend to have ſeen:

"Let us be *lead* within thy boſom, Richard."

This correſponds with what is ſaid in the line immediately following:

"And *weigh* thee *down* to ruin, ſhame, and death."

Theobald.

Live, and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy ſons do bid thee flouriſh.

The Ghoſt *of Queen* ANNE *riſes.*

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,
That never ſlept a quiet hour with thee,[6]
Now fills thy ſleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeleſs ſword; Deſpair, and die!—
Thou, quiet ſoul, ſleep thou a quiet ſleep;
[*To* RICHMOND.
Dream of ſucceſs and happy victory;
Thy adverſary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghoſt *of* BUCKINGHAM *riſes.*

Ghost. The firſt was I, that help'd thee to the crown; [*To King* RICHARD.

[6] *That never ſlept a quiet hour with thee,*] Shakſpeare was probably here thinking of Sir Thomas More's animated deſcription of Richard, which Holinſhed tranſcribed: "I have heard (ſays Sir Thomas) by credible report of ſuch as were ſecret with his chamberlaine, that after this abominable deed done [the murder of his nephews] he never had quiet in his mind. He never thought himſelf ſure where he went abroad; his eyes whirled about; his body privily fenced; his hand ever upon his dagger; his countenance and manner like one always readie to ſtrike againe. *He tooke ill reſt a-nights; lay long waking and muſing, ſore wearied with care and watch; rather ſlumbered than ſlept, troubled with fearfull dreames; ſodainely ſometime ſtart up, leapt out of bed, and ran about the chamber*; ſo was his reſtleſs heart continually toſt and tumbled with the tedious impreſſion and ſtormy remembrances of his abominable deede."

With ſuch a companion well might Anne ſay, that ſhe never *ſlept one quiet hour.* MALONE.

The laſt was I that felt thy tyranny:
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltineſs!
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death;
Fainting, deſpair; deſpairing, yield thy breath!—
I died for hope,[7] ere I could lend thee aid:
[*To* RICHMOND.
But cheer thy heart, and be thou not diſmay'd:
God, and good angels fight on Richmond's ſide;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The* Ghoſts *vaniſh.* *King* RICHARD *ſtarts out of his dream.*

[7] *I died for* hope,] i. e. I died for wiſhing well to you. But Mr. Theobald, with great ſagacity, conjectured *holpe* or *aid*; which gave the line this fine ſenſe, *I died for giving thee aid before I could give thee aid.* WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

I died forſook,——

and ſupports his conjecture, as follows:

"This, as appears from hiſtory, was the caſe of the Duke of Buckingham: that being ſtopped with his army upon the banks of Severn by great deluges of rain, he was deſerted by his ſoldiers, who, being in great diſtreſs, half famiſhed for want of victuals, and deſtitute of pay, diſbanded themſelves and fled."

Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation is very plauſible; but may not the meaning of the expreſſion be, *I died for only having* hoped *to give you that aſſiſtance,* which I never had it in my power to afford you in reality?

It may, however, be obſerved, that *fore,* or *for,* when joined to a verb, had anciently a negative ſignification. So, in *Macbeth:*

"——He ſhall live a man *for*bid."

As to *bid* was to pray, ſo to *for*bid had the meaning directly oppoſite, i. e. to *curſe.* In *Antony and Cleopatra,* to *for*ſpeak is to *ſpeak againſt.* In *Hamlet,* and *The Midſummer-Night's Dream,* to *for*do is the very reverſe of to *do.* *Holpen* or *holp* is the old particle paſſive of *help,* and is uſed in *Macbeth:*

"——his great love, ſharp as his ſpur, hath *holp* him
"To his home before us."

Inſtead of *for hope,* we may therefore read *forholpe,* which would mean *unaided, abandoned, deſerted, unhelped,* which was

K. Rich. Give me another horſe,[8]—bind up my wounds,—
Have mercy, Jeſu!—Soft; I did but dream.—
O coward conſcience, how doſt thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue.[9]—It is now dead midnight.[1]
Cold fearful drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh.

the real misfortune of the Duke of Buckingham. The word *holp* has occurred likewiſe in this play:

"Let him thank me that *holp* to ſend him thither."

Again, in *Coriolanus:*

"Have *holp* to make this reſcue." STEEVENS.

Perhaps we ſhould read:

I died fore-done, *&c.*

So, in *Hamlet*, Act V:

"*Fore-do* its own life." TYRWHITT.

[8] *Give me another horſe,*] There is in this, as in many of our author's ſpeeches of paſſion, ſomething very trifling, and ſomething very ſtriking. Richard's debate, whether he ſhould quarrel with himſelf, is too long continued, but the ſubſequent exaggeration of his crimes is truly tragical. JOHNSON.

[9] *The lights burn blue.*] So, in Lyly's *Galathea*, 1592: "I thought there was ſome *ſpirit* in it becauſe it burnt ſo *blue*; for my mother would often tell me when the *candle burnt blue*, there was ſome ill *ſpirit* in the houſe." It was anciently ſuppoſed that fire was a preſervative gainſt evil ſpirits; "becauſe," ſays Naſh, in *Pierce Pennileſs's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595, "when any ſpirit appeareth, the lights by little and little goe out as it were of their own accord, and *the takers* are by degrees extinguiſhed." The *takers* are the ſpirits who blaſt or *take*. So, in *King Lear:*

"——ſtrike her young bones
"Ye *taking* airs, with lameneſs!" STEEVENS.

[1] ——*It is now dead midnight.*] So reads the quarto, 1597. The next quarto corruptly reads—"It is *not* dead midnight;" for which the editor of the folio, to obtain ſome ſenſe, ſubſtituted, "*Is it not* dead midnight?" MALONE.

The reading of the quarto, 1597, could it be ſuppoſed to need ſupport, might meet with it in the following obſervation of *Hamlet:*

"'Tis *now* the very witching time of *night*."

STEEVENS.

What do I fear? myſelf? there's none elſe by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.[2]
Is there a murderer here? No;—Yes; I am:
Then fly,—What, from myſelf? Great reaſon:
Why?
Leſt I revenge. What? Myſelf on myſelf?
I love myſelf.[3] Wherefore? for any good,
That I myſelf have done unto myſelf?
O, no: alas, I rather hate myſelf,
For hateful deeds committed by myſelf.
I am a villain: Yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyſelf ſpeak well:—Fool, do not flatter.
My conſcience hath a thouſand ſeveral tongues,
And every tongue brings in a ſeveral tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'ſt degree,
Murder, ſtern murder, in the dir'ſt degree;
All ſeveral ſins, all us'd in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
I ſhall deſpair.—There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no ſoul will pity me:—
Nay, wherefore ſhould they? ſince that I myſelf
Find in myſelf no pity to myſelf.
Methought, the ſouls of all that I had murder'd[4]

[2] —— *that is, I* am *I.*] Thus the quarto, 1598, and the folio. The quarto, 1597, reads—*I* and *I.* I am not ſure that it is not right. MALONE.

[3] *I love myſelf.*] The old copies redundantly read—*Alack,* I love, &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *Methought, the ſouls* &c.] Theſe lines ſtand with ſo little propriety at the end of this ſpeech, that I cannot but ſuſpect them to be miſplaced. Where then ſhall they be inſerted? Perhaps after theſe words:

" Fool, do not flatter." JOHNSON.

I agree with Johnſon in ſuppoſing that this and the two following lines have been miſplaced, but I differ from him with reſpect to their juſt ſituation.—The place, in my opinion, in

Came to my tent: and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

RAT. My lord,——

K. RICH. Who's there?

RAT. Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I.[5] The early village cock

which they might be introduced with the moſt propriety, is juſt ten lines further on, after the words—

" Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—
" Methought," &c.

And then Ratcliff's reply—

" Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of ſhadows."

would be natural; whereas as the text is now regulated, Ratcliff bids him not to be afraid of ſhadows, without knowing that he had been haunted by them; unleſs we ſuppoſe that the idea of ſhadows is included in what Richard calls a *frightful dream.* M. MASON.

Cold fearful drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh.
What do I fear? &c.——

Methought, the ſouls of all that I had murder'd—] Either the two and twenty intermediate lines are not Shakſpeare's, or are ſo unworthy of him, that it were to be wiſhed they could with propriety be degraded to the margin. I wonder that Dr. Johnſon, who thought the ſubſequent lines miſplaced, did not perceive that their connection with the preceding part of the ſpeech, ending at—*trembling fleſh*, was interrupted ſolely by this apparent interpolation, which is in the higheſt degree childiſh and unnatural. RITSON.

I rather ſuppoſe theſe lines (though genuine) to have been croſſed out of the ſtage manuſcript by Shakſpeare himſelf, and afterwards reſtored by the original but taſteleſs editor of his play.

Burbage, the firſt performer of Richard, might, for obvious reaſons, have requeſted their diſmiſſion; or the poet diſcovering how aukwardly they ſtood, might, " without a prompter," have diſcarded them. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *'tis I.*] Surely, theſe two ſyllables, ſerving only to derange the metre, ſhould be omitted; or we ought to read:

My lord, 'tis I. The early village-cock—." STEEVENS.

Hath twice done ſalutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O, Ratcliff,[6] I have dream'd a fearful dream!—
What thinkeſt thou? will our friends prove all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of ſhadows.

K. Rich. By the apoſtle Paul, ſhadows to-night
Have ſtruck more terror to the ſoul of Richard,
Than can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand ſoldiers,
Armed in proof, and led by ſhallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear, if any mean to ſhrink from me.

[*Exeunt King* Richard *and* Ratcliff.

Richmond *wakes. Enter* Oxford *and Others.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy ſluggard here.

Lords. How have you ſlept, my lord?

Richm. The ſweeteſt ſleep, and faireſt-boding dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowſy head,

[6] *O, Ratcliff*, &c.] This and the two following lines are omitted in the folio. Yet Ratcliff is there permitted to ſay—"be not afraid of *ſhadows*," though Richard's dream has not been mentioned: an additional proof of what has been already ſuggeſted in p. 490, n. 1. Malone.

Have I ſince your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their ſouls, whoſe bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cried—On! victory!
I promiſe you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of ſo fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the ſtroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.—

[*He advances to the Troops.*

More than I have ſaid, loving countrymen,
The leiſure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on: Yet remember this,—
God, and our good cauſe, fight upon our ſide;
The prayers of holy ſaints, and wronged ſouls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, ſtand before our faces;
Richard except, thoſe, whom we fight againſt,
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood eſtabliſh'd;
One that made means[7] to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughter'd thoſe that were the means to help him;
A baſe foul ſtone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair,[8] where he is falſely ſet;

[7] *One that* made means —] To *make means* was, in Shakſpeare's time, often uſed in an unfavourable ſenſe, and ſignified —*to come at any thing by indirect practices.* Steevens.

[8] —— *by the foil*
Of England's chair,] It is plain that *foil* cannot here mean that of which the obſcurity recommends the brightneſs of the diamond. It muſt mean the leaf (*feuille*) or thin plate of metal in which the ſtone is ſet. Johnson.

Nothing has been, or is ſtill more common, than to put a

One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then, if you fight againſt God's enemy,
God will, in juſtice, ward you as his ſoldiers;
If you do ſweat to put a tyrant down,
You ſleep in peace, the tyrant being ſlain;
If you do fight againſt your country's foes,
Your country's fat ſhall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in ſafeguard of your wives,
Your wives ſhall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the ſword,
Your childrens' children quit[9] it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all theſe rights,
Advance your ſtandards, draw your willing ſwords:
For me, the ranſom of my bold attempt[1]
Shall be this cold corpſe on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The leaſt of you ſhall ſhare his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully;
God, and Saint George![2] Richmond, and victory!
[*Exeunt.*

bright-coloured foil under a cloudy or low-prized ſtone. The ſame alluſion is common to many writers. So, in a Song publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1614:

"Falſe ſtones by *foiles* have many one abus'd."

STEEVENS.

England's *chair* means England's *throne*. *Set* is uſed equivocally. MALONE.

[9] ——*quit*—] i. e. requite. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"To let a fellow who will take rewards,
"And ſay, God *quit* you!—" STEEVENS.

[1] ——*the ranſom of my bold attempt*—] The *fine* paid by me in atonement for my raſhneſs ſhall be my dead corſe.

JOHNSON.

[2] *God, and Saint George!*] *Saint George* was the common cry of the Engliſh ſoldiers when they charged the enemy. The author of the old *Duty of Warre*, printed in the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, formally enjoins the uſe of this cry among his military laws, p. 84:

"*Item*, that all ſouldiers entring into battaile, aſſault, ſkirmiſh, or other faction of armes, ſhall have for their common cry and

Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants, and Forces.*

K. Rich. What ſaid Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He ſaid the truth: And what ſaid Surrey then?

Rat. He ſmil'd and ſaid, the better for our purpoſe.

K. Rich. He was i'the right; and ſo, indeed, it is. [*Clock ſtrikes.*

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
Who ſaw the ſun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

word, *Saint George, forward, or upon them, ſaint George,* whereby the ſouldiour is much comforted, and the enemy diſmaied by calling to minde the ancient valour of England, which with that name has ſo often been victorious; and therefore he, who upon any *ſiniſter zeale,* ſhall *malicionſly* omit ſo fortunate a name, ſhall be *ſeverely puniſhed* for his obſtinate *erroneous* heart, and perverſe mind."

Hence too the humour of the following lines in Marſton's nervous but neglected ſatires, entitled *The Scourge of Villanie,* printed in 1599, Lib. III. Sat. viii:

" A pox upon't that *Bacchis'* name ſhould be
" The watch-word given to the ſouldierie.
" Goe troupe to field, mount thy obſcured fame,
" Cry out *Saint George,* invoke thy miſtreſſe' name;
" Thy *Miſtreſſe* and *Saint George,*" &c.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Peſtle,* that admirable and early ridicule of romance-writing, where the champion *Ralph* is going to attack the *Barber,* or the huge giant *Barbaroſo,* the burleſque is heightened, when, with much ſolemnity, and as if a real heroick encounter had been going forward, he cries out, " *Saint George!* ſet on before, march ſquire and page." Act III. ſc. i. And afterwards, when the engagement begins, *Ralph* ſays, " *St. George* for me:" and *Barbaroſo,* " *Garagantua* for me." T. WARTON.

K. Rich. Then he diſdains to ſhine; for, by the book,
He ſhould have brav'd the eaſt[3] an hour ago:
A black day will it be to ſomebody.—
Ratcliff,——

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The ſun will not be ſeen to-day;
The ſky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, theſe dewy tears were from the ground.
Not ſhine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the ſelf-ſame heaven,
That frowns on me, looks ſadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, buſtle, buſtle;—Capariſon my horſe;—
Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:—
I will lead forth my ſoldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle ſhall be ordered.
My foreward ſhall be drawn out all in length,[4]

[3] ——brav'd *the eaſt*—] i. e. made it ſplendid. So, Petruchio in *The Taming of the Shrew*, ſays to the Tailor: "—thou haſt *braved* many men [i. e. inveſted them with finery] brave not me." The common ſignification of the verb—*to brave*, will, in my apprehenſion, hardly ſuit the paſſage before us; for with what propriety can the ſun be ſaid to *challenge* or *ſet* the Eaſt *at defiance?* Steevens.

[4] *My foreward ſhall be drawn out all in length,*] So Holinſhed: "King Richard havyng all things in a readineſs went forth with the army out of his tentes, and began to ſet his men in array: firſt *the forward ſet forth a marvellous length, both of horſemen and alſo of footemen,*—and to the formoſt part of all

Conſiſting equally of horſe and foot;
Our archers ſhall be placed in the midſt:
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of this foot and horſe.
They thus directed, we ourſelf will follow[5]
In the main battle; whoſe puiſſance on either ſide
Shall be well winged with our chiefeſt horſe.
This, and Saint George to boot![6]—What think'ſt thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike ſovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning.[7]

[*Giving a Scrowl.*

K. Rich. *Jocky of Norfolk, be not too bold,*[8]

[Reads.

For Dickon thy maſter[9] *is bought and ſold.*

the bowmen as a ſtrong fortreſſe for them that came after; and over this John duke of Norfolk was head captain. After him followed the king with a mighty ſort of men." Malone.

[5] —— *we* ourſelf *will follow*—] The word—*ourſelf*, was judiciouſly ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the verſe. Steevens.

[6] *This, and Saint George to boot!*] That is, this is the order of our battle, which promiſes ſucceſs; and over and above this, is the protection of our patron ſaint. Johnson.

To boot is (as I conceive) to help, and not *over and above.* Hawkins.

Mr. Hawkins is certainly right. So, in *King Richard II:*

" Mine innocence, and Saint George *to thrive.*"

The old Engliſh phraſe was, *Saint George to borrow.* So, in *A Dialogue*, &c. by Dr. William Bulleyne, 1564: " Maiſter and maiſtres, come into this valley,—untill this ſtorme be paſt: *Sainct George to borrowe*, mercifull God, who did ever ſee the like?" Signat. K. 7. b. Malone.

[7] *This found I on my tent this morning.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer ſupplies the deficiency in the metre of this line, by reading:

This paper *found I* &c. Steevens.

[8] —— *be not* too *bold,*] The quarto, 1598, and the folio, read

A thing deviſed by the enemy.—
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge:
Let not our babbling dreams [1] affright our ſouls;
Conſcience is but a word [2] that cowards uſe,
Devis'd at firſt to keep the ſtrong in awe;
Our ſtrong arms be our conſcience, ſwords our law.

—*ſo* bold. But it was certainly an error of the preſs: for in both Hall and Holinſhed, the words are given as in the text. MALONE.

[9] ——Dickon *thy maſter* &c.] *Dickon* is the ancient vulgar familiarization of *Richard*. In *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 1575, *Diccon* is the name of the Bedlam.—In the words—*bought and ſold*, I believe, there is ſomewhat proverbial. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*: "It would make a man as mad as a buck, to be ſo *bought and ſold*." Again, in *King John*:

"Fly, noble Engliſh, you are *bought and ſold*."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, with an addition that throws more light on the phraſe: "—Thou art *bought and ſold* among thoſe of any wit, like a Barbarian ſlave." STEEVENS.

Again, in *Mortimeriados*, a poem, by Michael Drayton, no date:

"Is this the kindnes that thou offereſt me?
"And in thy country am I *bought and ſold?*"

Again, in Skelton's *Colin Clout*, 1568:

"How prelacy is *ſold and bought*,
"And come up of nought."

Again, in Bacon's *Hiſtory of King Henry VII*: "—all the news ran upon the duke of Yorke, that he had been entertained in Ireland, *bought and ſold* in France," &c.—The expreſſion ſeems to have ſignified that ſome *foul play* has been uſed. The foul play alluded to here, was Stanley's deſertion. MALONE.

[1] *Let not our babbling dreams* &c.] I ſuſpect theſe ſix lines to be an interpolation; but if Shakſpeare was really guilty of them in his firſt draught, he probably intended to leave them out when he ſubſtituted the much more proper harangue that follows. TYRWHITT.

[2] *Conſcience is* but *a word*—] So the quarto, 1598. *But* being accidentally omitted in a later quarto, the editor of the folio ſupplied the omiſſion by reading—*For* conſcience is a word, &c. MALONE.

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.[3]——
What ſhall I ſay more than I have infer'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;—
A ſort of vagabonds,[4] raſcals, and run-aways,
A ſcum of Bretagnes, and baſe lackey peaſants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To deſperate ventures[5] and aſſur'd deſtruction.
You ſleeping ſafe, they bring you to unreſt;
You having lands, and bleſs'd with beauteous wives,
They would reſtrain the one,[6] diſtain the other.
And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's coſt?[7]

[3] *If not to* heaven, *then hand in hand* to hell.] So, in *Macbeth*:
" That ſummons thee *to heaven,* or *to hell.*"
Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:
" If not in *heaven,* you'll ſurely ſup in *hell.*"
STEEVENS.

[4] *A* ſort *of vagabonds,*] A *ſort,* that is, a *company,* a *collection.* See note on *A Midſummer-Night's Dream,* Vol. IV. p. 408, n. 2. JOHNSON.

[5] —— *ventures* —] Old copies—*ad*ventures. STEEVENS.

[6] *They would* reſtrain *the one,*] i. e. they would lay *reſtrictions* on the poſſeſſion of your lands; impoſe conditions on the proprietors of them. Dr. Warburton for *reſtrain* ſubſtituted *diſtrain,* which has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors. " To *diſtrain,*" ſays he, " is to *ſeize upon*;" but to diſtrain is not to *ſeize* generally, but to ſeize goods, cattle, &c. for non-payment of rent, or for the purpoſe of enforcing the proceſs of courts. The *reſtrictions* likely to be impoſed by a conquering enemy on lands, are impoſts, contributions, &c. or abſolute confiſcation.—" And if he [Henry Earl of Richmond] ſhould atchieve his falſe intent and purpoſe," (ſays Richard in his circular letter ſent to the Sheriffs of the ſeveral counties in England on this occaſion; *Paſton Letters,* II. 321,) " every man's life, livelihood, and goods, ſhall be in his hands, liberty, and diſpoſition."
MALONE.

[7] *Long kept in* Bretagne at our *mother's coſt?*] This is ſpoken by Richard, of Henry Earl of Richmond: but they were

A milk-ſop,[8] one that never in his life
Felt ſo much cold as over ſhoes in ſnow?

far from having any *common* mother, but England: and the Earl of Richmond was not ſubſiſted abroad at the nation's public charge. During the greateſt part of his reſidence abroad, he was watched and reſtrained almoſt like a captive; and ſubſiſted by ſupplies conveyed from the Counteſs of Richmond, his mother. It ſeems probable, therefore, that we muſt read:

Long kept in Bretagne at his *mother's coſt.* THEOBALD.

Our *mother's coſt?*] Mr. Theobald perceives to be wrong: he reads, therefore, and all the editors after him:

Long kept in Bretagne at his *mother's coſt.*

But give me leave to tranſcribe a few more lines from Holinſhed, and you will find at once, that Shakſpeare had been there before me:

"You ſee further, how a company of traitors, theeves, outlaws and runagates be aiders and partakers of this feate and enterprize.—And to begin with the erle of Richmond, captaine of this rebellion, he is a Welch milkſop—brought up by *my mootber's* meanes and mine, like a captive in a cloſe cage in the court of Francis Duke of Britaine." P. 756.

Holinſhed copies this *verbatim* from his brother chronicler, Hall, edit. 1548, fol. 54, but his printer has given us by accident the word *mootber* inſtead of *brother*; as it is in the original, and ought to be in Shakſpeare. FARMER.

See a Letter of King Richard III. perſuading his ſubjects to reſiſt Henry Tydder, &c. in Sir John Fenn's Collection of the *Paſton Letters,* Vol. II. p. 318. HENLEY.

Henry Earl of Richmond was long confined in the court of the Duke of Britaine, and ſupported there by Charles Duke of Burgundy, who was *brother*-in-law to King Richard. Hence Mr. Theobald juſtly obſerved that *mother* in the text was not conformable to the fact. But Shakſpeare, as Dr. Farmer has obſerved, was led into this error by Holinſhed, where he found the preceding paſſage in an oration which Hall, in imitation of the ancient hiſtorians, invented, and exhibited as having been ſpoken by the King to his ſoldiers before the battle of Boſworth.

If, ſays a Remarker, [Mr. Ritſon,] *it ought to be ſo in Shakſpeare,* why ſtop at this correction, and why not in *K. Henry V.* print *præcariſſimus* inſtead of *præclariſſimus?* [See Vol. XII. p. 524, n. 4.] And indeed if *brother* is to be ſubſtituted for *mother* here, there can be no reaſon why all other ſimilar errors ſhould not be corrected in like manner. But the Remarker miſ-

Let's whip theſe ſtragglers o'er the ſeas again;
Laſh hence theſe over-weening rags of France,
Theſe famiſh'd beggars, weary of their lives;

underſtood Dr. Farmer's words, which only mean—as it is in the original, and *as Shakſpeare ought to have written*. Dr. Farmer did not ſay—" as it ought to be *printed* in Shakſpeare."

In all the other places where Shakſpeare had been led into errors by miſtakes of the preſs, or by falſe tranſlations, his text has been very properly exhibited as he wrote it; for it is not the buſineſs of an editor to new-write his author's works. Thus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. ſc. i. we have—" Let the old ruffian know, *I* have many other ways to die;" though we know the ſenſe of the paſſage in Plutarch there copied is,—that " *he* [the old ruffian] hath many other ways to die." Again, in *Julius Cæſar*, Antony is ſtill permitted to ſay, that Cæſar had left the Roman people his arbours and orchards " on *this* ſide Tyber," though it ought to be—" on *that* ſide Tyber:" both which miſtakes Shakſpeare was led into by the ambiguity and inaccuracy of the old tranſlation of Plutarch.

In like manner in *King Henry V. præclariſſimus* is exhibited as it was written by Shakſpeare, inſtead of *præcariſſimus*; and in the ſame play I have followed our author in printing in Vol. XII. p. 292, Lewis the *tenth*, though Lewis the *ninth* was the perſon meant: an error into which he was led, as in the preſent inſtance, by a miſtake of the preſs.

For all ſuch inaccuracies the poet, and not his editor, is reſponſible: and in the paſſage now under our conſideration more particularly the text ought not to be diſturbed, becauſe it aſcertains a point of ſome moment; namely that Holinſhed, and not Hall, was the hiſtorian that Shakſpeare followed. Of how much conſequence this is, the reader may aſcertain by turning to the *Diſſertation on the Plays of King Henry VI.* where this circumſtance, if I do not deceive myſelf, contributes not a little in addition to the other proofs there adduced, to ſettle a long-agitated queſtion, and to ſhow that thoſe plays were *re-written* by Shakſpeare, and not his *original* compoſition. MALONE.

[8] *A milk-ſop*, &c.] So, in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, already quoted:

" Firſt with our foe-mens captaine to begin,
" A weake Welch *milkſop*,—."

Alluding perhaps to *goat's milk*, of which anciently the Welſh were fonder than they are at preſent. STEEVENS.

Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themſelves:
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not theſe baſtard Bretagnes? whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And, on record, left them the heirs of ſhame.
Shall theſe enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Raviſh our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.
[*Drum afar off.*
Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horſes hard, and ride in blood;
Amaze the welkin with your broken ſtaves![9]—

Enter a Meſſenger.

What ſays lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Meſs. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off inſtantly with his ſon George's head.[1]

[9] *Amaze the* welkin *with your broken ſtaves!*] That is, *fright the ſkies with the ſhivers of your lances.* Johnson.

So, in *Soliman and Perſeda:*

"Now by the marble face of the *welkin.*"

A ſimilar idea is more tamely expreſſed in W. Smith's *Palſgrave,* 1613:

"Spears flew in ſplinters half the way to heaven."

The ſame imagery is juſtified by the following paſſage in Froiſſart's *Chronicle,* Vol. II. cap. lxxviii: "Syr Raynolde du Roy brake his ſpere in iiii peces, and the ſhevers flewe a grete hyght in to the ayre." Steevens.

[1] *Off* inſtantly *&c.*] The word—*inſtantly,* was ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. Without it, this line has no pretenſions to metre. Steevens.

Nor. My lord, the enemy is paſs'd the marſh ;[2]
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thouſand hearts are great within my boſom :
Advance our ſtandards,[3] ſet upon our foes ;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inſpire us with the ſpleen of fiery dragons !
Upon them ! Victory ſits on our helms. [*Exeunt.*

[2] ——*the enemy is paſs'd the* marſh ;] There was a large marſh in Boſworth plain between the two armies. Henry paſſed it, and made ſuch a diſpoſition of his forces that it ſerved to protect his right wing. By this movement he gained alſo another point, that his men ſhould engage with the ſun behind them, and in the faces of his enemies : a matter of great conſequence when bows and arrows were in uſe. Malone.

[3] *Advance our ſtandards*, &c.] So again, in *The Mirrour of Magiſtrates* ; and apparently borrowed from Shakſpeare :

" Advance then captaines, forward to the fight,
" Draw forth your ſwords, each man addreſs his ſheeld ;
" Hence faint conceites, die thoughts of coward flight,
" To heaven your hearts, to fight your valours yeeld :
" Behold our foes do brave us in the field.
" Upon them, friends ; the cauſe is yours and mine ;
" Saint George and conqueſt on our helmes doth ſhine."

Steevens.

So Holinſhed after Hall : " —like valiant champions advance forth your ſtandardes, and aſſay whether your enemies can decide and try the title of battaile by dint of ſword ; avaunce, I ſay again, forward, my captaines.—Now Saint George to borrow, let us ſet forward." Malone.

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum: Excurſions. Enter NORFOLK, *and Forces; to him* CATESBY.

CATE. Reſcue, my lord of Norfolk, reſcue, reſcue!
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an oppoſite to every danger;[4]
His horſe is ſlain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Reſcue, fair lord, or elſe the day is loſt!

[4] *Daring* an *oppoſite to every danger*;] Perhaps the poet wrote:

Daring and *oppoſite to every danger.* TYRWHITT.

Perhaps the following paſſage in Chapman's verſion of the eighth Book of Homer's *Odyſſey* may countenance the old reading:

" —— a moſt dreadful fight
" *Daring againſt him.*" STEEVENS.

The old reading is perhaps right. *An oppoſite* is frequently uſed by Shakſpeare and the contemporary writers, for *adverſary*. So, in *Twelfth-Night*: " —your *oppoſite* hath in him what youth, ſtrength, ſkill, and wrath, can furniſh man withal." Again: " —and his *oppoſite* the youth, bears in his viſage no preſage of cruelty." So, in *Blurt Mr. Conſtable*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1602: " —to ſtrengthen us againſt all *oppoſites*." Again, more appoſitely, in Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

" Myſelf, myſelf, will *dare* all *oppoſites*."

The ſenſe then ſhould ſeem to be, that King Richard enacts wonders, *daring the adverſary he meets with to every danger attending ſingle combat.* MALONE.

To dare a ſingle oppoſite to every danger, is no very wonderful exploit.—I ſhould therefore adopt Tyrwhitt's amendment, which infers that he flew to oppoſe every danger, wherever it was to be found, and read with him, " *and* oppoſite."

M. MASON.

Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horſe! a horſe![5] my kingdom for a horſe!

Cate. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horſe.

K. Rich. Slave, I have ſet my life upon a caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazard of the die:
I think, there be ſix Richmonds in the field;
Five have I ſlain to-day, inſtead of him:[6]—

[5] *A horſe! a horſe!*] In *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594, the Moor calls out in the ſame manner:

" A horſe, a horſe, villain a horſe!
" That I may take the river ſtraight, and fly!
" —— Here is a horſe, my lord,
" As ſwiftly pac'd as Pegaſus."

This paſſage in Shakſpeare appears to have been imitated by ſeveral of the old writers, if not ſtolen. So, Heywood, in the Second Part of his *Iron Age*, 1632:

" ——— a horſe, a horſe!
" Ten kingdoms for a horſe to enter Troy." STEEVENS.

Marſton ſeems to have imitated this line in his *Satires*, 1599:

" A man, a man, a kingdom for a man!" MALONE.

This line is introduced into Marſton's *What you will*, Act II. ſc. i. 4to. 1607:

" Ha! he mounts Chirall on the wings of fame.
" *A horſe! a horſe! my kingdome for a horſe!*
" Looke thee, I ſpeake play ſcraps," &c. REED.

[6] *Five have I ſlain to-day, inſtead of him:*] Shakſpeare had employed this incident with hiſtorical propriety in *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare had good ground for this poetical exaggeration; Richard, according to Polydore Virgil, was determined, if poſſible, to engage with Richmond in ſingle combat. [See p. 521, l. 5.] For this purpoſe he rode furiouſly to that quarter of the field where the Earl was; attacked his ſtandard-bearer, Sir William Brandon, and killed him; then aſſaulted Sir John Cheny, whom he overthrew: having thus at length cleared his way to his an-

A horſe! a horſe! my kingdom for a horſe![7]

[*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD *and* RICHMOND; *and exeunt, fighting. Retreat, and flouriſh. Then enter* RICHMOND, STANLEY, *bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.*

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well haſt thou acquit thee!
Lo, here, this long-uſurped royalty,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch[8]
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

tagoniſt, he engaged in ſingle combat with him, and probably would have been victorious, but that at that inſtant Sir William Stanley with three thouſand men joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces fled with great precipitation. Richard was ſoon afterwards overpowered by numbers, and fell, fighting bravely to the laſt moment. MALONE.

[7] *A horſe! a horſe!*] Some inquiry hath been made for the firſt performers of the capital characters of Shakſpeare.

We learn, that Burbage, the *alter Roſcius* of Camden, was the original Richard, from a paſſage in the poems of Biſhop Corbet; who introduced his hoſt at Boſworth deſcribing the battle:

" But when he would have ſaid king Richard died,
" And call'd *a horſe, a horſe,* he Burbage cried."

FARMER.

[8] ——*of* this *bloody wretch*—] It is not neceſſary to ſuppoſe that Richmond points to the dead body of Richard, when he ſpeaks of him. According to an ancient idiom in our language, the demonſtrative pronoun is often uſed inſtead of the prepoſitive article. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

" —— but for *theſe* vile guns
" He would himſelf have been a ſoldier." STEEVENS.

Richm. Great God of heaven, ſay, amen, to all!—
But, tell me firſt,[9] is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and ſafe in Leiceſter town;
Whither, if it pleaſe you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are ſlain on either ſide?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and ſir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the ſoldiers fled,
That in ſubmiſſion will return to us;
And then, as we have ta'en the ſacrament,[1]
We will unite the white roſe with the red:—
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—
What traitor hears me, and ſays not,—amen?
England hath long been mad, and ſcarr'd herſelf;
The brother blindly ſhed the brother's blood,
The father raſhly ſlaughter'd his own ſon,
The ſon, compell'd, been butcher to the ſire;
All this divided York and Lancaſter,
Divided, in their dire diviſion.[2]—

[9] *But, tell me* firſt, &c.] The word—*firſt*, was introduced by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to complete the verſe. Steevens.

[1] ——*as we have ta'en the ſacrament,*] So, in Holinſhed, p. 745: "The earle himſelfe firſt tooke a corporall oth on his honor, promiſing that incontinent after he ſhuld be poſſeſſed of the crowne and dignitie of the realme of England, he would be conjoined in matrimonie with the ladie Elizabeth, daughter to king Edward the fourth." Steevens.

[2] *All* this *divided York and Lancaſter,*
Divided, in their dire diviſion.] I think the paſſage will be ſomewhat improved by a ſlight alteration:

J. Harding Del. A. Birrel Sc.

ELIZABETH of YORK;

Daughter of King Edward IV.

Richmond and ELIZABETH,
The true succeeders of each royal house,
Conjoin together —

Original Painting in the Possession of the Rev. Rich.d Farmer, D.D. Master of [illegible]

London Pub.d March 1.1790, by E. Harding N.o 132. Fleet Street.

O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true ſucceeders of each royal houſe,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be ſo,)
Enrich the time to come with ſmooth-fac'd peace,
With ſmiling plenty, and fair proſperous days!
Abate the edge [3] of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce [4] theſe bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in ſtreams of blood!
Let them not live to taſte this land's increaſe,
That would with treaſon wound this fair land's peace!
Now civil wounds are ſtopp'd, peace lives again;
That ſhe may long live here, God ſay—Amen!
[*Exeunt.*[5]

All that *divided York and Lancaſter,*
Divided in their dire diviſion,
O now let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true ſucceeders of each royal houſe,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
Let them *unite all that* York and Lancaſter divided.
JOHNSON.

[3] Abate *the edge*—] To *abate,* is to lower, depreſs, ſubdue. So, in *Coriolanus:*

" ——deliver you, as moſt
" *Abated* captives,—." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*reduce*—] i. e. bring back; an obſolete ſenſe of the word. So, in *The goodly Hiſtory of the moſte noble and beautiful Ladye Lucres of Scene in Tuſkan, and of her louer Eurialus* &c. 1560: " The mornynge forſakyng the golden bed of Titan, *reduced* the deſyred day—." STEEVENS.

[5] This is one of the moſt celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praiſed moſt, when praiſe is not moſt deſerved. That this play has ſcenes noble in themſelves, and very well contrived to ſtrike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But ſome parts are trifling, others ſhocking, and ſome improbable.
JOHNSON.

I agree entirely with Dr. Johnſon in thinking that this play

from its firſt exhibition to the preſent hour has been eſtimated greatly beyond its merit. From the many alluſions to it in books of that age, and the great number of editions it paſſed through, I ſuſpect it was more often repreſented and more admired than any of our author's tragedies. Its popularity perhaps in ſome meaſure aroſe from the deteſtation in which Richard's character was juſtly held, which muſt have operated more ſtrongly on thoſe whoſe grand-fathers might have lived near his time; and from its being patronized by the Queen on the throne, who probably was not a little pleaſed at ſeeing King Henry VII. placed in the only favourable light in which he could have been exhibited on the ſcene. MALONE.

I moſt cordially join with Dr. Johnſon and Mr. Malone in their opinions; and yet perhaps they have overlooked one cauſe of the ſucceſs of this tragedy. The part of Richard is, perhaps, beyond all others variegated, and conſequently favourable to a judicious performer. It comprehends, indeed, a trait of almoſt every ſpecies of character on the ſtage. The hero, the lover, the ſtateſman, the buffoon, the hypocrite, the hardened and repenting ſinner, &c. are to be found within its compaſs. No wonder, therefore, that the diſcriminating powers of a Burbage, a Garrick, and a Henderſon, ſhould at different periods have given it a popularity beyond other dramas of the ſame author.

Yet the favour with which this tragedy is now received, muſt alſo in ſome meaſure be imputed to Mr. Cibber's reformation of it, which, generally conſidered, is judicious: for what modern audience would patiently liſten to the narrative of Clarence's dream, his ſubſequent expoſtulation with the Murderers, the prattle of his children, the ſoliloquy of the Scrivener, the tedious dialogue of the Citizens, the ravings of Margaret, the groſs terms thrown out by the Ducheſs of York on Richard, the repeated progreſs to execution, the ſuperfluous train of ſpectres, and other undramatick incumbrances, which muſt have prevented the more valuable parts of the play from riſing into their preſent effect and conſequence?—The expulſion of languor, therefore, muſt atone for ſuch remaining want of probability as is inſeparable from an hiſtorical drama into which the events of fourteen years are irregularly compreſſed. STEEVENS.

The Life and Death of King Richard the Third.] The oldeſt known edition of this tragedy is printed for Andrew Wiſe, 1597: but Harrington, in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, written in 1590, and prefixed to the tranſlation of *Arioſto*, ſays, that a tragedy of *Richard the Third* had been acted at Cambridge. His words are, "For tragedies, to omit other famous tragedies, that which was played at St. John's in Cambridge, of *Richard the Third*,

would move, I think, Phalaris the tyrant, and terrifie all tyrannous minded men," &c. He moſt probably means Shakſpeare's; and if ſo, we may argue, that there is ſome more ancient edition of this play than what I have mentioned; at leaſt this ſhows how early Shakſpeare's play appeared; or if ſome other *Richard the Third* is here alluded to by Harrington, that a play on this ſubject preceded our author's. T. Warton.

It appears from the following paſſage in the preface to Naſhe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1596, that a Latin tragedy of *King Richard III.* had been acted at Trinity College, Cambridge: "—or his fellow codſhead, that in the Latine tragedie of *King Richard*, cried—*Ad urbs, ad urbs, ad urbs*, when his whole part was no more than—*Urbs, urbs, ad arma, ad arma.*" Steevens.

The play on this ſubject mentioned by Sir John Harrington in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, 1591, and ſometimes miſtaken for Shakſpeare's, was a Latin one, written by Dr. Legge; and acted at St. John's in our univerſity, ſome years before 1588, the date of the copy in the Muſeum. This appears from a better MS. in our library at Emmanuel, with the names of the original performers.

A childiſh imitation of Dr. Legge's play was written by one Lacy, 1583; which had not been worth mentioning, were they not confounded by Mr. Capell. Farmer.

The Latin play of *King Richard III.* (MSS. Harl. n. 6926,) has the author's name,—Henry Lacey, and is dated—1586.

Tyrwhitt.

Heywood, in his *Actor's Vindication*, mentions the play of *King Richard III.* "acted in St. John's Cambridge, ſo eſſentially, that had the tyrant *Phalaris* beheld his bloody proceedings, it had mollified his heart, and made him relent at ſight of his inhuman maſſacres." And in the books of the Stationers' Company, June, 19, 1594, Thomas Creede made the following entry: "An enterlude, intitled the tragedie of *Richard the Third*, wherein is ſhown the deathe of Edward the Fourthe, with the ſmotheringe of the two princes in the Tower, with the lamentable ende of Shore's wife, and the contention of the two houſes of Lancaſter and Yorke." This could not have been the work of Shakſpeare, unleſs he afterwards diſmiſſed the death of Jane Shore, as an unneceſſary incident, when he reviſed the play. Perhaps, however, it might be ſome tranſlation of Lacey's play, at the end of the firſt Act of which is, "The ſhowe of the proceſſion. 1. Tipſtaffe. 2. *Shore's wife* in her petticote, having a taper burning in her hande. 3. The Verger. 4. Queriſters. 5. Singing-men. 6. Prebendary. 7. Biſhoppe of London. 8. Citi-

zens." There is likewiſe a Latin ſong ſung on this occaſion, in MS. Harl. 2412. STEEVENS.

The Engliſh *King Richard III.* which was entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and which, it may be preſumed, had been exhibited ſome years before, was probably written by the author of *The Contention of the Two Houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter.* MALONE.

I ſhall here ſubjoin two Diſſertations, one by Dr. Warburton, and one by Mr. Upton, upon the *Vice.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Thus like the formal vice, Iniquity, &c.] As this corrupt reading in the common books hath occaſioned our ſaying ſomething of the barbarities of theatrical repreſentations amongſt us before the time of Shakſpeare, it may not be improper, for a better apprehenſion of this whole, to give the reader ſome general account of the riſe and progreſs of the modern ſtage.

The firſt form in which the drama appeared in the weſt of Europe, after the deſtruction of learned Greece and Rome, and that a calm of dulneſs had finiſhed upon letters what the rage of barbariſm had begun, was that of the Myſteries. Theſe were the faſhionable and favourite diverſions of all ranks of people both in France, Spain, and England. In which laſt place, as we learn by Stow, they were in uſe about the time of Richard the ſecond and Henry the fourth. As to Italy, by what I can find, the firſt rudiments of their ſtage, with regard to the *matter,* were prophane ſubjects, and, with regard to the *form,* a corruption of the ancient *mimes* and *attellanes:* by which means they got ſooner into the right road than their neighbours; having had regular plays amongſt them wrote as early as the fifteenth century.

As to theſe *myſteries,* they were, as their name ſpeaks them, a repreſentation of ſome ſcripture-ſtory, *to the life:* as may be ſeen from the following paſſage in an old French hiſtory, intitled, *La Chronique de Metz compoſée par le curé de St. Euchaire;* which will give the reader no bad idea of the ſurpriſing abſurdity of theſe ſtrange repreſentations: "L'an 1437 le 3 Juillet (*says the honeſt Chronicler,*) fut fait le Jeu de la Paſſion de N. S. en la plaine de Vexiniel. Et fut Dieu un ſire appellé Seigneur Nicolle Dom Neufchaſtel, lequel etoit Curé de St. Victour de Metz, lequel fut preſque mort en la Croix, s'il ne fût eté ſecourus; & convient qu'un autre Prêtre fut mis en la Croix pour parfaire le Perſonnage du Crucifiment pour ce jour; & le lendemain le dit Curé de St. Victour parfit la Reſurrection, et fit trés hautement

ſon perſonage; & dura le dit Jeu——Et autre Prêtre qui s' appelloit Mre. Jean de Nicey, qui eſtoit Chapelain de Metrange, fut Judas: lequel fut preſque mort en pendent, car le cuer li faillit, et fut bien hâtivement dependu & porté en Voye. Et etoit la bouche d'Enfer treſbien faite; car elle ouvroit & clooit, quand les Diables y vouloient entrer & iſſer; & avoit deux groſs Culs d'Acier," &c. Alluding to this kind of repreſentations Archbiſhop Harſnet, in his *Declaration of Popiſh Impoſtures*, p. 71, ſays: "The little children were never ſo afraid of Hell-mouth in the old plays, painted with great gang teeth, ſtaring eyes, and foul bottle noſe." Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, gives a fuller deſcription of them in theſe words; "The *Guary Miracle*, in Engliſh a *Miracle Play*, is a kind of interlude compiled in Corniſh out of ſome ſcripture hiſtory. For repreſenting it, they raiſe an earthen amphitheatre in ſome open field, having the diameter of an incloſed playne, ſome 40 or 50 foot. The country people flock from all ſides many miles off, to hear and ſee it. For they have therein devils and devices, to delight as well the eye as the ear. The players conne not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the *ordinary*, who followeth at their back with the book in his hand," &c. &c. There was always a droll or buffoon in theſe *myſteries*, to make the people mirth with his ſufferings or abſurdities: and they could think of no better a perſonage to ſuſtain this part than the *devil* himſelf. Even in the *myſtery* of the *Paſſion* mentioned above, it was contrived to make him ridiculous. Which circumſtance is hinted at by Shakſpeare (who had frequent alluſions to theſe things) in *The Taming of the Shrew*, where one of the players aſks for *a little vinegar*, (as a *property*) *to make the devil roar*.* For after the ſponge with the gall and vinegar had been employed in the repreſentation, they uſed to clap it to the noſe of the devil; which making him roar, as if it had been *holy-water*, afforded infinite diverſion to the people. So that *vinegar* in the old farces, was always afterwards in uſe to torment their devil. We have divers old Engliſh proverbs, in which the devil is repreſented as acting or ſuffering ridiculouſly and abſurdly, which all aroſe from the part he bore in theſe *myſteries*, as in that, for inſtance, of—*Great Cry and little Wool, as the Devil ſaid when he ſheered his Hogs*. For the ſheep-ſhearing of Nabal being repreſented in the *myſtery* of *David and Abigail*, and the devil always attending Nabal, was made to imitate it by *ſhearing a hog*. This kind of abſurdity, as it is the propereſt to create laughter, was the ſubject of *the ridiculous* in the ancient *mimes*,

* This is not in Shakſpeare's play, but in the *old* play entitled *The Taming of a Shrew*. MALONE.

as we learn from theſe words of Saint Auſtin: *Ne faciamus ut mimi ſolent, & optemus à libero aquam, à lymphis vinum.**

Theſe *myſteries*, we ſee, were given in France at firſt, as well as in England *ſub dio*, and only in the provinces. Afterwards we find them got into Paris, and a company eſtabliſhed in the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* to repreſent them. But good letters and religion beginning to make their way in the latter end of the reign of Francis the firſt, the ſtupidity and prophaneneſs of the *myſteries* made the courtiers and clergy join their intereſt for their ſuppreſſion. Accordingly, in the year 1541, the procureur-general, in the name of the king, preſented a *requeſt* againſt the company to the parliament. The three principal branches of his charge againſt them were, that the repreſentation of the Old Teſtament ſtories inclined the people to Judaiſm; that the New Teſtament ſtories encouraged libertiniſm and infidelity; and that both of them leſſened the charities to the poor. It ſeems that this proſecution ſucceeded; for, in 1548, the parliament of Paris confirmed the company in the poſſeſſion of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, but interdicted the repreſentation of the *myſteries*. But in Spain, we find by Cervantes, that they continued much longer; and held their own, even after good comedy came in amongſt them: as appears from the excellent critique of the canon, in the fourth book, where he ſhows how the old extravagant *romances* might be made the foundation of a regular *epic* (which, he ſays, *tambien puede eſcriverſe en proſa como en verſo*;†) as the *myſtery-plays* might be improved into artful *comedy*. His words are, *Pues que ſi venimos à las comedias divinas, que de milagros falſos fingen en ellas, que de coſas apocrifas, y mal entendidas, attribuyendo a un ſanto los milagros de otro*;‡ which made them ſo fond of miracles that they introduced them into *las comedias humanas*, as he calls them. To return:

Upon this prohibition, the French poets turned themſelves from *religious* to *moral* farces. And in this we ſoon followed them: the publick taſte not ſuffering any great alteration at firſt, though the Italians at this time afforded many juſt compoſitions for better models. Theſe farces they called *moralities*. Pierre Gringore, one of their old poets, printed one of theſe *moralities*, intitled *La Moralité de l'Homme Obſtiné*. The perſons of the drama are *l'Homme Obſtiné—Pugnition Divine—Simonie—Hypocriſie*—and *Demerites-Communes*. The *Homme Obſtiné* is the atheiſt, and comes in blaſpheming, and determined to perſiſt in his impieties. Then *Pugnition Divine* appears, ſitting on a throne in the air, and menacing the atheiſt with puniſhment. After this ſcene, *Simonie*, *Hypocriſie*, and *Demerites-Communes* appear

* Civ. D. L. IV. † B. IV. c. 20. ‡ Ibid. 21.

and play their parts. In concluſion, *Pugnition Divine* returns, preaches to them, upbraids them with their crimes, and, in ſhort, draws them all to repentance, all but the *Homme Obſtiné*, who perſiſts in his impiety, and is deſtroyed for an example. To this ſad ſerious ſubject they added, though in a ſeparate repreſentation, a merry kind of farce called *Sottié*, in which there was *un Payſan* [the *Clown*] under the name of *Sot-Commun* [or *Fool*]. But we, who borrowed all theſe delicacies from the French, blended the *Moralité* and *Sottié* together: So that the *Payſan* or *Sot-Commun*, the *Clown* or *Fool*, got a place in our ſerious *moralities:* Whoſe buſineſs we may underſtand in the frequent alluſions our Shakſpeare makes to them: as in that fine ſpeech in the beginning of the third Act of *Meaſure for Meaſure*, where we have this obſcure paſſage:

" —— merely thou art *Death's Fool*,
" For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
" And yet runn'ſt tow'rd him ſtill."

For, in theſe *moralities*, the Fool of the piece, in order to ſhow the inevitable approaches of *Death*, (another of the *Dramatis Perſonæ*,) is made to employ all his ſtratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very jaws of his enemy: So that a repreſentation of theſe ſcenes would afford a great deal of good mirth and morals mixed together. The very ſame thing is again alluded to in theſe lines of *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" So *Portent*-like I would o'er-rule his ſtate,
" That he ſhould be my *Fool*, and I his *Fate*."

Act IV. ſc. ii.

But the French, as we ſay, keeping theſe two ſorts of farces diſtinct, they became, in time, the parents of *tragedy* and *comedy*; while we, by jumbling them together, begot in an evil hour, that mongrel ſpecies, unknown to nature and antiquity, called *tragi-comedy*. WARBURTON.

TO this, when Mr. Upton's Diſſertation is ſubjoined, there will, perhaps, be no need of any other account of the *Vice*.

Like the old Vice.] The alluſion here * is to *the Vice*, a droll character in our old plays, accoutred with a long coat, a cap with a pair of aſs's ears, and a dagger of lath. Shakſpeare alludes to his buffoon appearance in *Twelfth-Night*, Act IV:

" In a trice, like to the old Vice;——
" Who with dagger of lath, in his rage and his wrath,
" Cries, ah, ha! to the Devil."

In *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* Act III. Falſtaff com-

* i. e. p. 3, of Mr. Upton's book, where the words---*like the old Vice*— occur. MALONE.

pares Shallow to a *Vice's* dagger of lath. In *Hamlet*, Act III. Hamlet calls his uncle :

" A *vice* of kings."

i. e. a ridiculous repreſentation of majeſty. Theſe paſſages the editors have very rightly expounded. I will now mention ſome others, which ſeem to have eſcaped their notice, the alluſions being not quite ſo obvious.

The iniquity was often the *Vice* in our moralities ; and is introduced in Ben Jonſon's play called *The Devil's an Aſs :* and likewiſe mentioned in his Epigr. cxv :

" Being no vitious perſon, but the *Vice*
" About the town,
" Acts *old Iniquity*, and in the fit
" Of miming, gets th' opinion of a wit."

But a paſſage cited from his play will make the following obſervations more plain. Act I. Pug aſks the Devil " to lend him a *Vice :*"

" *Satan.* What *Vice ?*
" What kind would thou have it of ?
" *Pug.* Why, any *Fraud*,
" Or *Covetouſneſs*, or lady *Vanity*,
" Or old *Iniquity :* I'll call him hither."

Thus the paſſage ſhould be ordered :

" *Pug.* Why any : *Fraud*,
" Or *Covetouſneſs*, or lady *Vanity*,
" Or old *Iniquity*.
" *Pug.* I'll call him hither."
" *Enter* Iniquity *the Vice.*
" *Ini.* What is he calls upon me, and would ſeem to lack a *Vice ?*
" Ere his words be half ſpoken, I am with him in a trice."

And in his *Staple of News*, Act II :

" *Mirth.* How like you *the Vice* i' th' play ?
" *Expectation.* Which is he ?
" *Mirth.* Three or four ; *old Covetouſneſs*, the ſordid *Penny-Boy*, the *Money-Bawd*, who is a fleſh-bawd too, they ſay.
" *Tattle.* But here is never a *Fiend* to carry him away. Beſides, he has never a wooden dagger ! I'd not give a ruſh for a *Vice*, that has not a wooden dagger to ſnap at every body he meets.
" *Mirth.* That was the old way, goſſip, when *Iniquity* came in, like hokos pokos, in a jugler's jerkin," &c.

He alludes to the *Vice* in *The Alchymiſt*, Act I. ſc. iii :

" *Sub.* And, on your ſtall, a puppet, with a *Vice.**"

* —— *a puppet, with a* Vice.] Mr. Upton has miſinterpreted this paſſage. A *vice* in the preſent inſtance means a *device*, *clock-work*. Coryat, p. 254, ſpeaks of a picture whoſe eyes were moved by a *vice*. FARMER.

Some places of Shakſpeare will from hence appear more eaſy, as in *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV.* Act II. where Hal humorouſly characterizing Falſtaff, calls him, *That reverend Vice, that grey* Iniquity, *that father* Ruffian, *that* Vanity *in years*, in alluſion to this buffoon character. In *King Richard III.* Act III:

" Thus like the formal Vice, *Iniquity*,
" I moralize two meanings in one word."

Iniquity is the formal Vice. Some correct the paſſage:

" Thus like formal-wiſe *antiquity*,
" I moralize: Two meanings in one word."

Which correction is out of all rule of criticiſm. In *Hamlet*, Act I. there is an alluſion, ſtill more diſtant, to *the Vice*; which will not be obvious at firſt, and therefore is to be introduced with a ſhort explanation. This buffoon character was uſed to make fun with the Devil; and he had ſeveral trite expreſſions, as, *I'll be with you in a trice: Ah, ha, boy, are you there?* &c. And this was great entertainment to the audience, to ſee their old enemy ſo belaboured in effigy. In *King Henry V.* Act IV. a boy characterizing Piſtol, ſays, *Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour, than this roaring Devil i' the old play: every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger.* Now Hamlet, having been inſtructed by his father's ghoſt, is reſolved to break the ſubject of the diſcourſe to none but Horatio; and to all others his intention is to appear as a ſort of madman; when therefore the oath of ſecrecy is given to the centinels, and the Ghoſt unſeen calls out, *ſwear*; Hamlet ſpeaks to it as the *Vice* does to the Devil. *Ah, ha, boy, ſay'ſt thou ſo? Art thou there, Truepenny?* Hamlet had a mind that the Centinels ſhould imagine this was a ſhape that the devil had put on; and in Act III. he is ſomewhat of this opinion himſelf:

" The ſpirit that I have ſeen
" May be the devil."

The manner of ſpeech therefore to the Devil was what all the audience were well acquainted with: and it takes off, in ſome meaſure, from the horror of the ſcene. Perhaps too the poet was willing to inculcate, that good humour is the beſt weapon to deal with the Devil. *Truepenny*, either by way of irony, or literally from the Greek, *τρύπανον, veterator*. Which word the Scholiaſt on Ariſtophanes' Clouds, ver. 447, explains, *τρύμη, Ὁ περιτετριμμένος ἐν τοις πράγμασιν Ὃν ἡμεῖς* ΤΡΥΠΑΝΟΝ *καλοῦμεν*. Several have tried to find a derivation of *the Vice*: if I ſhould not hit on the right, I ſhould only err with others. *The Vice* is either a quality perſonalized, as ΒΙΗ and ΚΑΡΤΟΣ in Heſiod and Æſchylus; *Sin* and *Death* in Milton; and indeed *Vice* itſelf is a perſon, B. XI. 517:

" And took *his* image whom they ſerv'd, a brutiſh *Vice*,"

his image, i. e. a brutiſh *Vice's* image: the *Vice*, Gluttony; not without ſome alluſion to the *Vice* of the plays: but rather, I think, 'tis an abbreviation of *vice-devil*, as vice-roy, vice-doges, &c. and therefore properly called *the Vice*. He makes very free with his maſter, like moſt other vice-roys, or prime miniſters. So that he is the Devil's *Vice*, and prime miniſter; and 'tis this that makes him ſo ſaucy. UPTON.

Mr. Upton's learning only ſupplies him with abſurdities. His derivation of vice is too ridiculous to be anſwered.

I have nothing to add to the obſervations of theſe learned criticks, but that ſome traces of this antiquated exhibition are ſtill retained in the ruſtick puppet-plays, in which I have ſeen the *Devil* very luſtily belaboured by *Punch*, whom I hold to be the legitimate ſucceſſor of the old *Vice*. JOHNSON.

END OF VOL. XIV.

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